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Painted by Gustave Dore

THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

"The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities 'blaze."

PRINCE OR CREOLE

THE MYSTERY OF LOUIS XVII

By PUBLIUS V. LAWSON, Author of "Bravest of the Brave, Capt. Charles de Langlade" and "Family Genealogy"

Geo. Banta Publishing Company
Menasha, Wisconsin

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TO LILLIAN EDITH LAWSON

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THE STORY OF THE LOST PRINCE.

THOUGH written in popular style, this book is intended as the real verified history and complete biography of the Lost Little King, uncrowned Louis XVII, of France; the thrilling story of a real life, that seems almost unreal enough for romance. It has been a sad tale of two continents for a century.

A recent visitor to Paris, writes of the great interest taken in all that pertains to Marie Antoinette; of how her palaces are sought out; fancy prices paid for her pictures; and they flock to the room she occupied; gaze on the bed she slept in and examine all articles once used by her, and never seem to tire; and it may be equally said of the son she loved so fondly, that the sad misfortunes of the little prince forever appeal to our sympathy. We hope he was taken alive from the Temple.

It is a half century since Rev. Dr. Hanson's carefully written and interesting "Lost Prince," published by Harpers, first collected the evidence which tended to prove the identity of Louis XVII with Eleazer Williams. For obvious reasons the escape of the little King from the Temple has been persistently denied in certain quarters. Since his reported death France has been ruled by Napoleon, the restored Bourbons, Orleans, little Napoleon and again a Republic, powerful interests which have always been averse to his discovery. Since the eloquent Dr. Hanson wrote there has been disclosed and brought to light many new facts which tend to strengthen the view he contended for.

There are breaks still remaining in the testimony, else there would be no mystery. The object of this work is to present the whole case as it appears to date.

It is true that some references might have been stated more positively, but such as have been published heretofore have in a general way been stated in substance. All the new facts which could be gathered from old people or letters and journals have been searched out as well as wide correspondence could disclose them. Hundreds of published articles and works have been read and their substance given here when of sufficient importance. The authority for each statement we have intended to give in its connection. We have sought to impartially state the whole case as a lawyer should to the Court, conscious that the dignity of the profession is not involved in the case; yet always being careful to enquire if it was permissible to make the statement. Much of the evidence we are aware, would not be admitted in American courts, though it would be allowed in those of France. Again there are sources of historical matter admitted in the learning of schools which come to us in shapes, no court would allow in testimony, which the dignity of time will not permit us to ignore. The progress made in restoring the list of Rev. Williams' rare library and rich china and brass has disclosed a side of his nature little known and of more value than an antiquarian pastime.

If the work discloses nothing more than a great American missionary, we shall yet feel it has not been in vain. PUBLIUS V. LAWSON.

Menasha, Wisc., March 24, 1905.

LOUIS XVI, KING OF FRANCE

Father of the lost Prince, from a painting in the Louvre.

PRINCE OR CREOLE

I

THE PRINCE IS BORN.

FOR seven years after her marriage, Marie Antoinette had no hope of motherhood, but on December 19, 1778, during the American Revolution, Madam was born. The etiquette of allowing all persons of every rank, indiscriminately to enter the room at the moment of the birth of princes, originated in the necessity of the public witnessing legitimacy, and was observed so literally, that "torrents of inquisitive persons poured into the chamber." The chamber was packed with a motley crowd. "Two savayards got upon the furniture to see over their heads." The noise and the knowledge of the sex of the infant, made the Queen faint. The Doctor exclaimed: "Give her air, warm water, she must be bled in the foot." The king wrenched open the windows. The Princess Lamballe was carried insensible from the room. The people were urged out of the room, some of them dragged out by their coat collars. The cruel etiquette of public accoucheur was ever after abolished. The royal family wished for a prince; but the Queen pressed the baby princess to her heart, as she said: "Poor little one, you are not what was wished for, but none the less dear to me. A son

would have been the property of the state, you shall be mine." Great rejoicing celebrated the birth of the princess, the theatres were free, the people sang:

> A Dauphin we asked of our Queen;
> A princess announces him near:
> Since one of the graces is seen,
> Young cupid will quickly appear.

The princess was named Marie Therese Charlotte, but known as Madam Royal, to distinguish her from the sisters and aunts of the King at Versailles. She was afterward in the Temple prison with her brother and the King and Queen. Early betrothed to the Duc de Angouleme, son of Count de' Artois, she married him after the Revolution. Several weeks after the birth of the princess, the cure sent to the Queen her wedding ring, which he had received under the seal of confession, with an avowal that it was stolen seven years before, to be used in sorceries to prevent her having any children. The hopes of all classes were crowned with universal joy on the birth of the first Dauphin in 1781. This young prince whose robust health and precocious intelligence aroused the greatest hopes for a future great king, suddenly became affected with rickets and died at Meudon in the month of June, 1789; but in 1785 the Queen had given birth to Louis Charles of France, Duke of Normandy, who now at four years of age became Dauphin and through the terrible years of

his childhood was destined to witness the most horrible scenes of the French Revolution, himself a victim of its awful punishments, to lose both father and mother by the guillotine, to remain uncrowned Louis XVII, and his history mysteriously obscured to save his life. This is the prince who gives title to this book "Prince or Creole," by a later obscurity of his life, when found on the forest banks of Lake George, then a wild uninhabited portion of the United States among the American Indians and claimed by them as their child.

The Duke of Normandy was born March 27, 1785, in the palace of Versailles. At his birth the mad rush of the crowd was not permitted as on the birth of Madam. The high officials and princes present were recommended as sufficient witnesses of legitimacy. The Duchesse de Polignac was appointed state governess to the "children of France," with the use of splendid apartments in the palace. The beautiful lady, by her modest and gentle manners, had long been a favorite and confidential friend of the Queen, much to the chagrin of others less favored. The Queen was pleased to have this opportunity to favor her with this position, more especially as it would give the Queen the easier access to her children at all hours, as she dearly loved them, and wished to have them by her as much as possible. This period was perhaps the happiest of her life.

Her children engrossed her thoughts and every moment of her time not taken up by necessary affairs incident to her high position. She had now been in France so long she had nearly forgotten her native tongue. One day the Queen requested a German Baroness to speak Dutch to her. After listening to the language, she remarked: "I am glad to hear again the old Dutch; it is a fine language; but French, when spoken by my children seems to me the sweetest language in the world!" Her youngest child, little Princess Sophie died at the age of eleven months, while at the same time the delicate condition of the first Dauphin did not improve, causing her great anxiety. The Queen took refuge at Little Trianon to indulge her grief alone, asking Madam Elizabeth sister of the King, whom she loved to come with her. "We shall weep together over the death of my poor little angel. I need all your heart to comfort mine," was the message she had sent to Elizabeth.

The birth of the Duke of Normandy, the second Dauphin, by securing the succession to the crown, would at an earlier time have been hailed with great rejoicing, but so many ambitious intrigues at court, unable to obtain the favor of the Queen, had easily poisoned public opinion against "the Austrian" as they ungallantly called the Queen; and the happy birth of the second Dauphin, gave notice to the Queen of the unfortunate change in public opinion, by the silence of the people.

When soon after she went to Paris for her thanksgiving service at the ancient Cathedral, the cold reception by the populace caused her the most painful surprise. She had wished to take the Dauphin with her and his presence might have changed her reception; but the wife of one of the princes claimed the right of the seat next the Queen in the carriage, and would accept no other seat. The Dauphin could have no other seat having precedence over the princess. The dispute was settled by leaving the Dauphin at home. Wherever she went during the day's ceremonies, she was received in dead silence. Mortified beyond endurance by this conduct of the people, as soon as she reached the Paris palace of the King, the Tuileries, she refused to see the courtiers assembled to greet her, but quickly gaining her apartments by a back stair, followed by her good companion Madam Elizabeth, she burst into tears, repeating: "What have I done to them? What have I done?"

On the walls of the palace of Versailles there still hangs a charming painting by Madam Lebrun, of the Queen in her apartments, surrounded by her three children and the empty cradle of little Sophie covered with a dark veil. She holds on her lap the little Duc de Normandie, the second Dauphin, then a babe in arms.

Driven to desperation by the state of the finances, Necker the man in charge of ways and means,

a vain though intelligent financier, tried economy as the great Turgot had done, and like him was assailed by all who flourished on abuses. Necker resigned. Colonne a bold, ambitious man, came into office. Though recommended by her Polignace friends, the Queen did not approve of Colonne, and had remarked in the hearing of his friends: "That the finances of France passed alternately from the hands of an honest man into those of a skillful knave." Colonne had but just been sworn into office and for the first time in conference with the King, when he remarked: "Sir the comptrollers general have many means of paying their debts; I have at this moment two hundred and twenty thousand livres to pay on demand. I thought it right to tell your Majesty, and leave everything to your goodness." The King astonished at such language, stared a moment at his new minister, walked to his desk, then turning to Colonne, gave him the means to discharge his private debts. Meeting with M. de Machault, the new finance minister said to him: "If my own affairs had not been in such a bad state, I should not have undertaken those of France." He dismayed men of foresight and experience, but the public was charmed, as were the courtiers. He borrowed money to pay all manner of arrears, paying as high as eleven per cent. "A man who wants to borrow," he said "must appear rich, and to do so must dazzle by his ex-

penditures. Economy is good for nothing, it warns those who have money not to lend it." New public works on a gigantic scale were begun. Great harbors, fortifications and ships were constructed and begun. "Money abounds in the Kingdom," he told the King. "The people never had more work. Lavishness rejoices their eyes." His practice tallied with his theories. The courtiers had recovered the golden age; it was scarcely necessary to solicit the royal favor. "When I saw everybody holding out hands, I held my hat," said one prince. But after several years, even the audacity of Colonne was at an end. He wrote the King, that though there were but two bags of twelve hundred livres each in the royal treasury when he came in, and he had given the treasury a momentary credit, to "the terrible embarrassment concealed beneath the appearance of the happiest tranquility," it must be confessed that France is only kept up at this moment by artifice. If the illusion were destroyed, what would become of us with a deficit of a hundred million livres a year." He proposed the calling of the Assembly of Notables to design some remedy. There had been but five such assemblies in the history of France, and the last was in 1626, one hundred and sixty-one years before. The Notables, one hundred and thirty-seven in number, were besides seven royal princes, the titled peers, high clergy and presidents of parliaments. The

state of the finances was laid before them, and they were implored to decree an equal distribution of taxes by which they themselves should bear part of the burden. Violent opposition was encountered. The correctness of Colonne's statements were challenged. All were against any change in the ancient methods; the nobles and clergy because they would not pay taxes and the others because they disliked the intimation that their popular enthusiasm had involved the crown in the immense expenditure of the American war, and the war with England. The amount of additional taxes required to meet the annual obligations was equal to thirty million dollars, a small sum for a great nation to meet. After a stormy and useless session of three months, the assembly dissolved. Not willing to yield a small part of their fortune for the public credit, these notables who held two-thirds of the property of France, blindly persisting in their one sided method, brought about conditions within five years, which in the great Revolution lost to them all their property and most of their lives. The "Assembly of Notables had failed like all the attempts at reform made in succession by Louis XVI's advisers." It had revealed to the country the bad state of the finances. It had taught the people the firm resolve of the privileged classes to defeat reforms, which affected their interests; and the "salutary habit of thinking about public affairs." It was "an immense stride towards the Revolution."

MARIE ANTOINETTE QUEEN OF FRANCE

Mother of the Lost Prince, from a painting in the Louvre.

II

MARIE ANTOINETTE APPEARS FOR THE LAST TIME IN REGAL MAGNIFICENCE

FIFTEEN years had rolled by since King Louis XV had gone to his dishonored grave; and on the mighty current bearing France toward reform, dragging her into the Revolution, King Louis XVI, honest and sincere, weak and undecided as he was good, "was still blindly seeking to clutch the helm which was slipping from his feeble hands." The King at this period has been pictured as having fine features, though impressed with melancholy; his walk was heavy and unmajestic, and person and hair much neglected. His voice was not agreeable, and when excited was shrill. He had a taste for study, and read much, knew the English language and could translate Milton. He was a skillful geographer and fond of drawing and coloring maps; perfectly well versed in history. His mechanical tastes led him to practice at the forge in making locks and tools, and working copper. He made an excellent copper globe for the study of the earth which is still preserved in the Mazarin library, having himself invented and made the mechanism with which it was operated. The King had been born weak and delicate, but from the

age of twenty-four possessed a robust constitution. Instances of his strength were often mentioned at court. He inherited it from his mother, who was a Saxon princess whose family were celebrated for years for robustness. The memory of the King for names, items, figures and events was remarkable. One day the minister had gone over accounts with him, when he pointed to an item saying, "this is a double charge, bring me last year's accounts, and I will show you." He would not permit an injustice. As a man of knowledge, an accountant, and of honesty and kindness he was superior; but as a man of will amid conflicting opinions, he was devoid of will. Though he knew which opinion was best he was easily influenced. He was a good husband, a virtuous man, a tender father and an indulgent master. In the times in which he lived it was an extreme virtue that he did not drink, gamble or consort with women. Austere and rigid respecting the laws of the church, he fasted throughout the whole of Lent; but the wisdom of the age had disposed his mind toward toleration.

At last being greatly interested in having numerous reforms brought about in the ancient customs and laws of the kingdom, and opposed in these just measures by the priviledged classes, the courts and Parliaments, the King yielded to the constant cry for the assembling of the States General. The edict was issued August 8, 1788,

convoking the States General on May 1, 1789. This was the beginning of the end of the monarchy. It was decreed that it should contain at least one thousand members, composed one half of the tiers etat, third estate, who were of the untitled commons or people. The other members were the noblesse and clergy. Amid the whirl of passionate discussion brought out by the coming session, Louis XVI, though of even temperament, was greatly discouraged and troubled. While attending the funeral of his minister Vergennes, he said mournfully, that he wished it had been his fate to lie down beside him. Marie Antoinette was greatly alarmed at the threatening aspect of affairs. She was opposed to the calling of the States General. She had three children, and felt the anxiety of a mother.

Within a few years a change had come over the gay society of Paris. The palaces were crowded with politicians of both sexes, discussing new theories of social and civic reform. There was a rage for republican simplicity. The smart set in the salon of Madam Polignac was infected, as was also the King's brother, the Duc de Artois and a number of the princes. These new republicans were offensive to the Queen, and incurred her displeasure.

The descendant of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons was the chief mischief maker in these turbulent times, as if fate determined to leave

nothing undone to produce disorder, it gave to the world a man who, with means and opportunity, set himself to destroy the monarchy, and exalt himself on its ruins. He did destroy the monarchy, the King and his family, but also lost his own head in the chaos of the Reign of Terror he had brought about. He was Louis Philippe, Duke de Orleans, great grandson of the Regent Orleans. Though the Duke was guillotined in the Revolution, his son the Duke de Chartres, who took some part in the Revolution, lived through the years of Napoleon, and ultimately rose to temporary distinction as Louis Philippe, King of the French, and whose son, the Prince de Joinville came to America in 1841, to meet Eleazer Williams, the lost Prince, as related in this narrative.

By the death of his father, in 1785, the Duke of Orleans inherited rich domains and palaces with a princely revenue; and this patrimony was so enormously increased by his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Penthievre, that his annual income reached two and a half million dollars. He was said to be the richest man in France; but he was also the most unscrupulous, and a libertine, keeping wanton women in his own palace, to the scandal of his family. His home was the famed Palais Royal, a massive building in the heart of Paris, still standing, built by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629. Orleans had surrounded the

gardens with tenements, still existing, which he let for commercial purposes to increase his income. The cafes on the ground floor became the favorite rendezvous of democrats and malcontents, from which the call "to arms" was made, that raised the mob which stormed the Bastille. Orleans aiming to destroy the royal family, joined the popular party, by whom with subsidies of money, he expected to accomplish his purpose, to have himself crowned King. Inspired by the design for a number of years he had caused to be circulated fabricated scandals, about the Queen and royal family. Plots were designed to undermine the government, and a number of riots set in motion. He was a member of the States General, where he assumed the name of Egalite, which he made infamous. The Duke of Orleans, even as Duke de Chartress was never a favorite of the Queen. He was only tolerated at court, because of the lovliness of his wife, and his intimacy with Count de Artois. The King often expressed his abhorence of the Duke's character. The winter before the meeting of the States General, was severe. The harvest had been bad; the suffering was extreme. Agitators availed themselves of the misery to excite popular passion. Charity and fear opened both hearts and purses. The gifts of Orleans to the Paris poor, looked suspicious. The archbishop of Paris distributed all he possessed, and got in debt one hundred thousand dollars

to relieve his flock. The finest houses were opened to wretches dying of cold and anyone might go in and warm themselves in the great halls.

The States General met on May 5, 1789, in a spacious hall prepared for the purpose in Versailles. There was a vast concourse of people on the occasion. At one end of the hall was a throne for the King, with seats for the Queen and princes. The clergy had seats on the right; the nobles on the left, and the third estate in front. The hall was fitted in royal magnificence. The Queen on this opening day of the States General and the Revolution, appeared for the last time in her life, in regal robes and queenly splendor. The Duke of Orleans had arranged a low insult to the Queen on this May morning. As the royal procession moved toward the convention through the mass of people, a crowd of low women, whom he had engaged at an expense of half a million livres, screamed into her face: "Orleans forever! Orleans forever." By the suddeness of the insult the Queen nearly fainted, but loud cries of, "Long live the King," restored her, and the procession moved on.

III.

THE STORMING OF THE BASTILLE.

THE States General which had not met since 1615, one hundred and seventy-four years before, was not a legislative body, but deputed by their several electors to present to the throne, complaints which formed petitions to the King, who was the real legislature. They did have the authority to sanction methods of taxation. In this assembly the King had authorized the third estate to be equal to the nobles and clergy, and their number was 567; while the number of the nobles and clergy were four less or 563. By mismanagement before the meeting, it had not been ruled by the government, whether the three orders should deliberate separately or collectively in one body, and no settled policy of management had been determined upon. About half the third estate were needy provincial attorneys; the remainder were merchants and farmers; and there were few men of independent means.

When the members of the States General visited Versailles three days before their session to be presented to the King, the nobles and clergy were admitted at once, but the third estate were left without the gates in a rain storm. They became angry and at their clamor the gates were

opened to them. The laced coats and decorations of nobles and superb vestments of the clergy, made a strong contrast to the modest cassocks and sombre costumes of the third estate. By an oversight of the government in the apportionment of the building for the meeting, there was the throne room of the three orders, a room for the noblesse, and one for the clergy, but none for the third estate, who remained therefore established in the throne room, which was fitted up with seats and boxes for spectators who occupied them. In possession of the main room the third estate was in a strong situation, and master of the position in which the other orders must come to them. They maintained the deliberations should be together in one body, and after a contest lasting several weeks, the third estate declining to proceed until the nobles and clergy should sit with them, finally with a confidence sustained by the general excitement in their favor assumed the power to act as if it embraced all the members. When the King had said to them, they should disperse, the fiery orator Count Mirabeau rose at the entrance of the master of ceremonies and thundered: "Go and tell those who sent you, that we are here by the will of the people, and that we shall not budge save at the point of the bayonet."

The Revolution was begun. The third estate were soon joined by the nobles and clergy, elected

VERSAILLES, THE MOST SPLENDID PALACE IN THE WORLD

Birthplace of lost Prince Louis XVII.

M. Bailly president, and constituted itself the *National Assembly* without any authority but its own will, and became a legislative body.

The excitement in Paris was intense. The public press teemed with praise of the third estate, and orators harangued crowds of people in the streets. The traitor Orleans was busy inciting mobs and insurrection, which being exposed to the people, caused them to throw his bust into the gutter. Necker, the King's popular, but negligent minister of finance, riding that way, stopped his carriage and ordered the bust to be taken up and cleaned. It was crowned with laurels, and with Necker's own bust, carried to Versailles. The King's aunts met the procession on the road while they were returning home from the country, and ordered the guards to send the men away who bore the busts. Necker was hence dismissed, which caused mobs to run riot in the streets. By the middle of July the French guards and other regiments fraternized with the mob. There was fighting and bloodshed in the streets, and prisons broken open releasing the prisoners. The civil magistry of Paris sided with the disorder. In this daily riot, the old white flag of the Bourbons was displaced by the red, white and blue banner of rebellion. The Tricolor became the flag of the Revolution. A new militia styled the National Guard was organized. Orleans' agents were busy. With fifty thousand livres of his money, the mob

rushed for the arms stored at the hospital of old soldiers, Hotel des Invalids, which was pillaged. The old governor had twenty men at work all night to remove the locks from the muskets, amounting to twenty-eight thousand. But they had only unscrewed twenty locks as they sympathized with the mob. Now twenty-eight thousand armed men raised the cry, "To the Bastille." This was an ancient fortress four hundred years old, on the old wall of Paris. Its massive stone walls were ten feet thick. Its eight towers rose grim and sombre just at the entrance to the city, while the cannon on its battlements commanded the surrounding streets. It was used infrequently now as a prison of the higher orders, and in its conduct had not appealed to the ill will of the people in any way. It was provisioned with two sacks of flour and garrisoned with 138 men, mostly invalids. The mob of one hundred thousand stormed the stout stone towers. They cut off the water supply. The commander was prevented from blowing himself up with the magazine. On the surrender of the soldiers, the populace enraged because some of the mob were killed, tore the commander to pieces. The Bastille was leveled to the ground. A column of Liberty now stands in its stead in the Place de la Bastille. The massive iron forged key of the fortress, sent to General Washington by Lafayette, still remains in its glass case on the walls of the old hallway at Mount Vernon.

IV

AT MIDNIGHT A CRY WAS HEARD: "SAVE THE QUEEN, THEY ARE COME TO ASSASSINATE HER."

THE Dauphin died within a month of the first assembling of the States General; and the disturbed condition of the country; with the raising of the Paris mobs and sack of the Bastille; the murder of its Governor, and the Mayor of Paris; the threats against some of the King's brothers and royal families, overwhelmed the Queen with grief. She desired that the King should come to some definite understanding with the members of the Assembly, as the States General was now called, and urged the King to arrange it. The day after the sack of the Bastille the King did attend the Assembly for this purpose. He went on foot without pomp or ceremony, surrounded only by his brothers. He stood before the Assembly, uncovered, and assured that body that he was firmly determined to support their measures, and aid them in every way. As an earnest of his intentions, he informed them that he had ordered the troops to leave Paris and Versailles. His speech was hailed with enthusiasm and prolonged cries of vive le Roi. On the King's return on foot to the palace, the deputies crowded after him, forming his escort. Great crowds

gathered and thronged the court yard of the castle. There was an immense concourse of people. They demanded to see the King and Queen and the children. The Queen took the little Dauphin in her arms, and with Madam by her side appeared on the balcony, where she was received with loud cries from the vast audience filling every avenue of: "vive le Roi! vive le Reine!" with here and there discordant notes of "vive le nation!" "vive d' Orleans!"

It was thought that the King's appearance in Paris would quiet the disturbance, and though the Royal family had thought of flight, and even had the carriages ordered up for the journey, the King thought best to go and visit Paris. Throngs of people filled the streets, but did not hail their King with joy, until when he appeared at the Hotel de Ville and M. Bailly the new mayor gave him the tri-colored cockade, the emblem of the Revolution, which he placed in his hat before all the people; then a great cry went up of "Long live the King." The Queen on hearing that the King was bound to face the Paris mob, was frantic with grief. "They never will let him return" she exclaimed. All day long she waited his return with conflicting emotions. It was believed the King would be retained in Paris. Late in the evening a messenger came with foaming horse to announce the King was returning. This filled the family with joy. In the palace at

last he was pleased that no accident had happened; "Happily no blood has been shed, and I swear that never shall a drop of French blood be spilled by my order."

The troops now deserted Versailles, and with them went many of the princes, noblesse and members of the Royal family, into exile, the beginning of that exodus of the aristocracy of France who emigrated over the border in these troubled times to the number of many thousands.

The clemency of the King had little effect on the people, as within a week, a story having been started that M. Foulon, the minister of finance had said, the people if hungry could eat hay, was seized by the peasants and dragged to the Hotel de Ville. His death cry was heard in the Assembly. Some members and La Fayette in vain endeavored to save the minister. After tormenting him to death his body was dragged about the streets and to the Palais Royal, while his heart was cut out and held aloft by women in the midst of a bunch of carnations.

The Duke d' Orleans had conceived a horrible conspiracy to strike terror through the provinces and furnish the Assembly a pretext for arming the people as a National guard and disband all the regular troops, which was accomplished. Orleans distributed through his agents six hundred thousand francs, for the purpose of creating on the same day and hour, an insurrection to

murder all the nobility and burn their palaces, the hideous murder and torch of the incendiary spread over France.

The Flanders regiment was stationed at Versailles, and the officers had an audience with the Queen. She was delighted with their loyalty. The bodyguard at the palace entertained them at a dinner in the theater of Versailles. The Queen sent for the Dauphin and told him, "about having seen the brave officers; and how gaily those good officers had left the palace, declaring they would die, rather than suffer any harm to come to him, or his papa or mamma; and that at that very moment they were all dining at the theater." "Dining in the theater, mamma," said the Prince, "I never heard of people dining in a theater." "No, my dear child, it is not generally allowed; but they are doing so because the bodyguard choose the finest place to honor their guests, to show how much they liked them." "Oh, mamma," exclaimed the Dauphin, "Oh, papa, how I should like to see them." "Let us go and satisfy the child," said the King. The Queen took the Dauphin by the hand and they all went across to the theater. As soon as the royal family appeared they were received with shouts of enthusiasm by the soldiers, intoxicated with joy and wine; and as the royal family retired they were followed to the doors of the palace. This scene was noised about, and the Assembly pretended

to be offended. To increase the dislike for the Queen and raise a riot, Orleans had one set of agents, many of them dressed in the liveries of the Queen, purchase all the wheat and send it out of the country. Great distress was caused by this famine, and to attract sole credit for relief, Orleans openly employed thousands to distribute his bounty, and to spread reports of his generosity. However, the King and all the royal family and friends, grieved beyond measure by the piteous want, distributed privately immense sums for the relief of the sufferers. The plot was discovered to the people too late to allay their animosity against the Queen and her august husband.

The insurrection had begun on the morning of the fifth of October, by a young virago beating a drum and shouting for bread. An infuriated rabble attacked the Hotel de Ville, which was with difficulty saved from destruction. The whole city was in an uproar. La Fayette at the head of the National Guard could not control the mob, which shouted, "on to Versailles." Maillard, prominent among the insurgents who had attacked the Bastille, took command of this army of viragos. Great alarm bells were ringing. The whole throng was made up of the lowest, the most degraded women, vagabonds, criminals, many drunk, roaring revolutionary songs, with cries of vengeance, brandishing old guns, swords

and pikes. La Fayette's citizen soldiers fraternized with the rioters; but he supposing his presence might prevent violence finally consented to go with them to Versailles.

For several days rumors of the intended attack had reached the royal family, but no measures had been taken for protection. On this day the King had gone to shoot at Meudon. The Queen was enjoying the autumn day at Little Trinon, the leaves falling around her. Suddenly a page came hurrying to her with a letter with information of the doings in the city. Marie Antoinette hastened to leave Trinon, not dreaming it was the last time she would ever see her loved retreat where she had spent the happiest days of her life. The King summoned, returned at full gallop. His sister, the kind Elizabeth, having seen the crowd in the distance from her home had joined the family, and urged her brother to now take energetic measures. Consternation filled all breasts and the carriages were ordered up to depart. The Dauphin's carriage was standing without as he was to have his usual drive. Changing views of the council and delay finally rendered it impossible to flee as the carriages were stopped and sent back. The women reached the palace. The King distributed money to them and was so kind, that they went away friendly. The rain fell in torrents, and it was hoped it would depress the rioters. The night came on,

THE DAUPHIN

Uncrowned Louis XVII—The Prince of this book.

dark and gloomy. Ragged men armed with pikes, knocked at the doors in the town demanding food. The assembly chamber was overrun with the women and men. There they ate and drank. At the palace a letter was received from La Fayette announcing his coming. At ten o'clock at night he appeared with a crowd of rioters and twenty thousand national guard. He went first to the Assembly and assured the deputies that order would be maintained, and then repaired to the palace. Going up to the King he said: "Sire, I bring you my head in the hope of saving your Majesty;" declaring that the large force he brought with him would preserve order; and that he had patrolled the town and all was quiet. He was sincere and believed he understood the situation. He had been seventeen hours in the saddle, and deeming all safe, went to his quarters in the town to retire; but he was not aware of the extent of the plans of the traitors, which was amid riot and confusion the next day, for Orleans to suddenly appear and be hailed as King.

After the horrible expressions of the women in the mob, leveled at the Queen, the noise and excitement, and the reports brought to the royal pair, they had cause for the greatest anxiety as to the outcome of the insurrection. The Queen arranged her papers and gave them into the charge of the English secretary of the Princess Lamballe, who sewed them on to her skirts. The

jewels were secured for removal. All preparation was made for departure. The Queen at two o'clock in the morning visited the bed chamber of her two children, and then told her attendants to retire, and went to bed herself, and slept, tired out by the excitement of the day. She had agreed, with the governess of her children, on the least noise to bring them to her; but later sent word it would be best to take them to the King.

On leaving the Queen's bed chamber, her women alarmed at the riotous events of the day and vigilant for the safety of their Queen, determined to sit up and all remained together against her Majesty's bed room door. "At half past four in the morning," said Madam Campan, "they heard horrible yells and discharge of firearms; one ran in to the Queen to awaken her; my sister flew to the place of tumult; she opened the antechamber door to the guard room and beheld one of the body guards attacked by a mob, his face covered with blood. He called to her: 'Save the Queen, Madam; they are come to assassinate her.'' She hastily bolted the door, and bolted the door on leaving the next room. On reaching the Queen's chamber, she cried out to her: 'Get up, Madame; don't stop to dress, fly to the King's apartment.' The terrified Queen threw herself out of bed, and the two ladies guided her to the Bull's Eye. A door which led from the Queen's closet to the King's apartment, had never been fastened except

on her side; but what a dreadful moment, it had been secured on the other side. Repeated knocking aroused the King's servant, who opened it, and they entered the King's apartment. Very soon Madam de Tourzel brought in the Dauphin, and the Queen went down into the room of her daughter by an interior stairway and brought the child to the King."

The insurgents were astir early in the morning, and the horde swept toward the palace. They "forced their way into the barracks of the body guard, and massacred everybody they found there, except a few whom they took to the castle gates for punishment," says Madam de Tourzel. "The others forced the gates and rushed through the courtyard and terrace to gain an entrance to the castle. These ruffians, who encountered no obstacle, killed two of the body guards who were on duty at the apartments of the King's aunts, had their heads cut off by a monster in the gang. They then went up the grand staircase to the apartments of the King and Queen, led by Orleans himself." "Many have asserted," says Madam Campan, "that they recognized the Duke of Orleans at half past four in the morning, in a great coat and slouched hat, at the top of the marble stair case, pointing out with his hand the guard room, which preceded the Queen's apartments." The body guard, though few in number, defended the entrance with the greatest bravery. Several

were dangerously wounded, but they had time to shout, "save the Queen" as related and delayed the assailants; "but hardly had her Majesty left the room," says Madam Tourzel, "than these wretches forced their way in and furious at not finding her there, they stabbed the bed with their pikes, so as to leave no room to doubt as to the crime they intended to commit."

All the family gathered in terror into the King's apartments, expecting the worse from the tumult that raged without. The guard had arranged between themselves to defend each room in succession, and with the greatest courage they awaited death. La Fayette now hurried to the scene of carnage and induced the National Guard to defend the King and save the Body Guard. The King seeing his Guard butchered in the Courtyard, went to the window and called on the people to save their lives. Then the Body Guard threw out their cross belts and cried, "Long live the nation." The hearts of the savages were touched and they embraced the Guards they were about to murder.

The mob outside called loudly, "The Queen, Queen." She appeared before that mass of insurgents, walking out onto the balcony, leading her children. The murderous throng were spellbound by the beautiful sight. Then a tiger voice cried out: "No children." She then led her children back into the Palace, and expecting to be

murdered, she boldly returned. "With her hands and eyes raised toward heaven, advanced upon the balcony, like a self devoted victim." The rabble astonished were soon crying: "Vive la Riene." The throng now began to cry, "to Paris." After the uproar had continued for some time the King faced the savage horde and told them they would go to Paris, which announcement was greeted with "Long live the King;" "Long live the nation." As the King reentered the room he said: "It is done; this affair will soon be ended." "And with it," said the Queen, "the monarchy." She burst into a flood of tears and exclaimed: "As to myself, I am resigned to my fate. I only feel for your humiliated state, and for the safety of my children."

The King was seated in his carriage at half past one. He sat on the back seat with the Queen. On the front seat the Dauphin sat on the lap of Madam Tourzel, his governess, and Madam Royal, his little sister sat beside them. La Fayette and M. d'Estaing, commandant rode by the doors near their majesties. The ladies of the household and servants followed in other carriages, and a hundred deputies in carriages. Brigands bearing the ghastly heads of the two body guards in triumph, formed the advance, who had set out two hours earlier, and at Sevre had compelled a barber to dress the hair on their matted brows. The poor fellow killed himself from

horror of the sight. The bulk of the Parisian army, each soldier having a loaf of bread on his bayonet, followed the King. The poissards or fish women, went before and around the carriage, accompanied by an army of prostitutes, the vile refuse of the sex, still drunk with fury and wine; several of them rode astride of cannon, boasting in obscene songs, the crimes they had committed or witnessed. Those near the Royal carriage sang insulting ballads in vulgar reference to the Queen. Wagons of wheat and flour formed a train escorted by soldiers, surrounded by women and bullies, some armed with pikes. The women stopped the people, and pointing to the King's carriage howled in their ears: "Cheer up, we shall no longer want bread. We bring the baker, the baker's wife, and the little baker boy." Around the King's carriage, were some of his faithful guards, on foot and horseback, uncovered and unarmed, worn out with hunger and fatigue. In this tumult, clamour and singing, the motley rabble, the outpouring and scum of the Paris and Versailles slums stretched over the dozen miles of that beautiful way from the palace to the City. King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette looked back that bright autumn day over the most splendid Palace in the world, and beautiful gardens of Versailles for the last time. They never saw that home again where she came as a bride, a Queen and mother. The Duke of Orleans was on

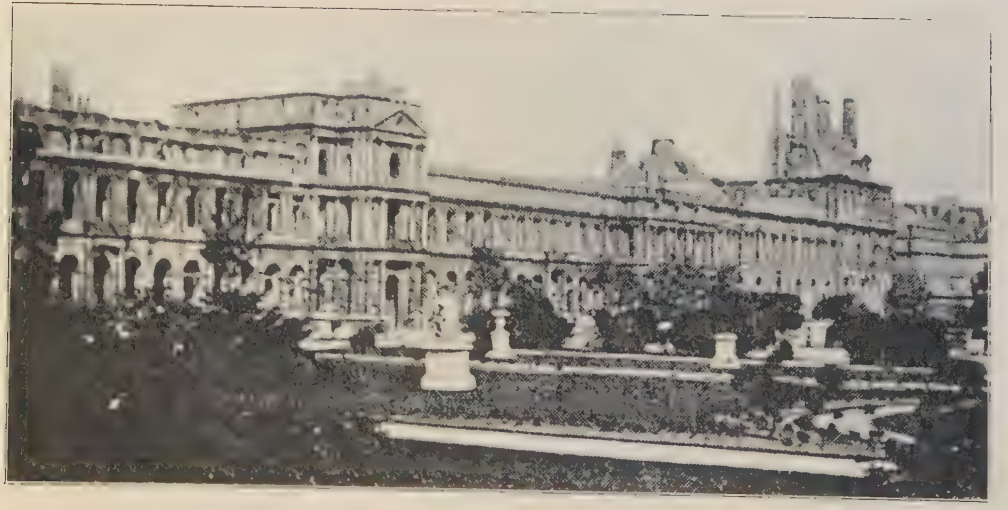
the Passy road and his children, with his mistress, the notorious Madam Genlis, on the balcony of a house along the way, which he had hired for them to witness the tragedy.

The usual journey of two hours was prolonged to six, and when they reached Paris, they were urged against their wishes and fatigue, to alight at the Hotel de Ville. Here the jam of people obliged them to quit the carriage, with great difficulty, make their way through the crowd to reach the City Hall. The little Dauphin, worn out, was fast asleep in the arms of his governess. The King spoke to the people and said: "I always come with pleasure and confidence among the inhabitants of my good city of Paris."

At last this day of horror ended by the Royal party entering the Tuileries, tired, worn out and miserable. Nothing was ready for them, as this ancient castle had been occupied only by courtiers for many years. The Dauphin passed the night without a guard of any kind, in a room open on all sides, and with doors that could scarcely be closed. His governess pushed the furniture against them and spent the night seated by his side.

In the morning the populace swarmed over the gardens, making a great noise out of curiosity to see the Royal family as the palace had not been occupied by their monarch since the days of Louis XIV. The youthful Dauphin hearing the

tumult without ran to his mother. "Oh! mamma," he cried, "Is today still yesterday?" He looked at his new home, so different from the brilliant home where he had always lived and said: "Everything is very ugly here." The Queen wrote her brother Joseph II, Emperor of Austria: "You have heard of our misfortune. I still live, owing to Providence, and one of my guards, who was hacked to pieces in trying to save me." To Princess de Lamballe she wrote: "I still seem to hear the howling roar of the crowd, and the cries of my guard. These horrible scenes will occur again; but death has been too near for me to fear. I thought I should be torn to pieces." And Edmund Burke wrote from England: "It is now sixteen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the celebrated sphere in which she had just begun to move, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy—little did I dream such disasters would have fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look, that threatened her with insult.



THE HAUNTED PALACE OF TUILERIES, PARIS

From which its Royal occupants from the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the fall of the Bourbons, and the last Napoleon met their fate.

V

WIT AND WISDOM OF THE BABY DAUPHIN

THE Palais des Tuileries deserves a passing notice for its tragic history. It was the royal palace within the heart of Paris; burned by the communists in 1871, and has been mostly removed, and the ground added to the extensive gardens of the same name. The wings and pavilions still remain as part of the Louvre art gallery. It was begun in 1564 by the infamous Catharine de Medicis and was cursed by being the place of originating the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The tragedy in the misfortunes of France and Marie Antoinette while resident there is one of the most horrible incidents of the Revolution; while in later years it cursed the path of Napoleon who as first consul took up his residence here, and after the restoration the French Kings lived there only to be driven out by the mob, ending the Bourbons with the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848. Napoleon III fated by residence here to command the last imperial army, and the history of the Tuileries as a royal residence ends with the flight of the beautiful Empress Eugenie, after the battle of Sedan.

Here in this palace the King and Queen were held in polite constraint and obliged to ask the

authorities for permission to visit their palace of St. Cloud in warm weather. Marie Antoinette busied herself watching the education of her children, Madam Royal ten years of age, and the Dauphin who was four years of age. The Dauphin was a charming boy, gifted with astonishing intelligence which developed year by year. The Queen dearly loved her children and was with them a great portion of the day. The little Dauphin was quite a philosopher. One day he asked his governess: "If God sends the rain to make the corn grow, why does he let it fall on the pavement?" One of the King's body guard, M. Beaurepaire came to the Tuilerie to pay his respects to the Royal family. He was one of those who in the midnight attempt to murder the Queen at Versailles, had called out, "Save the Queen," and was horribly wounded. The Dauphin wished to see him in his rooms. He threw himself into the arms of the brave guard exclaiming: "How grateful I am to you for having saved mamma." Then going to his governess the little four year old boy said: "Madam, I beg of you to give him some dinner; I am coming down soon, and shall see him for a longer time."

The Queen's walk was confined to the gardens of the Tuileries where a path surrounded by trellis work, had been made as a private walk for the Dauphin, who went there with a commandant of the National Guard and four soldiers. The little

Prince asked his governess the reason of this change and then remarked: "I see quite well that there are wicked people who trouble papa, and I regret our good body guard whom I loved much better than these guards, for whom I do not care in the least." His tutor was the Abbe Davauz, a man of merit, who had the skill to make the study time of his youthful student, one of pleasure, and thus he learned very quickly. One day a visitor had jokingly said to the Dauphin on being reproved: "I will bet that Madam de Tourzel is wrong, and the Dauphin is right." "Monsieur" he replied with a laugh, "you are a flatterer, for I got in a rage this morning."

One day he thought to test the severity of his governess, and said to her: "If you do not do as I wish, I shall cry; the people will hear me on the terrace; then what will they say?" "That you are a naughty boy." "But if my crying makes me ill?" "I shall put you to bed." Then the Dauphin began to cry, stamp his feet and make a great noise. His governess did not say a word, but had his bed made ready and ordered some broth for his supper. These preparations were sufficient to satisfy him, and he became quiet, and looking straight at his governess said: "I only wanted to see what I could do with you. I see now I must obey you. Forgive me, it shall never happen again." The next day he said to the Queen: "Do you know who you have given

me as a governess? It is Madam Severe." At Versailles, when the Flanders regiment called on Madam de Tourzel, the visit was mentioned before the Dauphin who had a great desire to see them. The Queen told him, "he would not know what to say to these gentlemen." "Do not trouble yourself, mamma, I shall not be embarrassed." Scarcely had the officers entered the room, than the young Prince said to them: "I am delighted to see you, gentlemen; but am very sorry that I am too small to see all of you." Then seeing a very tall officer, he said to him, "Take me up in your arms, sir, so that I can see all these gentlemen." Then he said with charming gaiety; "I am very glad, gentlemen, to be in your midst." The officers were charmed to hear a four year old child so bright and amiable. Though he learned everything with the greatest ease, he found it tiresome to learn to read. When the Queen told him it was disgraceful not to read at four years, he replied: "Very well mamma, I will learn as a New Years gift to you." In November he said to the Abbe Davauz: "I must know how much time I have between this and New Years day, because I have promised mamma to be able to read by then." On hearing he had only a month, he looked at his tutor and said: "Please my good Abbe, give me two lessons a day, and I will give the best attention." He kept his word and went to the Queen with a book in his hand, and throwing his arms

around her neck, the dear child said: "Here is your New Years gift; I have kept my promise, and I know how to read now."

Mr. Arthur Young an English traveler mentions in his visit to Paris in these Revolutionary days, that when walking in the gardens of the palace, the King was attended by six soldiers; the Queen was similarly attended; and for the Dauphin there was a little garden railed off, in which he amused himself. There was a small room built in it, to retire into in case of rain. Here he was at work with his little hoe and rake. He described him as a pretty good natured looking boy, with an agreeable countenance. Wherever he goes, all hats are taken off to him. In the privacy of her palace the Queen occupied herself in the education of her children. A few days after their arrival at the Tuileries, the little Prince went up to his father, and looked at him sorrowfully. The King asked him what he wanted. The Dauphin replied, that he had something very serious to say to him. Pressed by the King to explain himself, he requested to know why the people who always loved him so much, were all at once angry with him. What had he done to irritate them so much. His father took him upon his knee and spoke to him in a kind manner: "I wished my child, to render the people still happier than they were. But I wanted money to pay for wars, and asked my people for it as all other Kings had

done. The Magistrates of the parliament refused, as only the people had a right to consent to raising money. Then I called together the principal inhabitants of the towns, named the States General. When assembled they required many ancient privileges to be given up. Some of them I held to, out of respect for myself, and with justice to you, who will come after me. Wicked men have occasioned the people to rise and commit the excesses of the last few days. The people must not be blamed for them."

The Queen fearful lest the youthful prince might say things to compromise them, explained to him that he must use great judgment to say proper and kind words to all those whom he met. The child took great pains to please. When he had an opportunity to reply to the mayor or members of the commons, he ran and whispered to his mother, "was that right?"

The Dauphin requested M. Bailly to show him the shield of Scipio, which was in the royal library. He was asked which he preferred, Scipio or Hannibal? He replied, that he preferred him who had defended his own country. He gave frequent proof of ready wit. The words "dis donc" meaning "tell thou then" are pronounced in French with the sound of Didon (Dido) the name of the Queen of Carthage, which he had remembered in overhearing the lessons of his sister, Madam Royal. The Queen was hearing

the princess repeat her ancient history, and she could not for the moment recollect the name of the Carthage Queen. The Dauphin quickly said to her: "But dis donc, the name of the queen to mamma; dis donc what her name was."

On July 14, 1790, there was held in Paris a celebration of the Federation of France, and by invitation of the City of Paris, deputations attended from all parts of the Kingdom. They were in a loyal frame of mind toward the King. On the eve of the celebration the King held a review of the Federates who marched past the King standing at the foot of the grand stair case of the Tuileries. The Queen presented her children to them and gracefully said a few words, exciting the federates to great enthusiasm. The deputations remained several days, and many of them visited the mansion each day. At three o'clock the Dauphin would step onto a little balcony and review the people, say a few words to each as he passed, and then go back to his play. As he amused himself one day pulling leaves from a lilac bush on the balcony, a federate requested them as keepsakes of something his little hand had held. This being seen by others, they soon despoiled the bush, mid shouts of "Long live the King, the Queen, and Mgr. the Dauphin." His gaiety, beauty and grace and sprightly engaging manner won every heart. Every day at five o'clock he went to his little garden. The feder-

ates urgently requested to enter it. They were permitted to do so in limited numbers, and in relays while his walk lasted. He spoke to them in such winning ways that they left enchanted. Each deputation desired the King to visit their province. "Come" said those from Dauphine, to the young Prince, "come to your province of Dauphine; your name gives you possession of us, and we shall know well how to defend you against your enemies." "Do not forget Monseigneur" said the Normans, "that you have born the name of our province, and that the Normans have always been faithful to their King."

The Dauphin Dragon regiment in passing through Paris, sent word by its Colonel to Madam Tourzel, to express their regret to the Prince that they could not meet the Dauphin at that time. "How nice it is to have a regiment at my age, and how I should like to see it," he said. "What answer shall I give from you Monseigneur?" "That is an awkward question; answer for me please." "I shall say that Mgr. the Dauphin, not knowing at his age (five years) what to say, will reply when he is older."

"How wicked you are," said the Prince, "and what will my regiment say of me?" He flew into a violent rage, stamping his feet and clapping his hands; and when he saw that they were only laughing at him, he said looking very sober: "I will reply myself as you will not help me. Tell

THE MOB BEFORE THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES

Crying "to Paris"—Marie Antoinette facing the mob with her children, Lafayette kisses her hand.

Colonel Choiseul, that I should like very much to see my regiment, and to put myself at its head, and that I beg him to say so for me; and at the same time thank him with all my heart for what he has said on behalf of himself and the regiment." The governess kissed him, and he thanked her when he saw she approved of his reply.

A rumor was started in the spring that the Dauphin was to be sent away secretly. Under this pretext, the mob swarmed the streets and sought to enter the castle by force; but the gates were closed and defended by the guard. Four days after this, a stranger with a small hunting knife was found in a room next to that of the Dauphin.

It was on the 4th of August, in 1789, that the most extraordinary scene occurred in the assembly. Moved by the orations of some of the nobles, the members of all the orders were affected with a delirious impulse to relinquish their individual privileges. All those who by their perverse selfishness brought on the revolution, now vied with each other in liberality. The nobles gave up their ancient rights; the clergy gave up tithes or tenths; and the tiers etat surrendered the privileges of towns. One night had seen the overthrow of abuses a thousand years old. And the next year the assembly abolished all titles, and the order of nobility, so that all must be addressed as "citizen."

Against the insurrectionary movements and mob rule, the higher classes made no head. Yielding to panic they fled the country to the number of many thousands, instead of remaining to use their influence for peace. The finances continued in a deplorable state, and the assembly to provide funds took all the church property, valued at four hundred million dollars, and offered it for sale. Loud, but vain was the remonstrances of the clergy. But stripped of its patrimony, the church was doomed to suffer a greater indignity. The clergy of every degree were by law denied the spiritual dependence on the Pope and reduced to civil servants of the State. They must swear an oath to this by the 4th of January, 1791, on pain of dismissal. Very few took the oath. It was not popular among the people. The King at first refused his sanction to the law, but was finally compelled to do so. The excitement became intense as Holy Week, in 1791, approached, as the mob would not permit worship. The King would have only a non-juring priest, that is one who would not take the oath. Because of this the excitement spread to the palace. Crowds surrounded it, and being informed the King would spend Holy Week at St. Cloud, where there was a non-juring priest, the mob opposed the journey, and indulged in most atrocious remarks. The National Guard threatened to quit the service of the King. The King had arranged to start for

the Queen's castle of St. Cloud the Monday before Easter. The rabble assembled and indulged in sinister remarks about the journey and to oppose it. The King and Queen got into their carriage with the Dauphin and Madam Royal, and the King's sister Elizabeth. The guards revolted, and placing themselves before the carriage, declared they would not permit the King to depart. The Mayor of Paris and Lafayette both tried to persuade the guard their action was wrong. The King said to them: "It is astonishing if after giving liberty to the nation, I should not myself be free." The throng of people in the mob upheld the guards who grossly insulted those who surrounded the carriage, and compelled them to stand aside. They used such violence to M. de Duras, that the King ordered two loyal grenadiers to extricate him; and the Dauphin who was not alarmed until now, began to cry and scream at the top of his voice: "Save him, save him." Upon being convinced their departure would be attended with danger, they returned into the palace. The King was obliged to dismiss his nonjuring priests, except one, to whom he confessed and who said mass in secret. The household was very gloomy. The poor little Dauphin was as sorrowful as the rest. Alone with the Abbe his tutor and Madam his governess, he said with a sigh: "How wicked all those people are, to give papa so much trouble, when he is so good. I only say

so to you, my dear Madam, because I know I ought to keep quiet," and putting his little arms around her, kissed her tenderly; then throwing himself on a sofa asked for the history of Berquin. The first anecdote he saw as he opened the book, was that of the little prisoner. Running to the Abbe with tears in his eyes he exclaimed: "Look my dear Abbe, at the book that has chanced to fall into my hands to-day." He was the most charming child, lovable to all; and never failed to say the kindest and most affectionate words to those about him.

Word was sent to the Queen that one Palloi, requested permission to present the Dauphin with a set of dominos made of the stone and marble of the Bastille. As they dare not refuse, permission was granted. The speech of the Dauphin was committed to memory to avoid his saying something which might be used against them. He said: "I am obliged to you, sir, for your idea that a set of dominos might amuse me, and I thank you sincerely for those you have given me." He was furious at receiving such a present, and still more so, when the giver told him they would be a reminder of his father in renouncing despotism. The Dauphin's face was very red. As soon as it was over, he requested to be taken indoors, and at once sent away the dominos, asking that they never be mentioned again.

The Prince took a lively interest in stirring

amusements, and favored playing soldier, by firing off a little cannon in his garden, while with sword in hand, he gave the command to fire. Another amusement which pleased him, was to dress in the customs of a French knight of olden times, by putting on a miniature armour made for him. With a helmet on his head, a cuirass on his body, and a lance in his hand, he marched about in great glee. This amusement was only allowed in his own room, for fear of remark; but after begging the Queen to permit him to appear in her rooms in this gallant dress, she consented if he would name the knight he would represent before her. "It will be," he said, "The Chevalier Bayard, without fear and without reproach."

The young Prince was fond of historical anecdotes. "I like Scipio much the best," he said to the Abbe Berthelemy of the Academy of Science, "he is my hero." "Would you like to see his shield?" "I should be delighted." The shield was brought to him, and after examining it attentively and turning it over and over, darted away to bring his sword, which he rubbed on the shield. "What are you doing, Monsigneur?" asked the Abbe. "I am rubbing my sword on the shield of a great man." Having heard the story of the regiment of grenadiers at Strosburg, who for inspiration to brave deeds, had laid their swords on the tomb of Marshall Saxe, the young Prince took the first occasion to imitate them.

Playing in a game which required everyone to tell anecdotes, he astonished his teachers by saying: "I have a funny one. At the door of the Assembly there was a porter who sold the decrees as soon as printed. To shorten his cry he called out, "for two sous, for two sous, the National Assembly." A wag who was passing said to him, "My friend, you tell us what they are worth, but not what they cost us?" "Now confess," said the Prince, "that was funny." He had been forbidden to mention the assembly, and Madam looking severe, asked who had told him the tale. Smiling he replied, "the Abbe, who taught us the game, said all were obliged to relate an anecdote, but it is not part of the game to tell where it came from."

VI

MIDNIGHT FLIGHT TO VARENNES

THE terror of their position, and the constant menace to their lives, by the unguarded oratory of the Assembly, the inflamatory press, the plots to assassinate and designs to poison, finally determined the King on flight to Montmedy, on the eastern border, where there were a number of loyal regiments and he could feel that their lives would be in safer care than surrounded by the Parisians. The details of the journey having been completed, at midnight on the 21st of June, 1790, the Queen went to the Dauphin and woke the young Prince from a sound sleep, explaining to him that they were going to a fortress, where he would command his regiment. At this he jumped out of bed saying: "Quick, quick, make haste, give me my sword and boots, and let us be off." The idea of being like Henry of Navarre, who was his model roused him to such an extent, that he did not close his eyes during the journey. The Dauphin was disguised as a little girl. Madam de Tourzel took the Dauphin and his sister, Madam Royal, out of the palace by the gloom of unused doorways, and got into a common carriage which was driven by Count Farsen, in disguise of a coachman. The numerous

people in and about the palace and the guards made the escape of the Royal family quite difficult, and required great strategy. The usual crowd of people were upon the dimly lighted streets. While waiting for the King to arrive, the fiacre was driven along the quays and streets returning by Rue Saint Honore to wait in the dark. Seeing on the side of the road, M. Lafayette, Madam Tourzel hid the Dauphin nnder her petticoats. He said it was just like a play as they were dressed for it. M. Bailly, the mayor, followed at a little distance. Neither suspected the occupants of the carriage. They went to visit the King, and he not wishing to arouse their suspicion, was delayed by their long stay. In about three quarters of an hour, Madam Elizabeth reached the carriage. After midnight the King came to join the fugitives wearing a wig for disguise. The King soon became uneasy that the Queen did not arrive. There was much risk to them, waiting in the street in the heart of Paris. The Queen escorted by a guard who did not know the streets about the palace, became confused and they wandered about for some time in the dark and poorly lighted streets, before finding the carriage in which the other fugitives waited so anxiously. The King was delighted on seeing the Queen. As soon as she was in the carriage, he took her in his arms, kissed her, and said over and over again; "How glad I am to see you here."

Farsen now drove at full speed to Bondy, near Paris. At the barrier there was a marriage feast going on, with plenty of people and lights at the gate, but none in the carriage were recognized, and they passed without difficulty. The roads were bad and in the dark the horses fell twice, causing an hour's delay by the breaking of the harness. The fugitives ate in the coach and caused no delay. The children got out several times to walk up hill for fresh air. Near Clinchy they met their large lumbering berlin, which had been sent on ahead. At Laye, they bid an affectionate good bye to Farsen, and took post horses. All the barriers being passed, the party was in high spirits. The King said, "Here I am outside Paris where I have experienced so much bitterness. When I am once seated in the saddle I shall be very different." The farther they went, the more hopeful they became. "When we have passed Chalons, we shall have nothing more to fear," said the King. "At point de Sommevel we shall find the first detachment of troops, and we shall be safe."

They passed Chalons and easy in their minds, did not suspect their good fortune was nearly at an end. By unfortunate delays the troops intended to meet them, had changed their positions, and the King was lost. They passed several towns in expectation but no troops came. At Sainte Menchould, son of the postmaster, a furious

patriot happened to be at the door, and led by curiosity to examine the berlin, thought he recognized the King from his face on the paper money. He mounted on horseback, followed the King to Clermont, and hearing that Varennes was the next stopping place, rode on in advance and warned the authorities. At Clermont the King's troops came up, but refused to march or obey their commander M. de Damas, who dare not tell them it was the King's carriage. On nearing Varennes, they saw a man who appeared to be hiding himself. Their anxiety increased; their situation became frightful. They thought they were betrayed, and pursued their way in distress and grief, which was increased on reaching Varennes, where knowing no post horses were to be had, they had sent on a relay for their use, but none appeared. They knocked at a door of the village and asked if anything was known of a relay. No information could be had, and they attempted to hire the postillions to do a second stage, which they refused, saying their horses were too tired. They were then to be taken to the last inn to start when the horses were rested. The alarm taken ahead had roused the town and National Guard. A wagon load of furniture was up set across the bridge, closing the way. It was half past eleven o'clock at night. Souce, the Mayor, caused the carriage with the attendants which was ahead, to be stopped at his house and its oc-

cupants compelled to alight, while their passports were examined. Word came to the King of this, but they could not retreat then. A moment afterward two men stopped the King's carriage. Their passports were asked for, and found to be correct, and though they urged they were in a hurry, yet excuses were made for delay, to arouse the National Guard and citizens. The King refused for a long time to leave the carriage, but finally on promise of being allowed to proceed if all was right, did alight and all entered the Mayor's house. The children lay down on a bed and were soon fast asleep. The people were not quite sure if the stranger was really the King; but one Mangin who knew His Majesty went into the room to see and recognized him, rushed out to the town and surrounding country, and within an hour had collected four thousand of the National Guard. The King seeing that further denial was useless, confessed that he was the King; that he left Paris to avoid daily insults; that he had no intention of leaving the Kingdom, but wished to go to Montmedy to be in better position to be of use to his people. Both the King and Queen tried to touch their hearts, "but theirs were hearts of brass, which fear alone could move." The streets were filled with the rabble, and every house was lighted. Some officers came and offered to cut their way through and save the Royal family, but the King would have no blood-

shed. At four o'clock in the morning, there came flying into the excited town, on foaming horses, two officers with orders from the assembly to protect and return the Royal family. The Queen snatched the papers and prevented by the King from tearing them, threw them on the ground. The King said as the children needed rest, he should remain there sometime. He had some hope that his faithful soldiers would come; but they came after the departure.

The King was incessantly urged to depart. His horses were put to the berlin. The clamor increased. In vain the Queen pointed to her sleeping children and pointed out the need of rest. The mob invaded their rooms, loudly demanding that they should depart. After waiting at Varennes eight awful hours, with no news of the troops, the King seeing no way of escaping the mob, which was increasing, concluded to return. The carriage was driven at a high speed to escape the arrival of the soldiers and soon distanced the howling mob. The troops reached the high ground overlooking the town just in time to see the unhappy King departing and because of the temper of the people, the officer fearing for the safety of the King if he attempted to rescue them did not follow. The highways were thronged with excited people who greeted them with insults as they passed. Several who attempted to give them words of cheer were murdered. The day

was hot, and the King and Queen exhausted with fatigue, not having slept for two nights. At Chalons the people were loyal. They slept there, in the same house in which the Queen rested, when as a young girl she first came into France. Here the children brought flowers. Frightful mobs followed the carriage at every town. They made such a noise all night long at Dormans that it was impossible to sleep. The little Dauphin thought he was in a forest with wolves, and that the Queen was in danger, he awoke crying and sobbing. He could only be quieted by being taken to her Majesty; when he found she was safe he allowed himself to be put to bed again. It was very annoying to the King and Queen to be compelled to have two of the deputies ride in their carriage. The heat was excessive. Everybody in the carriage was covered with perspiration and dust. At places the dust raised by the people who surrounded the carriage on horseback and on foot was as thick as a fog, and the air was cut off, so that the people inside were nearly suffocated. On entering Paris they passed through dense crowds on their way to the Tuileries. Their faithful servants were seized and sent to prison. On entering the palace one of the National Guard took hold of the Dauphin to carry him to his room; but as he began to cry he was given over to others who took him to the King's apartments.

The Assembly took away the executive authority of the King, and made him, Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin and Madame Royal, prisoners in their castle. All the rooms and even the chimney were carefully examined to see if any secret means of escape existed. All the doors leading out of the room occupied by the Dauphin were doubly locked, and the keys taken away. A sentry was placed on each stair case inside the castle; sentry at the door of the King and Queen were commanded to keep them always in sight and the Queen had no privacy, even when she slept. When Madam Campan returned to the Queen, she was astonished to observe the effect grief had produced upon her hair. "It became in one single night, as white as that of a woman of seventy." Marie Antoinette exhibited to her a ring mounted, to send to Princess Lamballe, containing a lock of her hair, with the inscription, "bleached by sorrow." Shortly after receiving this ring the Princess Lamballe, returned to the palace, the Dauphin said to her, "You will not go away again, I hope Princess? Oh, mamma has cried so since you left us," of which she writes: "I had wept enough before, but this dear little angel brought tears into the eyes of us all."

By the more thoughtful people, the bringing back of the King was deemed a political blunder. The leaders of the revolutionary party seized upon the occurrence as favorable to promote their

scheme of a republic. Mobs were roused to make a grand insurrectionary movement beginning by a great meeting in the Champ de Mars. The attempt was frustrated by Lafayette at the head of the National Guard, who by a well directed fire, dispersed the concourse of anarchists. If the Assembly had at the same time ordered the closing of the seditious clubs, the progress of the Revolution might have been stayed.

The King sought to satisfy the people by accepting the constitution which changed his title to king of the French, authorized him to appoint his own guards and retain the right of veto. At the ceremony of acceptance, a studied and insulting discourtesy by the Assembly so deeply affected the King, that on his return to the palace he sank into a chair and sobbed aloud, saying to Marie Antoinette: "All is lost! Ah Madam, and you witnessed such humiliation! You have come to France to see." He did not finish the sentence, the Queen threw herself on her knees before him, clasped him in her arms, together they cried over the disgrace to themselves and the misery of France. Over in another room the Dauphin having completed his lesson said brightly to his teacher: "My good Abbe, I am so happy! I have such a kind papa; such a kind mamma, and a second papa and mamma in you and good Madam Tourzel."

The Assembly having concluded its labors on

the 30th of September, 1791, had decreed the Legislative Assembly, that none of the old members could sit in the new, which met October 1st, 1791. The Legislative Assembly was therefore composed of individuals generally inferior in social standing. They were poor, noisy, coarse in manner, presumptuous and ignorant. They were incompetent to deal with grave legislation. Their measures were characterized by violence, such as dooming to death and confiscation of estates of absent nobles who did not return by a day set, and declared all non-juring, that is non swearing clergy guilty of treason. On the 15th of June, 1792 the King refused his sanction to the decrees, ordaining the deportation of non-juring priests, and the formation of a camp of twenty thousand men under the walls of Paris. Very soon a sinister appearing throng of twenty thousand men marched up to the Commune to announce that on the twentieth they would plant the tree of liberty at the door of the Assembly and present a petition to the King respecting his veto of the decree banishing the priests. This dreadful rabble issued from the foubourgs and marched over the gardens of the Tuileries. They were covered with filthy clothes; were unkempt, and "the steam from them infected the air." "Nothing so disgusting had ever before been seen in Paris." On the appointed day this wretched mob in still greater numbers, swept over the Palace grounds,

armed with pikes, hatchets and other murderous implements, decorated with the tri-color, shouting: "The nation forever." "Down with the veto." The King was without guards. They rushed up the grand stairway into the palace, and began battering at the doors of the King's apartment which he ordered to be opened. The nobles who surrounded the King, helped him to the recess of the window and baricaded him with benches. Some grenadiers ranged themselves beside the King. "The torrent poured into the room furiously." An anarchist was to stab the King, but he was kept away. Some said to the King: "Sir, fear nothing." "Put your hand upon my heart and you will perceive whether I am afraid or not." A blow aimed at him was warded off, and a sword thrust was parried by his defenders. Madam Elizabeth ran to him, and the rabble supposing she was the Queen cried: "Death to the Austrian." "Ah, let them think I am the Queen, that she may have time to escape," she said. A pike was thrust to pierce her, she gently pushed it aside with the remark: "Take care monsieur; you might hurt some one, and I am sure that you would be sorry." A red cap of liberty was held up to the King at the end of a pike, which he took and laid on his head; and forgetting it, wore it during the three anxious hours which the mob held him in this situation. The Queen was rushing to the King when the tumult

began, but was forced by her women to the Council room, where the great table was placed across the room and the multitude tramped through. The Queen held the Dauphin before her on the table. Madam Royal was by her side. A tricolor cockade had been fixed on the Queen's head and a red cap was placed on the Dauphin. The horde passed in files before the table, carrying atrocious standards, such as a gibbet, to which was dangling a doll, with the words, "Marie Antoinette a la Lantern;" and another was a board, to which was attached a bullock's heart with the words: "Heart of Louis XVI." The loud voice of Santerre the tall monarch of the foubourgs made his subjects file off as fast as possible. The riot lasted for three hours, and after they had cleared the palace, it was found that every lock was broken, the furniture and the building strewn with filth. The King and Queen had no hope now, but in relief by foreign help and that of the army of nobles who had organized on the frontier. The King expected to be assassinated, and was resigned to his fate. The fear of another sack of the Tuileries caused the King and Queen to destroy all their letters and documents, except a few which they entrusted to faithful servants, but which were subsequently mostly destroyed. Under the constant terror and nervous strain the Queen could no longer sleep. The garden was constantly crowded with the rabble. The Queen

and her children were unable to go out into the open air, and even when the Assembly caused the gardens to be closed, the people crowded the terrace and "sent forth dreadful howls, and she was twice compelled to return to her apartments." The Sunday before the last days of the monarchy, while the royal family went through the gallery to chapel half the soldiers cried: "Long live the King," and the other half, "No, no King, down with the veto." The night before the slaughter at the palace, the two sentinels at the King's door had a bloody fight in the corridor, each maintaining opposite views of love and distrust of the King.

VII

MASSACRE AT THE TUILERIES

THE colonists of San Domingo having presented to the Queen a very gracious address upon the occasion of the negro insurrection, the Dauphin asked Her Majesty to give him the speech. "What do you want to do with it?" said his mother. "I will place it in my left pocket, which is nearest my heart." The young Prince was always charming to the Queen, and never lost an opportunity of saying tender and loving things to her. From the time of the insulting assault on the palace in June, the King and Queen abandoned themselves to their fate; their only fear was for their two children. At the public ceremony to celebrate the sack of the Bastille, they knew by the lowering looks of the multitude, that they were subject to merciless hostility. Their danger was increased by the injudicious proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, saying that he was advancing from Coblentz at the head of a large army of Germans to free the King and maintain the law.

The Duke of Orleans took advantage of all these events to inflame and infuriate the mob. By his means an army of Marseilles composed of about seven hundred hardened ruffians from that

THE MASSACRE OF TUILERIES

Where seven thousand people were murdered and the monarchy fell

seaport town, commenced their march across the whole length of France, gathering to their standard the lowest elements along the way, until when they finally marched unwashed into Paris, they were a hobo band of five thousand provincial cutthroats added to its depraved populace. The frightful excesses constantly committed, were frequently condoned and remitted by the Assembly and extensive massacres celebrated. None but the innocent were punished. These awful excesses derived added horror from wild tumultuary cries, dances and songs with scenes of bloodshed. They sang Caira over unhappy victims carried to execution, and danced the Carmagnole with a song stimulative of acts of atrocity. The most stirring was the warlike song of liberty of Captain Rouget de Lisle, caught up by levies of revolutionary troops, its stirring refrain swept through the rough camp of the refuse of Marseilles who gave to the song and tune the name of Marseillaise.

The cap of liberty, as it was called, made of red woolen goods, formed like a Phrygian bonnet, became popular.

As crimes went unpunished all kinds of excesses were committed and neither person nor property was safe. In their maniacal fury, the French did not stop at mere murder, but cut off the heads of victims which they carried about the streets; and even sank so low as to eat parts of the flesh. Mr.

William Chambers writing of this period says: "A people priding themselves on their philosophy, their literature, and their refinement, sank in social estimation below the Bosjesmen of Southern Africa, or the natives of Tierra del Fuego. The excesses were of course the work of the most despicable of the population, but in every instance politicians of high standing, men renowned in science and art, fomented and extenuated atrocities."

In midsummer the insurrection was ready to burst forth. Rumors of their impending fate had come to the Queen from time to time. They had warning of the uprising. They saw the sun go down in red on the evening of August 9th, 1792. With dread and anxiety they waited all night long. None in the palace retired. Seven hundred nobles had gathered, old and young, armed with old pistols or swords to make their last futile defense of the head of their order. The servants snatched the tonges from the hearth. Out on the midnight air rang the bells, the tocsin of anarchy, as notice to the multitude to slide out of their slums into the street. The Queen, Elizabeth and the King trembled at the ominous sound. Over in the suburbs the din was beginning. Soon they were on the march, gathering forces from every street. Thousands holding aloft pikes, guns and daggers swarmed along the morning dew wet streets of Paris. The mayor

was powerless. Mandat head of the guard was murdered; the mob commanded the town and set up its own government. Little preparation was made for resistance at the palace. The guard were infected and the gunners put out their fuse. The King walked out to review the guard. They met him with angry looks; but the faithful Swiss in their bright red coats, "were drawn up like red walls."

The money and jewels in the palace were secreted. All was made ready for the assault. A musket shot was heard from the garden. The Queen said: "There is the first shot; unfortunately it will not be the last." They heard of Mandat's assassination at the Hotel de Ville for ordering the National Guard to protect the city. When the King weut among the gunners of his guard, they thrust their fists in his face, "insulting him in the most brutal language." The Queen remarked: "All is lost." The Queen and Elizabeth went to the window to watch the sun rise, which that day set on the monarchy. The unkempt multitudes from the foubourgs with their pikes and cutlasses filled the Carrousel and streets about the Tuileries, the din was deafening. The black Marseillais were at their head, dragging cannon which was pointed at the Tuileries.

Since the advent in town of the Marseillais the audacity of the rebels had surpassed their previous insults to the Queen, from underneath the

windows of her private apartments and she had moved up into the rooms of the Dauphin. The little prince after his short walks in the protected garden, would go to his lessons; in the evening he was entertained by a marvelous story teller in the person of a retired naval officer. "This amiable child who was not old enough to foresee the misfortune which threatened him, was still happy." Being warned not to talk of things he overheard said to Madam Tourzel: "Confess, that I am very discreet, and that I have never compromised anybody; I am inquisitive; I like to know what is going on; and if I am not trusted, do not say anything before me." This discretion so rare at his age of seven years, he retained in spite of future ill treatment. The Dauphin was delighted to have the Queen sleep in his room, and ran to her bed as soon as she was awake, put his arms around her, and said tender loving things to her. Now on this fatal and last night in their palace of the Tuileries "the Dauphin's calm and peaceful slumbers were in striking contrast with the agitation that reigned in every mind."

As the rebel mob throbbed about the defenseless palace, it was seen there was no hope for the King but in flight. The attorney general Roederer hastened to the King. "There is not five minutes to lose sir," he said, "there is no safety for your majesty but in the National Assembly.

The gunners are not willing; they cannot be relied upon; they will not fire; the assault will begin immediately." As the King was reluctant to go he was informed: "The Foubourgs are coming down, sir, the crowd is enormous, and they bring cannon." The King arose. "Let us go," he said. The ministers and some members of the Assembly joined the procession. The garden was still free. The Dauphin kicked the dried autumn leaves before him. As they approached the wooden building adjacent occupied by the Assembly the crowd closed about them, curious, menacing pressed into the passage. The little Dauphin could not go ahead. A sapper of the National Guard took the little Prince in his arms; he screamed; the Queen cried out with affright, but the man pushed an opening through the throng, made a path before her through the surging crowd of people, entered the Assembly leading the Royal family, and placed the child on the desk of the Assembly, as the King and Queen entered the hall, pursued by the invectives of the mob. The King was seated by the side of the president. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have come here to prevent a great crime." "Your Majesty may count on the firmness of the National Assembly," replied the President, which considering the Assembly had secretly used eight hundred thousand dollars to create the insurrection, was well said. The King, Queen, Dauphin

and Madam Royal, together with a number of faithful followers were given places in the reporters' box back of the president's stand, where for fifteen hours, they were obliged to sit listening to the wild harangues.

In the meantime the excited mob had brought up their cannon and fired into the Palace. The Swiss guard returned the fire with musketry and the mob recoiled. Napoleon Bonaparte, then an artillery officer, an eye witness, stood looking over the combat wrote: "In ten minutes the Marsellais were driven as far as the Rue l'Echele, and only came back when the Swiss retreated," on the order of the King not to fire. Then was begun the massacre. The red coats of the faithful Swiss guards marked them for an easy prey. Through the Palace the mob swarmed murdering all who could be reached. "The Palace was abandoned like its defenders. The popular anger and frenzy destroyed all signs of fallen grandeur; all the splendor of monarchy perished with its power; it was not pillage, it was devastation. The same fury pursued the gentlemen who had come to defend the King, as they fled through the streets they were everywhere massacred." And another writes: "Some of the Swiss tried to escape by the gardens behind the palace, but pursued, were killed amidst the trees and statues. A few servants were saved by leaping from the windows, others put to death. The palace was

ransacked and plundered; the furniture destroyed the most horrible scenes took place, and the pile of ancient buildings set on fire. Streams of blood flowed everywhere from roof to cellar, and it was not possible to set foot on a single spot without treading on a dead body. Bands of ferocious women killed the wounded Swiss prisoners, tore out their entrails, cut up their bodies, which they roasted and ate." Over seven thousand perished in the massacre of the Tuileries on the tenth of August.

The sound of the carnage reached the Assembly. The King and Queen were the only ones who had hearts that felt for men. The Queen seemed for the first time to lose courage. She hid her face in her hands. Each discharge of cannon made them tremble as they thought of those dear to them left in the Palace. "The poor little Dauphin cried; thought of those whom he loved, and had left behind in the castle, threw himself in my arms," says Madam Tourzel, "and kissed me." Several deputies noticed this, and the Queen said to them: "My son is tenderly attached to the daughter of his governess who has remained in the Tuileries." Pauline Tourzel was the child love of the Dauphin and he was charming on this occasion, by the sympathy with which he displayed his satisfaction on learning that his Pauline was not among the slain.

Deprived of all servants and of their wardrobe

and all their personal effects, the royal family were kept for three days in the monks cells of the old building, when it was determined to take them to the Temple. The Queen shuddered when she heard of the Temple, saying: "You will see they will put us in the tower and make it a regular prison for us. I always had such a horror of that tower, that I begged the Count d' Artois to have it pulled down." The household was reduced to a few servants, and the Dauphin and his sister Madam Royal joined in requesting Pauline would go with them, throwing their arms around the neck of her mother, begging her to give them their dear Pauline. Their request was granted.

Madam Campan found the Queen in the Feuillans cell, the next morning, "in bed in an indescribable state of affliction. We found her accompanied only by a bulky woman. Her Majesty stretched out her arms to us saying: "Come unfortunate women, to one still more unhappy. We are ruined; we are arrived at that point to which they have been leading us for three years; we shall fall in this dreadful Revolution." Then the children came in and the Queen said: "Poor children, how heart rending it is; instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say it ends with us." The wife of the English ambassador sent her some linen for the Dauphin, and the Queen having been robbed by a pick pocket of her watch and purse while jostled by the

crowd at the entrance to the assembly, borrowed seventy-five louis of one of her ladies.

The assembly in the presence of the King and Queen decreed the forfeiture of the crown and the authority of the King was at an end. They assigned to the royal family a residence in the tower of the palace called, "Le Temple" which had been used in olden time by the Knights Templars, and was the property of Artois. It was now the prison and last home of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

VIII

THE KING FALLS A VICTIM OF ANARCHY.

AFTER three days spent in the ancient monks cells, the King, Queen and children, were taken at six in the evening into one of the large court carriages, and commenced their journey across the city to the gloomy Temple. As soon as the carriage started the multitude "made the air resound with shouts of "Long live the nation," "Long live liberty," adding the filthiest and coarsest remarks," which never ceased during the prolonged journey over the boulevards. Passing the statue of Louis XIV which had been thrown down by the vandals, Manuèl said to the King: "You see, Sire, how the people treat their Kings." "May it please God," replied Louis XVI, "that its fury may only be vented on inanimate things." They were glad to arrive at the Temple to escape the insults of the mob. It was lighted from one end to the other. The hall was filled with candles. They were met by a large delegation of the Commune, disgustingly attired, who kept their hats on and plied the King with ridiculous questions. "What is your profession" asked the King of one of them. "Cobbler" he replied.

The poor little Dauphin overcome with sleep and fatigue begged to be put to bed, but was always told it was not ready. He was laid on a couch, where he slept soundly. After a long wait a grand supper was served. No one was tempted to eat. The Dauphin was so fast asleep when he took his soup, that his governess was obliged to take him on her knee. An officer came to say his room was ready; he took him up in his arms and hurried him off with such rapidity that we had great difficulty in keeping up with him. "We were in mortal dread," says Madam Tourzel, "as we saw him go through subways, and this dread was increased when we saw him take the young Prince to a tower, and place him in the room set apart for him. I put him to bed and then seated myself in a chair, the prey to the saddest reflections. I shuddered at the idea of being separated from the King and Queen, and I was very glad when I saw Her Majesty come into the room. She took my hand, saying: "Did I not tell you truly?" and then going to the bed side of the dear child, who was fast asleep, the tears came to her eyes."

The Temple prison consisted of one large tower of considerable height, with turrets at the angles; a smaller tower, was annexed, in which the family was at first located. It had two rooms on each floor, with a small passage between the two. In the passage went the Princess de Lamballe, and the Queen had the room facing that of the Dau-

phin. The King was on the floor above and a guard had the opposite room. There being no place for Princess Elizabeth, she was given a "frightfully dirty kitchen which opened into the guard room." As for Pauline she was taken in charge by Elizabeth, who had a folding bed set up next to her own. The noise of the soldiers in the adjoining room, put an end to all sleep. The Queen's room being the largest, was used by the family during the day, but not alone, as a guard was kept constantly in the room. Often during pleasant days their Majesties took the children for a walk in a garden within the walls.

Madam Campan seeking in vain among the city authorities for a permit to live in the Temple and serve the Queen, had been told by Petion the Mayor: "You may be certain that all those who were then with Louis XVI and his family, would not stay with them long," and they were all removed except the King's valet, Clery, within five days. They had suspected something of it in the evening, but Madam de Tourzel had retired and was asleep, when she was awakened to be informed that Princess de Lamballe had been arrested. A moment after, an officer came to order her and Pauline to dress at once and go out into the night with them. Madam carried the Dauphin fast asleep in his bed to the Queen, who made them a sorrowful parting of touching sympathy. The three women were incarcerated in

the La Force prison, from which Pauline and Madam escaped, but the good Princess was murdered on the 3rd of September, and had her head carried past the Temple to the horror of the Royal family.

There were searching visits to private houses, ostensibly to secure all arms for the soldiers said to be making ready to defend France from invasion, but which was to disarm innocent people, fill the prisons with enemies and suspected aristocrats, who it was resolved by the anarchists to massacre en masse, for which purpose the city government hired three hundred assassins, at twenty-four francs, about five dollars each. The victims driven from their cells, were stabbed, cut down and murdered, as they issued into the street. To afford amusement to spectators, the city arranged seats in the streets for the people, and at night lighted the shambles. Two hundred clergy perished. To women they were peculiarly barbarous. This riot of blood lasted four days and eight thousand persons perished.

The taxes which worried Louis XVI at the beginning of the troubles was only thirty-five million, whereas now the annual expenditures increased to $650,000,000. The French forces organized by the genius of Carnot and commanded by Dumourier drove all before them in the foreign war.

The Royal family in confinement in the Temple, enjoyed themselves as best they could. They

mended and made over clothing, and read from books in the prison library. A new wall having been made about the garden, they enjoyed there the fresh air and green grass. The King took delight in instructing the Dauphin, and the Queen washed and dressed him. They had never been quite so intimate before as they were now. From their lofty tower they could hear the ferocious multitude shouting revolutionary songs and menaces. It was only by means of the whispering of Clery, the faithful valet, that they learned of things outside. He dressed the Queen's hair and at such times could give her information without being noticed by the guard, who remained in the room. After the Queen had dressed the Dauphin, he would kneel to say his prayers. While the family were in the garden the children played ball and games with Clery. The garden contained a walk shaded by chestnut trees. In the evening the little Dauphin took his supper separately and was put to bed, the Queen hearing him say his prayers, and undressing him herself. She mended his clothing in the evening after he had retired.

Until the shock of the dreadful death of the Princess de Lamballe, the Queen had preserved her usual energy; but after that event lived in a state of terror. Daily the crowd assembled under the windows of the Temple, demanding with loud cries the heads of Louis XVI and Marie Antoi-

nette. She could heroically face danger to herself; but the horror of constantly dreading the murder of her children and husband before her eyes was too much for her; and when on the 29th of September, the city officers came to remove "Louis Capet" as they named the King, to the large tower, the Queen was in despair, being convinced they intended to murder him. She passed the night in sobs and tears. In the morning refused all food and implored the guard with such passionate entreaties for permission to see the King at meals, the favor was granted. They were all very soon transferred to the larger tower, but it broke the Queen's heart to have the Dauphin lodged with the King and Clery on the second floor, taking him away from his mother at night. The rooms were dark and gloomy with heavy locks and massive keys, hoodwinked windows, iron bars. The little Dauphin was much depressed by this. No divine service was permitted them, so the King read the prayers and gospel. They were deprived of pens, ink, paper and pencil. The King was thirty-eight years of age; the Queen thirty-seven; Madam Elizabeth twenty-eight; Madam Royal thirteen and the Dauphin seven years old. The festive season Christmas and New Year brought only fresh sorrows.

On the 6th of December, Clery heard that the King was to be tried and that during its course

he would be separated from the Queen and the family. Clery had the painful duty of preparing the King for this new ordeal and gently broke the news to him while undressing his master. On the 11th, there was a great noise in the streets. The drums beat to arms and the troops came into the garden of the Temple. After breakfast the King went down stairs as usual with his son for his lesson; but at eleven o'clock two guards came to take the Dauphin away to his mother. At one o'clock there came a deputation to take the King to the bar of the National Assembly for trial. When the Queen knew that the King had been taken away she was alarmed for his safety, and urgently plied the guards with questions for some information. When the King returned at six o'clock he begged to see his family, but in vain. He was to remain alone with Clery after this. The Dauphin was with the Queen. "My mother," says Madam Royal, "spent the night with him. As he had no bed, she gave him her own, and sat up all night so absorbed in grief that my aunt and myself would not leave her." In vain did Marie Antoinette entreat to be permitted to see her husband in the morning. She never saw him again in this world, except once, when he bid her farewell to go to his death. On Christmas the King wrote to his wife in a letter which she was not permitted to see. "I charge my son, in case that he should ever have the misfortune of being a King,

to remember that he must be entirely devoted to the happiness of his fellow citizens; that he must forget all rancor or hatred, more especially with regard to the misfortunes and sorrows to which I am subject."

The sentence of death was pronounced by a majority of seven. The infamous Orleans incurred ignominy and contempt by adjudging his kinsman to death, in voting as a member of the Assembly for the sentence of "death." It was announced to the King on the 20th of January to take place the next day. Being permitted to say farewell to his family, the Queen holding the little Dauphin by the hand came in first, followed by Madam Elizabeth and Madam Royal. All had learned the awful truth by overhearing the newsboys calling their papers on the street. With a flood of tears the Queen threw herself into his arms. They all wept together. The King explained the trial, excusing the wretches who wanted to put him to death. "He then addressed religious exhortations to my brother; he especially commanded him to forgive those who were the cause of his death, and gave him his blessing," says Madam Royal. In his last moments he summoned Clery and gave into his hands a small packet for the Queen, containing a seal for the Dauphin and his wedding ring.

The Queen had spent the night before the death of the King, lying on her bed, without undressing,

incessantly "sobbing and shuddering with grief." The morning passed in the horrible expectation of the visit of the King to say farewell. At the last moment he had not the courage and was carried away. They never saw him afterwards, and learned his fate from the public criers in the street. At seven o'clock the Queen had been refused permission to go to the King's chamber. The Dauphin who was now up and dressed, understood the terrible situation. He sprang from his mother's arms and rushed to the guards, clasping their knees and crying: "Let me go, Messieurs! let me go." "Where do you want to go?" "To speak to the people, to beg them not to kill my papa the King, let me go." The guard pushed the boy aside. He went slowly away, but kept on crying, "Oh! papa, papa." The Queen pressed him in her arms.

IX

THE LITTLE KING TORN FROM HIS MOTHER.

THE heir of the title which once filled half the world with its scepter, a little helpless child, was weeping bitterly in prison beside his widowed mother. She treated her son as King of France, with the etiquette which had been conceded to the King father even in prison. In many parts of France the Dauphin was hailed as Louis XVII. In La Vendee in southwest France, the people would not recognize other authority than Louis XVII. The Dauphin was acknowledged to be King in all the courts of Europe; and by the armies fighting against the Republic, as France called itself, he was proclaimed by the title of Louis XVII. At the same time his uncle, the Count de Provence (who afterwards became King Louis XVIII) assumed the title and position of Regent of the Kingdom of France, during the minority of Louis XVII. All these marks of esteem and titular dignity were of no avail to mitigate the sufferings of the little boy in prison, as the anarchists had usurped the government and instituted for the revolution the Reign of Terror. The prisoners were under the commune of Paris, and by their various mean agents were subject to the most cruel privations.

The cruel whims of the commune toward the Queen and children, did not go to the extent of denying them the permission to wear mourning for their beloved dead, and as the garments sent to them were badly made. and caused them to appear ridiculous, permission was given to a good friend to alter them. As she was out of the prison at night and could obtain information of friends, of whom the Queen wished to know, but could not talk to the royal prisoners because of the presence of the guards, or the Tyson woman, who though doing menial service, was really a spy. The little King made up a play of running from the Queen to this lady while she plied her needle and back again, always taking a few words of a message. This pretty scene is described by Madam Tourzel: "The Dauphin whose age was an excuse for any curiosity, took advantage of it to ask me, under cover of an apparent game, all the questions the royal family wished. He ran by turns to me, then to the Queen, the two Princesses and even to the municipal guard. Every time he came to me he never failed to question me about the persons in whom the royal family took an interest. He told me to embrace you and Pauline for him, and forgot none of those he loved. He played his part so well, that no one suspected he spoke to me."

The little King was taken sick and they would not give him any but the prison medicine. The

physician kindly consulted Brunger the court doctor to obtain information about the temperament of the child, and the littleKing soon recovered.

The Duke of Orleans came frequently to the Temple disguised as a guard with a wooden leg, to secretly gloat over the condition of the royal family. On one occasion he had bribed the men who were to light the fires, to admit him in their place to the room of Princess Elizabeth. Finding her on her knees in prayer for the soul of the murdered King her brother, he was so overcome with remorse that he hurried out saying: "That woman has unmmaned me," by which he was discovered. The Queen exclaimed when she heard of these visits: "Merciful Heavens! is he not yet satisfied? Must he even satiate his barbarous brutality with being an eyewitness of the horrid state into which he has thrown us?" She gave way to a flood of tears as she recalled to mind the cruel injustice of this most unworthy relative.

Some time after this it is certain that he visited the Queen and that the just reproach with which she scorned him, led to her being removed to the common prison, the Conciergerie, and to her trial. It also led to Orleans being sent away to Marseilles to prevent his schemes to liberate the Queen, for the sole purpose of having her in his own power.

Marie Antoinette was broken with sorrow and despair when the little King was brutally taken

away, and delivered over to the cruel care of the "cobbler" Simon. It was at ten o'clock at night, the time usually set for the dark deeds of the commune, July 3, 1793, the six commissioners came into the room where the Queen was with the youthful King and read a decree of the convention, that the son of Louis Capet should be separated from his mother, and given into the hands of a "tutor," who would be appointed by the commune. The child was ill and sound asleep. Over the posts the Queen had hung a shawl to guard his eyes from the light, by which she and Elizabeth were mending their clothes. The noise made by the men awakened the little King. As soon as he heard this, he threw himself into his mother's arms and piteously begged, "entreated with violent cries not to be separated from her." The Queen "was struck to the earth by this cruel order; she would not part with her son, and she actually defended against the efforts of the officers, the bed on which she had placed him, she exclaimed, "that they had better kill her, than tear her son from her." She resisted the officers for an hour, while they heaped threats and insults on her. Princess Elizabeth and Madam Royal joined their tears, entreaties and prayers to keep the little boy with them. The officers threatened to kill the poor boy and his sister, if further resistance was made to the order, when the Queen's maternal "tenderness at length forced her to this

sacrifice." Princess Elizabeth dressed him, then the Queen took him in her arms "and delivered him to the officers, bathing him with her tears, and foreseeing that she should never see him again. The poor little fellow embraced us all tenderly, and was carried off in a flood of tears." When about to give him up to the men who were coarsely expressing their impatience, the broken hearted Queen gave him this beautiful message: "My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God, who thus tries you; nor your mother, who loves you. Be good, patient, kind and your father will look down from heaven and bless you." Then she kissed him and they parted forever.

The Princess Royal says that her mother never looked up after the loss of her son. It was thus that the envoy of Austria saw her sitting on her low stool, her face the picture of apathy. A treaty had been made with Robespierre the erst while dictator of France, to free the Queen; but she refused a liberty which did not include her children.

After her son had been delivered up to Simon, "then," says the Princess Royal, "my poor mother would sit whole hours in silent despair; and her only consolation was to go to the leads of the tower, because my brother went often on the leads of the tower on the other side. The

only pleasure my mother enjoyed was seeing him through a chink as he passed at a distance. She would watch at this chink for hours together, to see the child as he passed; it was her only hope, her only thought."

Princess Elizabeth was informed by friendly guards of the ill treatment and degradation of the little King, and "which was beyond imagination," says Madam Royal. They were entreated not to mention it to the Queen; but she was only too sure of his treatment when she caught sight of her child through the "chinks" and saw his pale, sorrowful face. The last time that such miserable comfort was granted her, was on July 30th, three days before she was removed from the Temple. She had been keeping her faithful vigil at the "chinks," and at last saw him, cowed and terrified, bereft of his golden curls, wearing a red revolutionary cap, and singing a song of coarse insult against herself. She knew then how the child must have suffered before he could have been brought to this."

She was forced to rise at two o'clock on the night of August 2nd, to dress in presence of three men, and taken to the Conciergerie prison. On passing the low doorway of the cell she struck her head. Being asked if she was hurt, she replied: "Nothing can hurt me now." She was placed in a low, damp cell, where the mould covered her shoes, deprived of all comforts and even

CONCIERGERIE PRISON

Marie Antionette led to execution (from Guizots History France.)

privacy, for two male guards remained in the cell night and day. After a miserable existence in this gloomy prison, and an insulting trial, the brave, beautiful, broken Marie Antoinette, was taken in a two wheeled criminal cart along streets lined with heartless men and women to the place where was set up that sharp blade of the guillotine. A Queen to the last moment, she apologized to the executioner Sanson, for stepping on his foot. The knife fell; her head was held aloft for exhibition to the populace. This was October 16th, and on November 6th, Orleans who had been incarcerated in the same cell, was tried, condemned and executed, meeting his fate with stoical fortitude, "leaving none in France to mourn his loss." The horrible history of the Revolution has been mentioned only so far as required to understand the story of the Prince. Passion, outrage and murder had long since possessed the government. They now abolished the calender; they abolished the sabbath day; they destroyed with ghoulish ferocity the tombs of the King's at St. Denis; and abjured Christianity; desecrated the churches; and declared marriage a civil contract. Its ridiculous and horrible proceedings came to end within two years when Napoleon shot it to pieces, and scattered the mob. "The number of persons destroyed during the Revolution" says Mr. Williams Chambers, "has been reckoned to be 1,027,106. The world has nothing to equal

this in atrocity; nor is there any such instance of a worthless faction terrifying the community into submission. The fact is not less curious, that during the worst period of the Reign of Terror, all the theaters and other places of amusement in Paris were open and well attended. And a peculiar characteristic, the conclusion of the Reign of Terror was signalized by a ball, called "Le bal des Victims;" only those ladies being admitted who had lost relatives by the guillotine and their hair was tied up as if ready for execution."

X

THE LITTLE KING DID NOT DIE IN THE TEMPLE.

1. The Baby King in the Temple. 2. Went Living Out From the Temple. 3. The Dumb Boy. 4. The Chatterbox. 5. The Solemn Farce. 6. Far too Tall for the Little King. 7. Coffin Marked "L—XII" Exhumed and the Bones Found to be Adult. 8. History Confirms the Escape. 9. The Unclaimed Heart.

I. THE BABY KING IN THE TEMPLE.

ON that unhappy night when the King and family were taken to the illuminated Temple, the entrance hall was filled with vulgar members of the infamous commune. They were mostly there to see the misery of the King. They boldly "asked him a thousand questions," says Duchess de Tourzel, "and one of them seated on a sofa, said the most extraordinary things to him about the happiness of equality. 'What is your profession?' said the King to him. 'Cobbler,' he replied." This was Simon the cobbler, who became the jailor or tutor of the baby King on that sorrowful night of the third of July, when the child was torn from his bereaved mother's arms by the heartless commissaries.

Simon would threaten him with the guillotine, which so filled him with terror that he fainted. He forced him to drink raw spirits which stupefied him. As soon as Simon had the Prince in his power, he stripped him of the suit of mourning,

given him for his father, and dressed him in a red cap, coarse jacket called carmagnole, or sans culotte uniform; taught him revolutionary songs and blasphemous oaths which he obliged him to repeat at the windows, so as to be heard by the guards. He would rouse the Prince at night from sleep with loud cries of Capet! Simon was frequently intoxicated, when his ill usage of the child was still more horrible; and if not protected by the wife of Simon, the Prince would have been killed through the crazy violence of the brute. The grateful Prince showed her every attention, as she boasts he would run to clean and black her shoes, and bring the foot warmer to her bedside before she arose in the morning. Think of such service for the wench Simon, "fat, short, brown and ugly."

Simon was fifty-seven years of age, short, robust, square, with repulsive deformed features, coarse black hair, thick eye-brows. A loud anarchist in his section, no wonder he had political influence, and was spewed into the Council of the City. Such as he sat the saddle in those days. None live in France or elsewhere to applaud the "tutor" of the little King.

Once he plied him with wine, took him into the presence of the saintly Elizabeth and Madam Royal, to sing the Carmagnole, then compelled him to relate the trial of the Queen, and when the poor child began to sober, and attempted to

THE LITTLE KING IN THE TEMPLE

Under the Infamous Simon The Shoe Cobbler. (From Guizot's History.)

kiss his sister's hand, the wretch snatched him away.

"The Royal Child," says Guizot, History of France, "had been at first thrown into infamous hands. It was to a shoemaker, known by Marat, his neighbor and passionate admirer, that the son of Louis XVI, but lately the 'child of France,' had been delivered. Coldly cruel, bent upon destroying in the child that superiority of race and education, which irritated the jealous passions of his soul, Simon at first loaded him with bad treatment; one day, however, he became uneasy and went to the Committee of Public Safety.

"The young wolf has learned to be insolent; I know how to break him in, but if he should die, I am not responsible for it. Do you want to kill him?"

"No."

"To poison him?"

"No."

"To get rid of him?"

"Silence alone replied to Simon." "I am horrified," continued Guizot, "at the recitals and spectacles of human cruelty, and this systematic cruelty exercised upon a child, offers a character so odious, that I do not care to dwell on it long. Simon wished to degrade the soul, debase the mind of the royal child confided to him. He intoxicated him, and forced him to repeat the songs which sullied his own lips; he had thus

obtained a signature, perhaps by force, to the infamous question produced before the judges of Marie Antoinette. But by and by the little child got weaker, the shame and horror of his situation overwhelmed him; he had no longer strength to resist, but he had sufficient to suffer in silence. He did not speak, he did not complain; suspicion of everything around him alone occupied this poor abandoned soul; he still said his prayers, in spite of the jugs of cold water that Simon threw over him at these times. When his tormentor had the honor to enter into the commune, the members of the Commission did not grant even a jailer to the son of Louis XVI. The former chamber of the faithful Clery was metamorphosed into a dungeon, the door was closed, and bread and water passed through a wicket; the child remained alone. His sister has related the sufferings of the little king, in a solitude which she was never permitted to break, and which oppressed her with grief in her neighboring prison.

"He had no other recourse than a small bell, which he never rang, so much fear had he of the persons he would have called, preferring to want everything rather than to ask the least thing from his persecutors. He was in a bed which was not made for more than six months, and which he had no longer the strength to make. Fleas and bugs covered him, his linen and his body was full of them, and his shirt and stockings had not been

changed for more than a year. His window, shut with a padlock, was never opened. It was not possible to stay in the infected chamber; the unfortunate child was dying with fear. He asked for nothing, so much he trembled at his keepers. He passed the days without doing anything; they gave him no lights; it is not astonishing that he fell into a frightful consumption. To have resisted so many cruelties so long proves that he had a good constitution.' "

The commune in its selection of the brutal shoemaker Antoine Simon named his salary at 500 francs a month. His wife, formerly a domestic servant, was his second wife and childless. His seat in the commune became suddenly vacant, as merited retribution followed Simon, who sided with Robespierre and perished with him on the same guillotine.

II. THE LITTLE KING WENT LIVING FROM THE TEMPLE.

Whatever may have been the motive inspiring those who secretly arranged for the removal of the young King from his living tomb in the Temple, it is certain that he did not die there.

Some have supposed the Prince was secretly saved because Barras and Josephine had hopes that in happier times, they might bring him forward, and seated on his throne their fortune would be secure. Barras had been a soldier, and

having been a libertine and debauche had dissipated an ample fortune, which drew him into the revolution as an adventurer, a member of the third estate and though a noble, a most ardent revolutionist. At the head of the committee and the soldiers who overthrew the infamous Robespeirre, Barras was at the time he visited the Temple, the most powerful man in France, and retained his influence until Napoleon, whom he had made famous by appointing to command the artillery which scattered the mob and saved the convention, seized the government, when Barras went into obscurity. Some have thought the Prince was removed to a place of safety and obscurity. to clear the pathway for the Comte de Provence to the throne when the people of France should demand the Restoration. He was afterward King of France, styled Louis XVIII.

That the Prince was saved to serve the purpose of ambitious men and not from any feelings of humanity, does not change the suspicion and facts of history. In 1852, M. Beauchesne published an exhaustive work in two volumes, evidently inspired by some high authority, to prove the death of the Prince in the Temple, yet he only added to the obscurity surrounding the tomb of the Prince, while he admits, "Before the veil which has enveloped the tragical end of the son of Louis XVI, one is not astonished to hear it said with the warmth of profound conviction,

that the young victim went out living from his prison."

France in 1794 was becoming tired of the horrors of the Revolution and the legitimists or Royal party, were growing in favor and their hopes centered in the prisoner in the Temple, or the stronger man beyond the border, the Comte de Provence, who had been justly accused even in his brother's lifetime of designs on the throne. His hopes increased as the condition of France grew worse; he kept up a correspondence with emissaries throughout the kingdom.

Barras was among the leaders who overthrew Robespierre and was bound to maintain the power now in his hands.

"By conniving at the escape of the young King or even by contriving it, Barras could please Josephine de Beauharnais, who at that time had an all-powerful influence over him, and the child could he be produced at the right moment, might checkmate the ambitious projects of Louis XVIII., and serve purposes of his own.

It is a fact that on the very night of his triumph on the 9th Thermidor, Barras went to the Temple; that he there saw the child King; that the very next day, without any communication with the committee of public safety, which up to that time, had controlled affairs in the prison, he assigned a retainer of his own to be superintendent of the prison, Laurent, a man born in Martinique, (Jose-

phine's birthplace). Laurent turned out the people charged with the care of the child and put in a man and his wife named Lienard."

After Simon gave up the care of the Prince on January 19, 1794, he was transferred to the smaller room once used by Clery. It had one window fastened by a padlock, which stood in the deep recess of a nine foot stone wall, its meager light obscured by iron grating. His food was handed in through a revolving cage, obscuring the jailor, who never opened the apartment. No sunlight, no fresh air came to him, the room never cleaned or emptied, echoed to the sound of a gruff voice at evening, bidding him to bed, or calling him at dead of night for inspection at an iron grating, by the light of a lantern.

On his appointment July 27, 1794, Laurent keeper of the Temple, went at night to the child King. No response came to the loud calls of Laurent, and the barricaded door was broken open. The chamber was hideous in filth and pestilential air. Laurent and associates made their way to the cot of the Prince, who was discovered to be still alive. His last food was not tasted. Worn to a skeleton, his skin scarcely visible for dirt, covered with vermin, and vermin everywhere even knotted in his hair. He answered no questions, was conscious of nothing. His eyes had no expression. "To the first accents of pity which struck his ear for a long time, he only replied, 'No, I wish to die.'"

III. THE DUMB BOY.

During the first three months, (July 27 to Nov. 8, 1794), after Laurent took the care of the Royal children, many persons saw the Prince, but none of them described him as either dumb or scrofulous, on the contrary all spoke of him as a somewhat delicate child, with gentle manners, who charmed all of them.

But suddenly instead of allowing visitors to have access to him, as had been the case for three months after Laurent came in, every one was forbidden to see him. This prohibition corresponds with two circumstances:

Madam Royal, his sister, relates that on the last night of October in the middle of the night, two municipal guards, much excited, forced their way into her chamber. They said nothing. All they wanted apparently was to see if she was there. No such thing happened before or after during her captivity. The second fact is that a week later Gomin was joined to Laurent.

Laurent, a man of private property, not devoid of taste, information and good feeling, but a zealous republican, was kind to the little King, but after awhile tired of his lonely vigil applied to the Committee of General Safety for a colleague. Doubtless this was the method of introducing a new warden to the boy, who took the place of the Prince in the Temple.

Gomin, who was appointed on Nov. 8, 1794, as associate, owes to this his only title to mention by posterity, corresponded with equal freedom with either royalist or republican and doubtless had an itching palm, for we find he made such favor with Madam Royal by his own story of his goodness to the Prince as to be taken into her service when she became the Duchess de Angouleme.

"Gomin was cleverer than Lasne," says Duchess de Tourzel, "but more ambitious and not so frank. He paid great attention to Madam de Chautereine, in hope that she might be useful to him; and he persuaded her that he came of a very good family, although he was merely the son of the guard of Madam Nicolai."

On the century anniversary of the reputed death of the little King in the Temple, June 8, 1895, "Figaro" the great Paris journal, issued a long review of the subject showing the King did not die in the Temple, from which Mrs. Latimer finds authority to write: "About the time that Gomin went into the Temple there was a general impression among the underlings of the Temple that something strange had taken place. The fidelity of Laurent was called in question in the Sections. An official connected with the Temple said openly that it was hard for the guard to say if they were keeping watch over prisoners, or only over stones. All those who served in menial

capacities in the Temple were changed, some of them at the request of Laurent, who had begun his service July 27, 1794, and some afterwards by the desire of Gomin. Up to this man's time there had been a daily inspection of the prison and the prisoners, by members of the Council-General of the Commune. This inspection was replaced by a daily visit from a deputation from the sections, taking the thirty-six sections in turn, so that instead of men who had seen the prisoners only a short time before, new men came, who were not likely to take their turn again for a long while.

According to an old custom, things coming into the Temple were not examined,—only those that went out. It was easy enough therefore to bring a child into the Tower in a clothes basket, and this was done probably with two children, one after the other, while the young King was hidden in some secret corner, waited on by Gomin, Lienard and Laurent.

This is the only way to account for the sudden dumbness of the child in prison, which took place, not in consequence of remorse for having been made to malign his mother, but nine months after the Simons had been removed from him, and kinder jailors had taken their place. The first child brought in to take the place of the young captive was dumb. The Dauphin, up to the time when Laurent divided his care of him, had spoken at least to twenty people. But the child com-

mitted to Gomin's care on November 8, 1794, could not speak a single word. There are plenty of official documents and depositions on this subject, the most important of which is the testimony of members of the Committee of Public Safety." (Figaro.)

"Gomin told me that when the young King was handed over to their care," says the Duchess de Tourzel, "he was in a state of neglect which was painful to see, and from which he suffered the most disastrous inconvenience. He had fallen into a state of continual absorption; speaking little, and displaying unwillingness either to walk or to occupy himself with anything."

Rev. Dr. John Hanson who wrote the "Lost Prince" supposed the Prince still the prisoner in the temple when Gomin went there and describes the secret operations of agents of the Comte de Provence to get possession of him. He supposes the escape of the Prince a few days before the death of the substitute who died June 8th, 1795. He says, "Gomin was a confident of M. le Marquis de Fenouil, a secret agent of Comte de Provence, who corresponded through one Doisy his valet de chambre. About the same time one Debierne appointed acting Commissioner co-operated with Gomin concerning the escape of the Prince.

Debierne and Doisy represented themselves as relatives of Gomin and came frequently to see him in the apartments of Lienard the steward,

who was also a sentinel. Debierne brought first playthings for the Prince; then showed Gomin some assignats issued in the name of Louis XVII, made payable on the restoration; also told Gomin of a design to carry the Prince into La Vendee. One day he brought a dove concealed under his cloak into the temple.

In the convention on December 28, 1794, it was declared there was no hope of quelling the royalists while the Prince remained in Paris, and "measures should be taken to purge the soil of the sole vestige of tyranny that remained;" and moved the Prince should be exiled. But on the 22d of January, 1795, the committee reported unfavorable to the proposition because, "the expulsion of tyrants had always prepared the way for their return."

On February 26, 1795, the commissaries of the temple, Laurent and Gomin, reported to the committee of General Safety that the life of the prince was in imminent danger and on being asked, "what was the nature of the danger," replied, "that the little Capet had tumors on all the articulations and particularly at the knees, that it was impossible to obtain from him a single word, and that always whether sitting or lying down he refused all kinds of exercise."

A committee consisting of Hammond, Matthieu and Reverchon were appointed to visit the prisoner, three friends of Barras, like himself mem-

bers of the convention. They found him in a clean and well lighted room, having no furniture but a bedstead, a table and earthen stove.

"The Prince," says Hammond, "was sitting before a little square table, on which were scattered some playing cards, some bent into the form of boxes and little chests, others piled up in castles.

He was amusing himself with these cards when we entered, but he did not give up his play. He was dressed in a sailor jacket of slate colored cloth, his head was bare." Hammond approached him, he took no notice; and spoke to the Prince, but he looked steadily forward without any change in his position. He promised him toys, but he stared vacantly. To all questions he answered neither by gesture, expression nor word. "Monsieur, have the goodness to give me your hand. He presented it, and I felt a tumor at the wrist, another at the elbow, like knots. The tumors were not painful for the Prince showed no sign of their being so. The other hand Monsieur. He presented it also. There was nothing. Permit me sir, to touch your legs and your knees. He raised himself up. I felt the same swelling at the two knees under the joints." His dinner was now brought. He ate without saying anything. They threatened if he did not speak to remove Laurent and Gomin, who were kind to him, and send him others who might be more disagreeable to him. He neither changed his look, nor gave

an answer. "Do you wish," inquired Hammond, "that we should go away?" There was no reply.

"The commissioners were present at his meal," says Guizot, "and found it insufficient for a sick child." "It was much worse before our time," said the keepers. For the honor of the nation, which was ignorant, for the honor of the convention, which should not have been ignorant of what passed at the Temple, for the honor of the culpable municipality of Paris, which knew all, and which allowed all," wrote Harmand of the Meuse, one of the representatives charged to visit the little King, "we limit ourselves to order provisionary measures. We do not make a public report to the Convention, but we render an account under the seal of secrecy to the Committee of Public Safety. The prison and the solitude gradually finished their work; no doctor had yet been called to the child."

"Another curious circumstance is that Harmand, almost immediately after this visit, was sent away as delegate to the West Indies. Barras himself had some idea of accompanying him on this mission. It looks as if they were planning to secure their own safety in any event, or as if it had been intended to send the child to some French colony in America."

"Both Harmand and Barras went to Brest, stayed there several weeks, and then returned to Paris."

"Laurent left the Temple on March 29, 1795. It was said that he too was going to the West Indies to attend to family affairs; but he did not leave Paris. Sometime later indeed he went to the Windward Islands on a mission for which he was well paid by the government. But by that time Barras was a member of the Directory, and Laurent was sent on the mission at his recommendation. A new turnkey took his place at the Temple, Etienne Lasne, on March 31, a house painter. [A captain of Grenadiers.] ["A frank soldier devoid of ambition," says Tourzel.]

"Gomin and Laurent had had under their care for six months a child who never spoke a word."

"The child confided to Lasne, he tells us himself, could chatter like a little magpie. Gomin had nothing more to do with the young prince (or the child who personated him.) He was transferred to the service of Madam Royal." (Latimer.)

IV. THE CHATTER-BOX.

Soon as Lasne came in, there was a disposition to aid in the escape. The keys which made a noise in the locks were oiled. He ordered the doors on the landings to be left open. The acting commissaries objected to this saying doors were put there to be kept shut. There was perfect accord between Gomin and Lasne. Heretofore the keys could only be used in presence of both the keepers, but now placed at the disposal

of either of them at any time. They introduced music into the tower, and though unskilled, Gomin played the violin, and Lasne sang. All of which was said to allay suspicion. The Prince yielded after three weeks to the kindness of Lasne and during the rest of his life took pleasure in chatting with him, and "contrary to his habit, he theed and thoud him, and treated him with familiarity."

"Beginning of May, 1795, the keeper wrote on the Register of the Tower "the little Capet is indisposed," and the next day, "the little Capet is dangerously ill, and there is fear of his death."

"On 6th of May, 1795, the keepers were informed that M. Desault the chief surgeon in France, and of world wide renown, was appointed to take care of the Prince. He ordered a decoction of hops and next day that his tumors be rubbed with volatil salts. These were his remedies while he attended him up to the 30th of May. June 1st Desault was poisoned." (Lost Prince.)

"Desault is reported by M. Beauchesne to have said in conversation, that the Prince had the germ of the scrofulous affection of which his brother had died, at Meudon; but this malady had scarcely imprinted its seal on his constitution, nor manifested itself with any violent symtom; neither vast ulcers, nor rebellious ophthalmia, nor chronic swellings of the joints." He said he was sinking under decline occasioned by con-

finement and advised removal to the country. The Duchess D' Angouleme says "he undertook to cure him." No record of Desault's opinion remains. His papers cannot be found. Dr. Desault had been physician to the royal children and some said he did not recognize the Prince in his patient. Desault did not treat the patient as if he felt he was seriously ill. M. Abeille, his medical pupil, fled to America and declared that Desault was poisoned." (Lost Prince.)

"Three doctors were sent to see him, Desault, Chopart and Doublet. It is hinted that it proved a dangerous mission. All three shortly after died suddenly. The principal pupil of Desault, Dr. Abeille, went off to America for safety, and subsequently affirmed in an American paper ("The Bee"), that his master had been poisoned, because having seen the prince in happier times he had not recognized him in the child he was called upon to visit in the Temple, and had had the impudence to say so. Another physician and Dr. Desault's widow have made a similar declaration." (Latimer.)

Four days after the death of Dr. Desault the Committee of General Safety appointed Dr. Pelletan (June 5, 1795) an eminent surgeon to attend the boy in the Temple. He had never seen the Prince before. The child was in a sad state and he demanded another to be associated with him. "This child was not so shy, instead of waiting to

be spoken to he began to converse with the strange physician and displayed every sign of a child alive to his surroundings." He required his removal into another room and fresh air. This was an airy chamber, no bars to the windows, which had white curtains. Here he could see the sunlight and sky. M. Dumangin, chief physician to the Hospital of the Unity, was joined to Pelletan, and both at once examined the child who continued to talk and chat with unabated interest. But their efforts were too late to save the life of this poor waif, who expired in the arms of Lasne at thirty minutes past two of the afternoon of June 8, 1795. (Lost Prince.) We are told that this event is recorded on the tombstone of this jailer in Pere Lachaise.

V. THE SOLEMN FARCE.

Some little time after the death, Gomin set off to the Tuileries to report it to the Committee of Public Safety, who had closed their sitting for the day, but met a member on the stairs who bade him "keep the secret until tomorrow." The next day after the Process Verbal (post mortem) had been held, the Committee reported to the Convention, the death of the Prince, from "a swelling in the right knee and left wrist," adding, the committee had "received the news of the death of Capet's son at a quarter past two of the previous afternoon." The process verbal says

he died at three o'clock; and Lasne says, at half past two. Gomin says three o'clock. But the very hour of the same day of the death of the Prince, the Committee of General Safety made the discovery that he had escaped, and the order was recorded and sent out to the departments to arrest on every high road in France, any traveler having with them a child of eight years or thereabout, as there had been an escape of Royalists from the Temple. This order bore date June 8th, 1795, the day of the death of the supposed Dauphin. Several people bear witness to being arrested and detained for identification; among them M. Guerwiere of Paris; while traveling in the carriage of the Prince de Conde, under the suspicion that he, a boy of ten years was the Dauphin.

On the morning of June 9, two members of the Committee came at 8 o'clock to verify the decease of the prince; but did not examine the body. "The event," they said, "is a matter of no importance." "Proceed to the inhumation without any ceremony." Four surgeons were named to open the body. Dr. Pelletan took the heart. He was buried in the cemetery of L' Eglise, Ste Marguerite, June 10, 1795.

Mr. Auvray says he was well acquainted with the Dauphin, and was present when the body was exhibited to the National Guard, and, "that it was not the body of the Dauphin." (Lost Prince.)

"There is a mystery even as to what this child died of. The dumb child had the rickets (rachitis) a disease that begins in infancy, preventing the nourishment of all the tissues affecting the spinal column and the rest of the bones. There was no mention in his case of scrofula, but the second child, the chatterbox, was eaten up by scrofula." (Latimer.)

The physicians appointed to open the body of the dead child in the Temple were Pelletan and Dumangin, who had attended him, associated with Professors Lassas and Jeanroy, both of Medical schools. The latter was an old man over eighty years of age, a royalist and scrupulously honest. He was selected to disprove the charge of poisoning. He at first refused to go to the Temple, warning them that if he found the slightest trace of poison he would mention it, even at the risk of his life. "You are precisely the man we must have," they replied, "and it is for that reason that we prefer you to anyone else." Their report recites: "We found upon a bed the body of a child, who appeared to us about ten years of age, which the Commissaries told us was the son of the deceased Louis Capet," and the death was, "evidently the effect of a scrofulous disease of long standing." The Convention had every reason for wishing to establish, as a fact, the death of the young King; and yet not a single person who had ever known the Dauphin living

was called to identify the dead childs remains, though his sister was in the Temple and members of the Royal household were in the power of the authorities. The only people summoned to identify the remains were the municipal guards on duty at the Temple, about twenty men, and according to the official document, "the greater part attested that they recognized Little Capet because they had seen him formerly at the Tuileries. The child died at the age of ten, and for five years before his death he had been little seen by the Parisians. "The man who announced the death to the Convention in the name of the Committee of Public Safety, assured his hearers "that everything had been verified and all the documents placed in their archives." This was not true. No one has ever seen the originals of these documents. A copy on a loose sheet of paper (contrary to the law of 1792) was among the city archives, and was burnt up when the Hotel de Ville was destroyed by the Communists in 1872. What is still more remarkable is that Gomin was not called upon to sign what is called 'the act of decease.' It was signed by one Bigot, a man totally unknown to the public, who called himself 'a friend of the King of France.' The interment was also singular. The archivist of the police affirmed that 'it was secret, and in some sort clandestine.'" "But, Voisin, undertaker for the Section of the Temple says:

I. That the coffin was not closed in the Temple.

II. That the four men who were concerned in the burial died sudden and mysterious deaths. The theory advanced is that while the coffin lay unclosed after official inspection of the child who died of scrofula, the real prince, who had been hidden away in some corner of the Temple, and waited on by Laurent at first, and afterwards by some other man, may have been placed in the coffin, and so carried out of the Temple. The coffin was not carried in a hearse, but in a furniture wagon. The child may have been taken out of it on the way to the cemetery and something heavy substituted. A watch for three days was placed over the graveyard. An old Member of the Committee of Public Safety has affirmed in writing that the boy who died of scrofula was secretly buried at the foot of one of the towers of the Temple; and General d' Andigne, seven years later, being confined in the Temple, and permitted to amuse himself with gardening, testifies that he found there a small skeleton, that had been buried in quicklime." (Latimer *do.*)

"The names of the two children substituted for the prince are known. M. Charles Tardif twice affirmed that he furnished the dumb boy. As to the scrofulous child who died June 8, 1795, his mother, Mademoiselle Lamonger, fled with another child, a daughter, to Martinique, the native Island of Josephine de Beauharnais, and they did

not come back to France as long as the Bourbons were in power. All these things did not take place without a rousing suspicion. Children were arrested on the roads out of Paris under the idea that they might be the Dauphin. The leaders of the royalist party in La Vendee refused to believe in his death, and would not acknowledge Louis XVIII as their King. Charette, the Vendean leader at that date, thus apostrophizes Louis XVII, in a celebrated order to his forces: "Hardly by the fall of Robespierre wast thou delivered from the ferocity of the extreme Jacobins, when thou becamest the victim of natural defenders." (Latimer *do.*)

But what, then became of Louis XVII?

VI. "FAR TOO TALL" FOR THE LITTLE KING.

But here is a narrative repeated in the "Lost Prince" from Ireland, which read in connection with the finding of the remains said to be those of the boy who died in the temple, add greatly to confirm the escape of the Prince.

"A very respectable tradesman," says Ireland, in stating the prevalent disbelief in Paris at the Restoration, concerning the Dauphin's death, "is my authority for the following narrative, who has heard my father, to whom the circumstance occurred, repeat it in society fifty times. I shall now give it, as nearly as possible in his own words, or, rather, as if the father himself were repeating the facts:

"'As I was then a resident in that part of the city in which the Temple was situated, in my capacity as National Guard, it became my turn to attend there as sentry; when having seen the Dauphin about six months before, and being anxious to behold him again, if possible, prior to his death, as the current report was his being in a very dangerous state; I, in consequence applied to the jailor to know whether I might be permitted to occupy the post of the guard, destined to keep watch on the Dauphin's apartment, there being always one stationed there. To this request, after regarding me with an air of doubt, which the frankness of my manner dispelled, he acceded under one proviso, that I was not to exchange a single syllable with citizen Capet in case he addressed me, as the infringement of such order would be attended with the loss of my head. I promised strict obedience to his commands, and immediately entered upon my duties, being forthwith introduced into the chamber, where I relieved a brother guard. In this apartment there were three common chairs, a table, and a low bedstead, whereupon the Dauphin was lying, but from the position of the bed clothes, I could not perceive his countenance, and thus I continued nearly the space of an hour, only observing, at intervals, a motion beneath the covering; at length, however, he pushed away the sheet from his head, when I was able to con-

sider a countenance squalid in the extreme, partially covered with blotches, and disfigured by one or two sores; as he perceived in me a stranger, he inquired, in a faint voice, who I was, but the peremptory order received, and the heavy price set upon a breach of my faith, sealed my lips, upon which I placed my finger, thereby indicating the prohibition under which I lay. At this he appeared displeased, and after turning about, I beheld his body rise until he sat upright in bed, when nothing could exceed my astonishment, on viewing a figure much taller, from the head to the bottom of the back, than the Dauphin could possibly have displayed from what I had seen of him only six months before; my wonder, however, increased on beholding him thrust his legs from beneath the covering, from which I was enabled to form an estimate of the figure before me, if standing erect, when I felt an inward conviction, that however extraordinary the efforts of nature may be in some cases, no such change could have taken place in the growth of a youth in the half a year, as must have been the case, supposing the object before me to be the Dauphin. With respect to the physiognomy it was impossible to identify from thence anything for a certainty, as the frightful effects of disease, with blotches and sores, had so disfigured the countenance, that no conjecture could be hazarded as to what its appearance might be in a healthful

state; the lips, like the face, were also covered with livid spots, and it appeared to me that there were also scabs on the hinder part of the head, in short, a more pitiable object never met the human sight, whosoever it may have been, for as to the Dauphin, I am fully convinced it was not him. After remaining some minutes with the legs exposed, and seated in a kind of stupefied position, he again replaced them beneath the clothes, and covered himself as high as the neck, leaving the face exposed, and turned toward me, the eyes being somewhat shut for a few minutes, which, when reopened, were always bent upon me, and in two or three instances, I saw the lips move, and heard a faint articulation, but nothing was distinguishable. In this manner the allotted period of my attendance elapsed, upon which I was relieved by another National Guard from the melancholy duty, and descended to the chamber adjoining the grand entrance to the Temple, where I found the jailer, who inquired of me how I left the citizen Capet; upon which, after expressing my opinion that his death must soon take place, I very foolishly remarked that I thought the youth by far too tall for the Dauphin —when he hastily demanded my reason for harboring such a doubt. I then explained having seen the youth six months before, and the absolute impossibility of such a change in stature taking place within so short a period. To which

remark I received the following singular reply; 'Sick children, citizen, will sometimes shoot up very fast; but I advise you to go home and keep a still tongue in your mouth, lest you should grow shorter by the head.' I immediately left the prison and profited by his advice, as I never opened my lips upon the subject until the settled state of affairs in France, left me to do so without any apprehension of danger." (Lost Prince.)

VII. COFFIN MARKED "L—XVII" EXHUMED AND THE BONES FOUND TO BE THOSE OF AN ADULT.

It is singular how closely the above narrative is confirmed by the examination of the bones.

"The Dauphin's body was interred in the churchyard at St. Marguerite, which is now a garden. At the Restoration a search for it was instituted, but abandoned. In 1846, workmen while digging for some repairs came upon a lead coffin containing bones. These were believed to be the Dauphin's, and the discovery was reported by two doctors to the Academy of Medicine. The coffin was closed again and reburied. The Prefact of the Seine allowed a fresh search to be made in June, 1894. The coffin found in 1846 was taken up, on the lid was found "L——XVII," but the medical experts pronounced the body to be of the stature of an adult, and the teeth to be those of a person more than twelve years of age, the milk teeth having all disappeared, while the wisdom

teeth were on the point of cutting. Thus the age was from eighteen to twenty, and the height 5 feet, 7 inches." (Paris, in 1789-1794, by J. G. Alger; James Pott & Co.; New York, 1902.)

VIII. HISTORY CONFIRMS THE ESCAPE.

The political party which in 1795 succeeded the Reign of Terror, and the Provisional Government of the Commune of Paris, was willing enough to favor the child's escape. A time might come when in their hands he might be played off against Louis XVIII. But his existence and recognition were above all unwelcome to his uncle and his partisans. The Duc de Bourbon, prince of the blood, writes thus to Conde: "Rumors are becoming rife that the little king did not die in the Temple. True or false, this would be for us a serious embarrassment, if the rumors should take any consistency."

In the camp of the emigres at Coblentz were numerous noblemen and gentlemen whose lands had been confiscated, and who had accustomed themselves to look to the Comte de Provence as the man who would restore them. They could make no use of a child ten years of age as an active head of their party. Far better for them that if living, his existence should be denied. They had accustomed themselves to speak of Louis XVI. with small respect, and to place all their hopes upon his brother. Goguelat, (the

unlucky Goguelat of the Flight to Varennes), who had escaped to Coblentz, wrote: "I never heard Louis XVI, spoken of with so much irreverence as by these men. They call him a poor creature, a mere chip; a bigot only good to say his prayers. And their opinions, I am told, emanate from the personal following of Monsieur, who had set them afloat." Had Louis XVII suddenly appeared among his supporters even in La Vendee, their first enthusiasm would soon have been damped by a feeling of his uselessness to help their cause. The child would have been unwelcome to the allies, even to Austria, whose ministers, as we have seen, were eager to make peace. Louis XVIII, who hated Marie Antoinette, had not scrupled long before to hint that he believed her son to be a bastard. He would certainly have treated him as such had he fallen into his hands. Clearly the best thing to be done with the poor child was to hide him away till the time came for his restoration of the monarchy, which Barras, in common with most men, believed to be at hand. Then he could be played off against Louis XVIII. Barras could not forsee the ten years of the Empire that would precede the Restoration, or imagine that his friend Josephine (in possession of his state secret if not, indeed his partner in it) would be seated on a throne as empress of half of Europe. (Latimer do.)

The Figaro from which most of this account is

copied gives a whole column to the names of persons who have testified to some knowledge of the substitution of other children for Louis XVII, and of his being spirited away from the Temple. Among these names is that of a Marquise de Broglie-Solari, attached to the household of Marie Antoinette, and to that of the Princesss de Lamballe. This lady testified that she heard it in 1803 from Barras, and in 1819 and 1820 from Queen Hortense, the daughter of Josephine.

There is reason to think that Josephine knew the story and believed it. Of late years papers have been written to attribute her sudden and somewhat mysterious death to that inconvenient knowledge. The Comtesse d' Adhemar, ex-dame du palais of Marie Antoinette, wrote: "Assuredly I do not wish to multiply the chances of imposters, but in writing this in the month of May, 1799, I certify on my soul and conscience, that I am positively certain that Sa Majeste Louis XVII did not die in the Temple." The Duchesse d' Augouleme was never convinced of her brother's death, though she was obliged, from motives of policy, to acquiesce in the view taken by the male members of her family. The Vicomte de Rochejacquelin wrote to her on the subject: "Though we may believe that the unhappy child was withdrawn from the cruelty of his persecutors, and that, to save his life, he was obliged to live in obscurity, such a lifewould make him little

suitable to be recognized as heir to the French monarchy; and, in short, in the condition of Europe, it is quite conceivable that it would have been useless to bring forward Louis XVII, and that his death, and the death of those that supported him would have been the consequence."

It is said that to the Treaty of 1814 between France and the allies, which restored Louis XVIII to the throne; there was this secret article: "That although the high contracting powers, the allied sovereigns, have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI, the state of Europe require that they should place at the head of the government of France, Louis Xavier, Comte de Provence etc.," and also this added:

"The contracting parties reserve their liberty to assist in mounting on the French throne him who they may conceive has the more legitimate right to it."

It is certain that Josephine said to the Emperor Alexander, "You may re-establish royalty, but you will not re-establish legitimacy." A peer of France has recorded in his souvenirs that in April 1814, one month before the death of the Empress Josephine he had seen documents "which contained secrets calculated to upset European diplomacy, if they ever came to light." He implored Josephine to destroy them. "No," she said; "my resolution is fixed. I shall communicate these papers to the Emperor Alexander. He

is just, I know, and will wish that everything should be put in its right place. He will look after the interests of an unfortunate young man." "I made no further objections," added the narrator. "Josephine acted as she thought best, and told what it had been better for her to have kept secret. Her sudden death, a week later, took an important witness out of the way."

It may be added that on the very night of her death, which the three physicians who attended her attributed to poison, all her papers, on a frivolous pretext, were seized by the police, and the larger part of them were never restored.

As soon as the empress was dead, it was rumored in Paris that she had known the circumstances of the Dauphin's disappearance from the Temple; that she had even had a hand in it; and that in a secret interview with the Emperor Alexander it had been agreed between them that the affairs of France should be provisionally settled until Louis XVII should be discovered, when the Emperer Alexander "reserved to himself the right" to do him the justice that was legitimately his due. With this the secret clause in the Treaty of 1814, already quoted, would seem to agree. (Latimer *do.*) Louis Blanc says: "After the Restoration, which placed Louis XVIII on the throne, the recovery of Louis XVII would have caused incalculable embarrassments. This being the case, a government by no means scrupulous could very

easily overlook family considerations, in virtue of reasons of state, whether it knew the truth, or preferred to ignore it."

The most remarkable proof that Louis XVIII did not believe in his nephew's death was, that when he raised the Chapelle Expiatoire to the memory of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, he took no notice of the death of Louis XVII. But the Duchesse d' Angouleme seems always to have had it in her heart that she might recover traces of her lost brother. Not that it would have been in her power to do anything to restore him to his position; and her acknowledgment of the rights would have destroyed those of her husband, her father-in-law, her uncle, and her great-nephew, the Duc de Bordeaux. On leaving the Temple in 1796, the princess wrote to her uncle, speaking of the Jacobins, "They have compassed the deaths of my father, and my mother, and my aunt." She does not mention her brother. Again in 1801, when General d' Andigne had discovered the little skeleton in the Temple garden, and was anxious to speak of it to the Duchesse d' Angouleme, he was not permitted to have an interview with her. She told Comte de Feys when search was being made for the Dauphin's body in the cemetery of Ste. Marguerite, "that from the first she had not been sure of her brother's death in the Temple, but that she at last knew what had become of him." There was not only no monument erected

to Louis XVII in the Chapelle Expiatoire, but a funeral service to his memory, that was to have taken place at St. Denis, was never had. The Bishop of Moulins has told us that his father (at the time Grand Master of Ceremonies), having asked Louis XVIII, the reason, received this answer: "We do not feel sure of the death of my nephew." There was a superstition among the French clergy that all the misfortunes that fell fast on the Royal Bourbons after their restoration were a judgment upon them for the non-recognition of Louis XVII. The Secretary-General of the Diocese of Strasburg said that the certainty Monsignor Tarin had of the existence of Louis XVII led him to give up his position as tutor to the Duc de Bordeaux. "Monsignor," said the Marquis de Nicolai, one day to him, "the royal family believes as much as you or I do that Louis XVII is still living." (Latimer *do.*)

The necessity that the Bourbons on their restoration should maintain the truth of the death of the little King was forcibly set forth by a Russian named Van Rochow, on the first attempt made by Naundorff to establish his identity with Louis XVII. "If this young man be the Dauphin of France," he said, "he cannot be acknowledged as such, because that acknowledgment would be to the dishonor of all the monarchies of Europe."

In January, 1816, a law was passed in both Chambers, to erect a monument at public expense

to Louis XVII, and the King issued a royal ordinance to have the monument erected in the church of the Medeleine and directed Lemot a parisian sculptor to execute it. But it was never erected. The epitaph furnished for the monument remains uncut on the marble. The minister of police, issued an order to place the remains in St. Denis. A report was made locating the grave in one of two lots at the cemetery. But no exhumation was attempted. Orders were also issued to have the heart placed in the coffin, but this was never accomplished.

IX. THE UNCLAIMED HEART.

The heart of the boy who did die in the temple had a romantic career. Pelletan secreted it in a handkerchief, arrived at home he placed it in a bottle of spirits. A student abstracted it, but after confessing it was restored. The Duchess of Augouleme after the Restoration visited the hotel Dieu hospital to question Pelletan about it, for Chateaubraind had spoken of it in the Chamber of Peers. The hundred days intervened, and two years later Pelletan had hopes of some recognition for its restitution, as inquiry was begun, but neither Louis XVIII nor Charles X displayed any inclination to weep over that stray heart, or accept it. It is said Lasne informed the King Louis XVIII that he was present and Pelletan did not take the heart. It was in charge of

the archbishop of Paris, until his palace was sacked by the mob in 1831, when it was found in a cupboard and sent to Pelletan's son. From 1879 it was possessed by Prosper Deschamps, heir of Dr. Pelletan, son of the Pelletan who abstracted it. Comte de Chambord would not notice offers of it made to him, but in 1895, a century after being abstracted, it was accepted by Don Carlos, and found a burial at last in the tomb of Comte de Chambord, who died 1883.

XI

FLIGHT OF THE LITTLE KING TO AMERICA

MADAM Campan had been all her life a close intimate of the Royal family up to the moment she was refused permission to go with them into the Temple, and knew everyone in France who was any body. Her brother M. Genet had early espoused the republican cause, though not to the disfavor of his sister with the King or Queen, and had been many years in the diplomatic service, to different European countries under the King and under the Revolution, and had been Ambassador of France to the United States. He was therefore in a position to have heard the whisperings disclosing the hiding place of the little King. He was to bring both the royal children to America when he came as Ambassador. A carriage with a false back to conceal them had been made, but was seized and broken by the mob.

In the year 1818 there was a dinner party at the house of Dr. Hosack, in New York City, at which were present as guests M. Genet, the ex-ambassador; the Comte Jean d' Angeley; Dr. John W. Francis; Dr. Macneven; Counsellor Simpson; Thomas Cooper of Carlisle. Of these Dr. Francis alone survived when he gave this infor-

mation which was published in 1853 by Rev. Dr. Hanson. The conversation included the subject of the little King and his disappearance. Then Genet said: "Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is not dead, but was brought to America." There was much conversation on the same subject, during which M. Genet informed the company among other things, that he believed the Dauphin was in western New York, and that Le Ray de Chaumont knew all about it. In 1795 or 1796 this French gentleman, arrived from France and settled in St. Lawrence County, in northern New York, where he lived in affluence, and was intimate with the Indians of St. Regis and Hogansburg, where the Mohawks of the Iroquoi nation were living at their reservation and mission.

There gathers about the name of Belanger, Bellenger, Bellanger, or Boulanger, as variously spelled, through the years of mystification which cover the retreating steps of the little King, a peculiar fascination which is becoming quite as positive history as much that passes for that singular name for misinformation. Mary Hartwell Catherwood in that interesting fiction "Lazarre" which purports to be founded on the story of the lost little King, has made much of this Bellenger, who she keeps at the front in many a ficticious adventure with the little King in Europe and America. Mrs. Catherwood implies that she believes King Louis XVIII was concerned to retain

the little King in obscurity. In the well written and well played drama of "Lazarre" by its playwright and actor, Otis Skinner, this character of Bellenger also acts an important part. While for the most part the story of Bellenger as pictured in both the book and the play is pure fiction, there is historical evidence that Bellenger was associated in those dark Temple days with the little King and some ground to believe that he was the one who brought the little King to America. This Bellenger was a character in the Revolution and a member of the Jacobin Club, which was among the worst of the Revolutionary societies of France. Bellenger had been a lieutenant under Rosin the butcher of the Vendee. When Robespierre was denounced on the 9th Thermidore (July 27, 1794), at the same time Billaud Varennes arose in the Convention, and exclaimed: "I demand that Dumas be arrested as well as Boulanger; he was the most ardent yester night at the Jacobins." While many were arrested and executed with the infamous Robespierre, Bellenger went unmolested, but whether due to friendship of Barras we do not know. That he was a person of means, having landed estates is shown by the following record: "Belanger an architect and landscape gardener, complained that a house which he had let out in flats was seized upon by the place Vendome section, which turned out the occupants and crowded

sixty-three English into it as a house of detention. He was threatened that if he remonstrated he would himself be arrested." (J. G. Alger, "Paris 1789-1794.") Formerly this Bellenger had been an artist and designer, trusted by King Louis XVIII when he was the Comte de Provence; and the Rev. Dr. Hanson who wrote the "Lost Prince," supposed it was by his efforts under the pay of the Comte de Provence then in exile, that Bellenger secured the release and flight of the little King. Under whose patronage we do not know, but it is certain that Bellenger was appointed between May 31st to June 5th, 1795, as Commissary at the Temple. The only prisoners there then, being the boy substituted for the King, and Madam Royal. Mrs. Elizabeth Wormley Latimer in, "My Scrap Book of the French Revolution" says: "The idea of Rev. Hanson is that the substitution of the child who died of scrofula took place between May 31, 1795 and June 5, four days, when no one saw the boy but Laurent, Lasne, Gomin and Bellenger, who had just been appointed Commissionary at the Temple. I may here remark that neither Eleazer Williams nor Rev. Hanson had ever heard the name of Bellenger in connection with the prisoner in the Temple, until after his confession on his deathbed at Batan Rouge, Louisiana." The following description of Bellengers' coming to the Temple is from Beauchesne of 1852: "On the 11th Prairial

(30th May), le Sieur Brieullard, the acting commissary for the day, who accompanied Desault, said to him in going down the staircase: 'The child will die, will he not?' 'I fear it; but there are, perhaps, those persons in the world who hope he will,'' replied Desault, the last words which he pronounced in the tower of the Temple, and which, though spoken in a low voice, were heard by Gomin, who walked behind Brieullard.

''On the 12th Prairial (31st May), the acting commissary, on his arrival at nine o'clock, said he would wait for the doctor in the chamber of the child, to which he caused himself to be introduced. This commissary was M. Bellanger, painter and designer of the cabinet of Monsieur, (the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII), who lived at No. 21 Rue Poissonniere. He was an honest man; the misfortune of his benefactor, alas, in these sad times, almost an exception, had not dried up the devotion of his heart. M. Desault did not come. M. Bellanger, who had brought a portfolio filled with his drawings, asked the Prince if he liked painting; and, without waiting for an answer, which did not come, the artist opened his portfolio and put it under the eyes of the child. He turned it over, at first with indifference, afterwards with interest, dwelt a long time on each page, and when he had finished, began again. This long examination seemed to give some solace to his sufferings and

ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1806

Fac simile of pencil sketch by Chevalier Fagnani from original portrait by J. Stewart of Hartford in 1806—(from lost Prince.)

some relief to the chagrin which was caused by the absence of his physician. The artist often gave him explanation of the different subjects of his collection. The child had at first kept silence but, little by little, he listened to M. Bellanger with marked attention, and finished by answering his questions.

"In taking the portfolio from his hands, M. Bellanger said to him, 'I much desire, sir, to take away one drawing more, but I will not do it if you object.'

'What drawing?' said the Dauphin. 'That of your countenance; it will give much pleasure, if it will not cause you pain.' 'Will it give you pleasure?' said the child, and the most gracious smile completed his sentence and the mute approbation which he gave to the desire of the artist. M. Bellanger traced in crayon the profile of the young king, and it is from this profile, that some days later, M. Beaumont, the sculptor, and twenty years after, manufacturer of Sevres porcelain, executed the bust of Louis XVII."

Eleazer Williams was the name under which the little King was known in the United States. He was known among the Indians of Caughnawaga and St. Regis as Lazare, which in some erroneous manner has been changed to Eleazer. In the great mass of literature on the subject he is styled the Lost Dauphin, which is an historical error we cannot explain, as he was King Louis

XVII, after the murder of the King his father, and so styled by his friends and called the little King. While relating in 1851 to Rev. Hanson the evidence of his descent from the Bourbons, Rev. Eleazer Williams said of this Bellenger whose name Rev. Hanson spells Belanger, that: "A French man died at New Orleans in 1848, named Belanger, who confessed on his death bed that he was the person who brought the Dauphin to this country, and placed him among the Indians, in the northern part of the state of New York. It seems that Belanger had taken a solemn oath of secrecy, alike for the preservation of the Dauphin, and the safety of those who were instrumental in effecting his escape, but the near approach of death, and the altered circumstances of the times, induced him to break silence before his departure from the world. He died in January, 1848. Now the person who had charge of the Dauphin after the death of Simon, stabbed a man in a political quarrel in France, and fled for safety. He it was I suppose who, with the assistance and connivance of others, carried the youth with him to the low countries, and thence to England. He must have changed his own name for greater security, crossed the Atlantic, and after depositing him with the Indians, gone to Louisiana and there lived and died." The letter referred to was, as Rev. Eleazer Williams says received by him from Mr. Thomas Kimball

dated at Baton Rouge, and he told Rev. Hanson in the presence of Dr. Hawks the eloquent preacher and historian in Dr. Hawks' study in New York, in 1852, that: "Mr. Kimball's letter is I think among my papers at Green Bay;" Rev. Eleazer Williams has never produced this letter, which leaves the statement dependent on his veracity which many have questioned, yet not successfully in this particular at least. This letter is said to have been a fiction of Colonel Henry E. Eastman of Green Bay, who was in 1845 the agent of Amos A. Lawrence, the wealthy Boston business man in negotiating as to the interest Lawrence had acquired in the landed estate of Rev. Eleazer Williams. He claimed to have written a romance based on Louis XVII and to have made Eleazer Williams the chief character, gave him the manuscript to read, and he having copied them returned them to Colonel Eastman. The story of the death-bed confession of Bellenger, Eastman says was his own fiction included in the story as exhibited to Eleazer Williams. Colonel Eastman assumes to be amazed when he saw his fiction repeated in "Putnams Magazine" in 1853, in connection with the article, "Have we a Bourbon among us," by Rev. Dr. John Hanson. Mr. Eastman says he wrote the story in 1847 or 1848 at Green Bay. Rev. Hanson went to New Orleans but could find no trace of Bellenger. As the information connecting Bellenger in any way

with the Temple was not a matter of general information until after 1852, when M. Beauchesne published his two volumes and the Figaro disclosures in 1895, it was impossible that Eastman could have hit upon the name.

"In the fall of 1841, quite an excitement was raised in our quiet town by the visit of the Prince de Joinville. From that time began the question of Rev. Eleazer Williams being the lost Prince," says Mrs. Mary Irvin Mitchell. This was seven years before Eastman claims to have invented the story. Mr. W. W. Wight's paper proves the Eastman claim to discovering Eleazer Williams to be the Lost Dauphin, as an evident desire to break into the sensation. Putnam of 1853, contained: "The startling discovery of the mislaid Dauphin in my own language;" says Colonel Eastman, "the original story of the 'Lost Prince' was my story," composed about the summer of 1847, or the following winter of 1848. This is disproved by Mr. Wight who says: "Just about 1838 Eleazer entered the office of Geo. H. Haskins, editor of the Buffalo Express, and confided to him under seal of the most profound secrecy that he, Eleazer was not what he appeared to be, but was in reality the Dauphin of France." This was ten years before Eastman claimed he "was the originator of the idea and story of Williams being the Lost Prince." Rev. Dr. Lathrop writes, says Lyman C. Draper, "that Mr. Williams gave him both in

1843 and 1848, an account of the interview with the Prince de Joinville;" and the William's journal records the interview in 1841, all of which discredited the presumption of Colonel Eastman to the authorship of the Williams Dauphinship. After the appearance of "Putnam" with Dr. Hanson's paper in 1853, the subject attracted wide spread attention and added twenty thousand new subscribers to the magazine. Mrs. Brown living in New Orleans in 1854, but who had not seen the article, was visited by Dr. Hanson and voluntarily testified under oath that she had been wife to the secretary of the Comte de Artois, and had resided at Holyrood, from 1804 to 1810; that she was admitted to some intimacy by the Duchesse d' Augouleme, sister of the little King, who once told her that she knew the baby King was alive and in America; that she heard of Bellenger as the man who brought him over; and the name of Williams was mentioned in that connection. She added that while the royal family knew the baby King was alive, they asserted he was incompetent to reign. The wife to the secretary of the Comte de Coigny had told Mrs. Brown that she had heard Bellenger had brought the King to America; that the subject had been much discussed in the royal palace, where it was said the elevation of such a person to the throne would but increase the disorder of the times, and that one who came from America to confer with the

family on the subject, had been given money and he returned.

As to the Rev. Eleazer Williams being of French descent, brought to America and deposited among the Indians at Lake George: One John O'Brien, a half breed Indian, made an affidavit in 1853, that he was born about 1752 at Stockbridge; his father was an Irishman, and his mother an Oneida. In 1764 he was sent to France to be educated, where he remained until in the Revolution returning with Lafayette, and went among the Oneidas. In 1795, while at Ticonderoga on Lake George, there came two Frenchmen, with whom he conversed in their language, who had with them a silly French boy about ten or twelve years of age. After the Frenchmen departed O'Brien saw this boy in the family of Thomas Williams, an Indian where the child lived. He was at Lake George sometime after, when this boy playing with the children at the southwest end of the lake near the old Fort, either jumped or fell into the lake, and was taken out wounded, and carried to the hut of Thomas Williams. He saw the boy after this from time to time and he is the same now known as Eleazer Williams.

XII.

ELEAZER WILLIAMS

HOWEVER descended, Eleazer Williams had a most remarkable and distinguished ancestry, as he was himself a remarkable and distinguished character. The story of his birth as told by friend or enemy, is equally as historically noble. Every possible genealogy yet made up for him traces him back to kings and queens, who have made history in every stage of the world's progress for over a thousand years.

Whether Creole or Bourbon, his veins ran noble blood. In either descent he can trace a relationship to King Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth of England and Oliver Cromwell, or a direct descent from Maria Theresa of Austria, and St. Louis or Henry of Navarre. In his veins ran the blood of either Bourbon, Hapsburg or Tudor. His birth is not a mystery, in that his origin is unknown. It is known to be either one or the other of these noble lines. His worst enemy will admit and prove his descent from the most distinguished ancestry. His friends also. His enemies only claim he is not the Lost King Louis XVII, of France; to prove which they show a genealogy ranging back in the days of the earliest kings of Britain, even eleven hundred years before the

christian era, whose descendants came with the early wave of Puritans to Roxbury, Mass., in 1637, in the person of Robert Williams, the grandfather of Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, who became the great grandfather of Eleazer Williams.

One writer has said that "The history of this Williams family in America embraces a considerable portion of the history of New England, if not of the history of the United States."

Robert's son, Samuel, had a son Rev. John Williams, who with his family were all killed or taken prisoners at the Deerfield massacre. All who survived their captivity returned except Eunice. When taken captive she was but eight years old, but preferred to remain with her Mohawk captors, and married one of these savages. Their home was at Caughnawaga, ten miles above Montreal on the St. Lawrence river, north of New York State. Her savage husband's name was Amrusus. Their daughter Sarah, was married to an Indian, whose son Tehoragwanegen, alias Thomas Williams, it is claimed was the father of Eleazer Williams. In his younger days he did live with this Indian, and supposed him to be his father.

Eunice Williams was descended from four puritan ministers, and her two brothers were likewise ministers. I believe that it has been stated that Robert Williams of Roxbury, was the ancester of twenty-three ministers of the gospel, not includ-

ing Eleazer Williams, though in his life long devotion to his savage wards as missionary and teacher, and the conversion of one whole tribe, he certainly has as much to his credit in the book of good deeds as many other men, whose lot has been cast in happier times and more pleasant fields.

Therefore if it is true that Rev. Eleazer Williams the missionary to the Oneida, had a Mohawk mother and father, and grandmother and grandfather and great grandfather, whose wife was Eunice Williams, he had less white blood than his life and features would indicate, and yet enough to make him the descendant of most illustrious ancestry. The reputed Indian father and mother of Eleazer Williams, resided at Sault St. Louis in Canada, on the St. Lawrence river, ten miles above Montreal. He died there in his ninetieth year, September 10, 1848, having resided after the war of 1812 a number of years at St. Regis Indian Reservation in New York. The wife of Thomas Williams was Mary Ann Rice. They were married January 7, 1779. She died May 1, 1856, seventy-seven years after her marriage, and nearly a centenarian. They were both ardent Catholics. They were both apparently full blooded Indians, and spoke no language but Mohawk.

The settlement which the French called Sault St. Louis but in Iroquois, is Caughnawaga, situ-

ated ten miles above Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. The inhabitants were mostly Mohawks with a few Oneidas, who had been converted by Jesuit missionaries to Catholicism and to the French interest, and had been induced from time to time to abandon their ancient seats in New York for homes near Montreal, where they would be under the wing of the Church. Thus dwelling they served both as a bulwark against the English, and as allies of the French in war and in marauding, while they enriched themselves by lucrative contraband trade between the lower Hudson and the St. Lawrence. At about the period of the Deerfield massacre, (1704) two-thirds of the New York Mohawks had gone to Caughnawaga; so that about three hundred and fifty praying Indians were then living there. In 1750 the entire population may have been one thousand souls. But notwithstanding the religious influences, these mission Indians still continued savages. "Although baptized, and wearing the crucifix, they yet hung their wigwams with scalps, yet wielded their tomahawks against feeble women and innocent children." "Remnants of the Caughnawaga mission still exists and travelers down the St. Lawrence peer curiously at naked pappooses sporting about the shore and at tawny braves stalking aimlessly under the arching trees."

It had two, long, narrow streets separating low,

dingy frame or log huts, and a few of rude, dark stone masonry. A Roman Catholic stone church stands in the middle of the street. It was a lonely place with its shabby huts, dirty streets, crowds of naked little Indian children. Such is the reputed place of birth of Eleazer Williams, to those who do not believe he was the Lost King. But it is as easy or as difficult to prove one as the other. His reputed father was a Mohawk brave, and chief who could speak only their language, and conversed with the whites through an interpreter. He lived the roving life of the Indian in the wigwam, or rolled in his blanket, he slept on the side hills along the banks of Lake George. His reputed mother was a squaw, who could not speak a word of any language but Mohawk. Their parents had been Mohawk bucks and squaws before them, and the grandfather of this Thomas was a Mohawk buck. If descended through this uncertain unrecorded genealogy, and the great grandmother of Eleazer, was the unfortunate Eunace Williams, then this waif of the marriage bed of the forest wigwam, had but one-eighth white blood in his veins. It is true he did for many years call these Indians his parents. This was natural, as disclosed by the story of his life. But that they were his parents, has never been proven. Even the place and date of his birth they have been unable to show. Nor is there any reason why these Indians have the name of

Williams, as they all possess unpronouncable Indian names.

Eleazer Williams was early led to believe he was born at Caughnawaga. His reputed mother made an affidavit that he was born there two years after she had said he was born on the banks of Lake George, she thought in June. No one knows the year, though Lyman C. Draper, concluded that it was 1790, while John Y. Smith concluded it was 1792, and his reputed father once said in January, 1800, that in May he would be twelve years old; and General Albert E. Ellis writes that in 1800 Eleazer was fourteen years of age, which would make his birth date 1796.

When the mission register was examined and found to contain the names and dates of birth of eleven children of these reputed Indian parents of Rev. Eleazer Williams, and no name was discovered there which could be tortured into Lazarre or Eleazer, then some time between births must be found in which to bring forth Eleazer. There is printed in Hanson's, "The Lost Prince," a transcription from the register of the mission at Caughnawaga authenticated by Father Francis Marcoux, priest at the mission in 1853, when the transcription was made, showing the names and dates of births of the eleven children of Thomas and Mary there registered.

This list is as follows;

"BAPTISMAL RECORD."

"EXTRACTS DES REGISTRES DE LA MISSOIN DU SAULT ST. LOUIS."

"1779, du 7 Janvier, Thomas Tehora Kwanekeu a espouse Marie Anne, fille de Haronhumanen. Leurs enfants sont

"Jean Baptiste	ne le	7 sept	1780
Catharine	nee le	4 sept	1781
Thomas	ne le	28 avr	1786
Louise	nee le	18 mai	1791
Jeanne Baptiste	00"	21 avr	1793
Pierre	25 aout	nee le	1795
Pierre	"	4 sept	1796
Anne	nee le	30 janv	1799
Dorothee	"	2 aout	1801
Charles	ne	8 sept	1804
Jervais	"	22 juil	1807

Marcoux, Prete."

In the second affidavit of Mary Ann Williams, she seeks to name her children as "Peter, Catharine, Ignatuis, Thomas (Eleazer adopted), Louisa, Charles and Jarvis." This statement was made in 1853, and Dr. Williams who visited her in 1851, said: "The mother of Eleazer was very old, possibly one hundred. She was what might be called feeble minded." I cannot make the names of her children as she gives them agree with the church register, and am content to leave the task with those who seem too anxious to fill in the "gaps,"

for I agree with Eleazer himself, who once said while a guest of Dr. S. Williams in 1851: "If I am a Williams I am so old, but if I am the Dauphin, I am older." There is no reason why he was not born in 1785, the birthdate of the Dauphin. No one has yet furnished one single incontestable fact to prove Eleazer of Indian birth, though the law would presume him to be their child, in the absence of the evidence to the contrary, because of his long life as their admitted offspring. It may not be out of place here to state that in 1852, all the children of Mary Ann Williams were dead, and that all died of consumption.

XIII

THE LITTLE KING RECOVERS HEALTH AND MIND, AMONG THE ADIRONDAC HILLS, ALONG THE SYLVAN BANKS OF BEAUTIFUL LAKE GEORGE. "HE WHO DIED A KING IS REGENERATED A BEGGAR."

"IN 1804 after the battle of Plattsburg, Mr. Williams and his reputed father went to Albany," says Rev. Eleazer Williams in conversation repeated by Rev. Dr. Hanson, "at the request of Governor Tompkins, and while in the city, Thomas Williams said, that he had been invited by his old friends, Jacob Vanderheyden, a well known Indian trader, to spend the evening, and to bring his son with him. In the midst of good cheer over their bottle of brandy, a conversation took place in Eleazer's hearing to this effect. They spoke of Vanderheyden having encamped at Caldwell's, on Lake George, in October, 1795, and remained there for several days waiting for the Indians to come down from the north to purchase furs, and supply them with goods during their winter hunts, and that while he was there, a French gentleman came among them, having a French boy with him about ten years old, and after staying sometime he departed, leaving the boy behind him. The boy was deranged at the time, spoke French and German, and was well

dressed. The first time that Vanderheyden saw him was in the company of Thomas Williams, who brought him to his camp, when the boy ran boisterously about the store, and upset his goods. After speaking of these circumstances, Vanderheyden said, "Thomas, did I not tell you then he was not your boy?" The reply was, "You have said so many times—if you will have it so let it be so." He also asked "Thomas, what has become of that Frenchman?" But Williams does not remember what answer was given."

"I then asked Mr. Williams if he had been acquainted with Le Ray de Chaumont, during his residence in St Lawrence County, and if anything had ever occurred between them, which would tend to prove that he had a knowledge of the Dauphin being in this country. He replied, that he had only, to the best of his recollections, seen Le Ray once, in the month of January or February, 1819 or 1820, when a conversation to this effect occurred between them. Williams was at that time a resident at Oneida, among the Indians. In this place there also lived a Colonel de Ferrier, formerly an officer of the body guard of Louis XVI, who had fled from France during the Revolution, and married an Indian woman who is still living. Le Ray inquired of Williams concerning the health and welfare of De Ferrier; adding that he had been a great sufferer in the royal cause; that the King's family had been widely

ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1852

From a Daguerreotype in Putnams with the paper "Have we a Bourbon among us?" Gold cross of St. Louis on the sash left with the child king when given over to the Indians.

scattered; but that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes of De Ferrier, he was no greater sufferer than a member of the royal family, whom both Colonel de Ferrier and he believed to be in this country."

"On questioning him concerning the Frenchman, who is said to have visited him in childhood, Mr. Williams said, in effect as follows: 'That after the restoration of his reason, about the year 1799, his reputed father went from Caughnawaga, as usual, with his family in the month of September, to hunt in the vicinity of Lake George. While encamping on the shores of the lake, with other Indian families, two strange gentlemen came to visit Thomas Williams, one of whom had every indication of being a Frenchman, from his dress, manners, and language; for he remembers understanding a few words, sufficient to know that he spoke in French. He had on a ruffled shirt and his hair was powdered, and bore to him a very splendid appearance. When the gentlemen first came in sight, Williams and the other boys of the family were sporting on the lake, in a little wooden canoe, and saw them in company with Thomas Williams take their seats on a log, at a little distance from the wigwam. As their curiosity was excited, to know who these strangers were, they left their canoe and strolled slowly to the encampment when Thomas Williams called out, "Eleazer, this

friend of yours wishes to speak with you." As he approached, one of the gentlemen rose and went off to another Indian encampment; but the other one, who appeared to be a Frenchman, advanced several steps to meet him, embraced him most tenderly, and when he again sat down on the log made the boy stand between his legs. In the meantime he shed abundance of tears; said, "Pauvre garcon," and continued to embrace him. Thomas Williams was soon after called to the wigwam, and Eleazer and the Frenchman were left alone. The latter continued to kiss him and weep, and spoke a great deal, seeming very anxious that he should understand what was said, which he was unable to do. When Thomas Williams returned to them, he asked Eleazer whether he understood what the gentlemen said to him, and he replied, "No." They then both left him, and walked off in the direction in which the other gentleman had gone; who, though he cannot speak certainly, yet on comparing his other recollections with those of this time, he is of the opinion was Thomas Becker, the Indian interpreter. The gentleman came the next day to the wigwam, and the Frenchman remained several hours. Thomas Williams took him out in a canoe on the lake, and the last which Mr. Williams remembers was their all sitting together on the log, when the Frenchman took hold of his bare feet and dusty legs, and examined his knees and

ankles closely. Again the Frenchman shed tears, but young Eleazer was quite indifferent, not knowing what to make of it. Before the gentleman left, he gave him a piece of gold. After a few days, Thomas Williams, contrary to his usual custom, returned to Caughnawaga instead of remaining for his winter hunt at Lake George. The cause of this visit he can only conjecture, but thinks it probable, that after the restoration of his mind, Thomas Williams had informed Belanger of the fact, and that he came to make arrangements respecting his education, Shortly after this incident, while the family of Thomas Williams were at Caughnawaga, Nathaniel Ely, of Long Meadows, at the request of some of the members of the European branches of the Williams family, asked Thomas to let him have some of his boys for education."

"When the child was brought over from Europe and left with Thomas Williams in the neighborhood of Albany in Nov., 1795, by the agent, whoever he was, for so far I regard from the information I have recently obtained, to be exceedingly probable, two boxes of clothing and other things by which he could be hereafter identified. were left with him. All this, and what follows, the old Indian woman has confessed. One of these boxes has been carried off by a daughter of Thomas Williams, and cannot now be recovered. The other there is every reason to suppose is still

in Montreal; but efforts are made in certain quarters to conceal it. In this box were three coins or medals, one of gold, one of silver and one of copper, fac-similes of each other, being the medals struck at the coronation of Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette. The gold and silver medals being of value, were sold by the Indians in Montreal. The copper one was retained and is now in my possession. The gold medal has also been seen in the possession of a Romish Bishop at Montreal or Quebec. The probability that these traces of the Dauphin are to be found in Montreal is increased by the proximity of Caughnawaga to that city."

"Have you any memory of what happened in Paris, or of your voyage to this country?"

"Therein," he replied, "lies the mystery of my life. I know nothing about my infancy. Everything that occurred to me is blotted out, entirely erased, irrevocably gone. My mind is a blank until thirteen or fourteen years of age. You must imagine a child who, as far as he knows anything, was an idiot, destitute even of consciousness. He was bathing on Lake George, among a group of Indian boys. He clambered with the fearlessness of idocy to the top of a high rock. He plunged down head foremost into the water. He was taken up insensible, and laid in an Indian hut. He was brought to life. There was the blue sky, there were the mountains,

there were the waters. That was the first I knew of life."

"As it is important to compare the statements of personal feelings, given to different persons by Mr. Williams, I may mention here that a gentleman of the bar, of high standing, whose opinions I shall frequently refer to, recently said to me. "I must do him the justice of saying, that he never pretended to know anything personally of what occurred in his childhood; but he said, however, that after the plunge in Lake George, his mind seemed to recover its tone and soundness, and a good many images of things came back, but without any possibility of giving them name and place." "He then told me an incident of startling and dramatic interest. A gentleman of distinction, on his recent return from Europe, in an interview with Mr. Williams, threw some lithographs and engravings upon the table, at the sight of one of which and without seeing the name, Williams was greatly excited and cried out, 'Good God! I know that face. It has haunted me through life,' or words to that effect. On examination it proved to be the portrait of Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin."

"The next link in the evidence is yet more singular. A French gentleman hearing my story, brought a printed account of the captivity of the Dauphin, and read me a note in which it was stated, that Simon the jailor having become in-

censed with the Prince for some childish offence, took a towel which was hanging on a nail, and in snatching it hastily drew out the nail with it, and inflicted two blows upon his face, one over the left eye, and the other on the right side of the nose. And now, said he, let me look at your face. When he did so, and saw the scar on the spots indicated in the memoirs he exclaimed; 'Mon Dieu, what proof do I want more!'

It is possible for the brain diseased by misuses of the body to recover its normal condition by a shock. Many instances of this are reported, and one often reads them in the daily press.

Some have supposed that the outdoor and wigwam life of the wilderness in the bracing climate of northern New York, would have been a severe blow to the little King in his weak condition when saved from the Temple; but this was the very place to take him to save his life. Fresh air, out of doors, coarse but wholesome food, the smell of the wild flowers that mantled the hills, fishing, hunting and the chase, freedom, all that builds up the frame, revives the nerves, made him a man again, and saved his life. This very locality where the Prince was left among the Indians is a celebrated resort for invalids and consumptives.

XIV.

THOSE LONG MEADOW DAYS

HAPPILY unconscious of the throne which lay in the wreck and chaoe of the Revolution across the Atlantic, the wild boy of the woods, "who died a prince, was regenerated a begger," barefooted, hatless and coatless, ranged the hills, chased the deer through the openings, took trout from the wild mountain streams, or swiftly sped his canoe across the lake, the happiest King who ever breathed the air of freedom. He heard only the Mohawk tongue, and played with equally ragged and hungry boys like himself, who shivered in the long, bleak winter, or shouted with joy in the hazy Indian summer along the valley of the St. Regis river. Thus he disported, gaining health and strength for a number of years.

The Indian Thomas was on a visit to Long Meadow four miles below Springfield, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1796-7, to Deacon Nathaniel Ely, Jr., whose wife was a descendant of the Williams family, and who after a long sickness had taken a vow to devote his life to good works. Deacon Ely proposed to Thomas that he send one of his boys to them at Long Meadow to attend school. Though the proposition seemed to be favorably received, such things did not appeal to

the Indian Thomas, and nothing came of it. A neighbor of Deacon Ely traveling in Canada two years later, was given in December, 1799, a letter to Thomas, conveying an urgent request to send two of his boys to be educated. When this letter arrived at the wigwam at Caughnawaga, Dr. Hanson says: "Eleazer was lying in bed in the same room with his supposed parents, and as they imagined asleep. The Indian strongly urged a compliance with the request, but his squaw objected to let any of the children go for an education among heretics, lest they should peril their souls. But when he persisted in the demand, she said, 'if you will do it, you may send away this strange boy; means have been put into your hands for his education, but John, I cannot part with' ". Her willingness to sacrifice him, and the general tenor of the conversation, excited suspicions in his mind as to belonging to their family, but they soon passed away. It was decided that both he and John should go; and January 23, 1800, the Indian Thomas, came marching over the snows into Long Meadow, followed by Eleazer, and his son, John, dressed in buckskin and moccasins, where he left them to live in the family of Deacon Ely and attend the New England school of a century past. Eleazer was then fifteen, and John was twenty years of age, or seven, as there were two of that name. There were in this humble school other boys, but

of Puritan families and among them, Mr. Colton, who thirty-three years afterward in his book, "Tour of the American Lakes," remembered the wild untamed antics of these sprigs of the wigwam and wild wood in these words: "From the wildness of their nature and habits it was necessary for the master to humor their eccentricities until they might gradually accomodate themselves to discipline; and but for the benevolent object in view, and the good anticipated it was no small sacrifice to endure the disorder which their manners at first created. Unused to restraint and amazed at the orderly scenes around them, they would suddenly jump and cry 'Umph'! or some other characteristic and guttural exclamation, and then perhaps spring across the room and make a true Indian assault upon a child on whom they had fixed their eyes, to his no small affright and consternation; or else dart out of the house and take to their heels in such a direction as their whims might incline them. Confinement they could ill endure at first; and so long as they did nothing but create disorder (and that they did very effectually) they were indulged until by degrees they became used to discipline and began to learn. Their first attempts by imitation to enunciate the letters of the Roman alphabet were quite amusing, so difficult was it to form their tongues and other organs to the proper shapes. If the children of the school laughed (as there

was some apology for doing) these boys would sometimes cast a contemptuous roll of the eye over the little assembly and then leaving an "Umph!" behind them would dart out of the house in resentment."

The patience and good judgment of the earnest Deacon Ely assisted by the example at his home, slowly tamed the young men. In 1802, a revival swept over Long Meadow which effected Eleazer and he is supposed to have joined the church at this time.

Eleazer clung to his studies and made remarkable progress. Deacon Ely kept a diary or journal of events, and doubtless taught this to Eleazer, as he seems to have made it a practice all his life to record almost daily events that came within his life or under his notice. From the swift manner in which he developed his mind at the school of Deacon Ely, one would suppose he must have had some teaching at the French mission school at Caughnawaga. His diary beginning two years after he came to this school, shows almost unheard of progress, not only in his study, but his piety. His diary at this time, shows too much advance for only two years at school, though his expression is still tangled or misplaced, as illustrated by this quotation from the entry of December 9, 1802: "God is once more pleased to send our father. He came today about sundown, and brought us news that my sister is

sick. God be praised." Mr. Storrs explains this visit of Thomas. That in the winter of 1803 Thomas and his wife came to Long Meadow, to carry one or both of the boys home on pain of excommunication by the priest. John therefore returned to Caughnawaga, but after a year came back and remained four years longer. The diary of Deacon Ely records, that during these days, Eleazer was much subdued by religious influences. At the time he came to this school, he was youthful in appearance, as well as action, for his schoolmate Mr. Calvin Colton supposed him to be but ten years of age, and Mr. Hale with whose father Eleazer was a pupil at West Hampton says when he first saw him in 1800 he was but ten years of age. Governor Williams of Vermont, who knew Eleazer, supposed he was born in 1790, whereas he was born five years before. Mr. Ely records in his diary that he was "19 years of age," and in 1802 that he was 15 years of age. We suppose his boyish appearance was due to his handsome countenance and his simple deportment.

As the impression he made on those who knew him in these young days at Long Meadow is important and interesting, we will let a number of these neighbors tell the story in their own language.

Julia M. Jenkins of New York, a lady who knew him at Long Meadow, says February 17, 1853: "His total unlikeness in his personal ap-

pearance as well as character and habits to his reputed brother, forbade at once, the supposition of one and the same origin. While the latter was truly an Indian, with long, black hair, his complexion and every feature corresponding with his race, Eleazer had brown hair, hazel eyes, light complexion and European features." "A tinge of thoughtful sadness stole over him when interrogated with regard to his early history. He would say he could not remember much about it, and it gave him pain apparently, that he could not. The prevalent opinion in that vicinity was that he was a French boy, taken from his family at an early age."

"We are assured by one of our schoolmates, who remembers their entrance into the village, in their Indian costume, that a distinction was at once perceived between Eleazer and John. John was evidently of Indian blood. He showed no fondness for study, always kept his bows and arrows hid away, and on any excuse or occasion would make use of them. Eleazer although entirely illiterate when he came there, soon became fond of his books. John learned little or nothing, and soon returned home. Eleazer made satisfactory progress and remained. His affable manners were such as to excite unusual attention in a quiet village, not much used to exagerations of the graces of life, so that he was always called a plausible boy. He was thought by his school-

mates somewhat haughty, despised the Indian games of his supposed brother, and yet was led by those who had learned his character without much difficulty. These peculiarities we have spoken of quite independently of any presumption that Mr. Williams was other than a son of Thomas Williams. The only considerations of importance which those who knew Mr. Williams at West Hampton can contribute to the inquiry respecting his birth, is the fact that he showed none of the traits of the Indian race, and although spoken of as an Indian, was not really regarded as of Indian blood." (Boston Daily Advertiser, February 17, 1853).

Declaration of Urania Smith, Port Washington, Ozaukee County, Wisconsin;

"I, Urania Smith, do hereby declare that my maiden name was Urania Stebbings; that I was born on March 22d, in the year 1786, in Long Meadow, Massachusetts; that I was deprived of my parents when young, and was brought up by Ethan Ely, of Long Meadow, Massachusetts, who was my uncle, and lived next door to Deacon Nathaniel Ely. In the beginning of the year 1800, two boys were brought from Canada to Long Meadow, to receive an education, and lived with Nathaniel Ely, who had charge. They were called Eleazer or Lazau Williams, and John Williams, and were represented as the descendants of the Rev. John Williams, who was captured by

the Indians in the year 1704, at Deerfield. They were entirely unlike each other in complexion, appearance, form and disposition; John having the look of an Indian, and Eleazer that of a European. I distinctly remember that when the said Nathaniel Ely was remonstrated with for calling Eleazer and John brothers, as there was no similarity between them, he said there was something about it which he would probably never reveal; that Eleazer Williams was born for a great man, and that he intended to give him an education to prepare him for the station. Eleazer was very rapid in his acquisitions of learning, and wrote at an early period. Much notice was taken of him by everybody, and Mr. Ely was fond of exhibiting him to strangers."

"Sworn to and subscribed before me, October 8, 1853, at Port Washington, Lafayette Forsley, J. P., Clerk Ozaukee District Court."

"He was a fine handsome boy," says Mrs. Dickenson, "sprightly and fair in complexion, and my father frequently told him that, he looked more like a Frenchman than an Indian. The scars were always upon his face, from the earliest period of my recollection, and one day, he came in heated with exercise, and the perspiration standing on his forehead; as he passed the mirror, his eyes fell upon the scars and turned quickly around and asked me if I had ever noticed them, and if I had any idea where he "got them? I

replied, I suppose in childhood;" upon which he added, there were painful thoughts connected with them in his mind, which he could not dwell upon. At this period of his life, though usually happy, and frank in his disposition, he was, as the whole family remarked, frequently subject to fits of musing and abstraction, as if endeavoring to remember something, and when questioned as to the reason of it, he said, that there were painful images before his mind of things in childhood, which he could not get rid of nor exactly understand. I saw an asserted brother of Mr. Williams, who was sent to Long Meadows for education. He was entirely unlike Mr. Williams in appearance, being quite thin, dark, and like an Indian, whereas Mr. Williams was always full and portly in person. "CLARISSA W. DICKENSON."

"February 13th, 1853."

There is another important letter which I will here introduce, and which will tell its own tale:

"46, Bank Street, New York,

DEAR SIR: SEPTEMBER 7, 1853.

"In reply to your inquiries respecting my acquaintance with the Rev. Eleazar Williams in early life, I beg to say that I was a schoolmate of his at Long Meadow. I am a descendant of the redeemed captive, the Rev. John Williams, who was my great-great-grandfather. According to the best of my recollection, Eleazer was about sixteen years of age, when he came to the care of

Mr. Ely. There was no similarity whatever in appearance between him and any of his family, either his brother John, or his reputed father and mother, who I saw on their visit to Long Meadow. Thomas Williams I saw frequently. Eleazer was a very studious boy—indeed, he seemed to do little but study; and I can well remember his remarkable proficiency in writing, and that the second winter after his coming to Long Meadow, he would say to me, 'Come, Cousin Mary, and hear my sermon,' when he would produce and read some MS. on religious subjects. There was something so remarkable in his character, attainments, and amiable and religious disposition, that the highest attention was shown him by the most distinguished persons, as he was not like other children, and was always in the company of gentlemen of literature and sobriety.

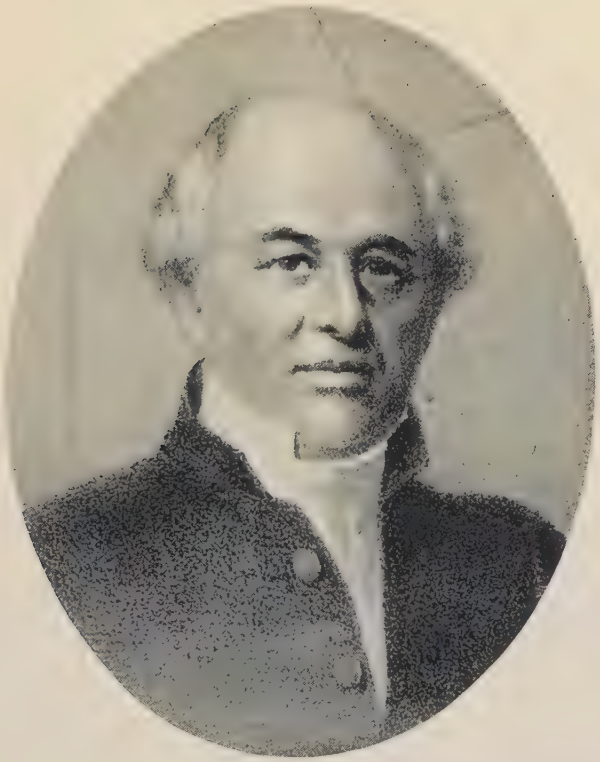
"Very truly yours,

MARY W. JEWETT.

From Mrs. Temple, daughter of Nathaniel Ely:

"DEAR SIR:

"The efforts made by my dear departed father, deacon Nathaniel, to educate and qualify you for usefulness among your countrymen, as well as to prepare you for glory, honor and immortality, have given me so deep an interest in you, that I should feel pleasure in complying with any reasonable request of yours. I, therefore, state in writing, as you desired, that there was an entire



ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1852

From a painting by Chevalier Fagnani a portrait painter in New York city, painted about 1852—(from lost Prince.)

and striking dissimilarity between yourself and your brother John, in the features of your face, your general appearance and also in your predilections and character.

"Your early and sincere friend,

MARTHA E. TEMPLE.

"REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS,

"January 24, 1851."

Among the Indians and at Long Meadow he was known as Lazare, often twisted by unfamiliar spelling of the French pronunciation into Lazo, Lazar, Lazau, Lezau, Leazer. Mrs. Catherwood has doubled the "r" and some yank in Long Meadow, imagined he was named Eleazer. His mother calls him Lazare. Doubtless the true name given him was Lazare, after the Saint Lazare, which is an honorable name in France, being given to the Close St. Lazare in Paris; and Lazare Carnot bore the name. It is frequently met with in French and Italian history. It is derived from Lazarus, and adopted by an order for the assistance of lepers, introduced into France by Louis VII., in the twelfth century; while the name Eleazer is derived from the high priest, son of Aaron, and neither are similar names or corruptions of each other. Mr. Draper is mistaken in supposing his name Eleazer points to a William's relationship. Lazare is frequently met with as a name among the Oneida, in honor of Rev. Williams. The accent is on the first syllable.

His close application to study impaired his health, and he was given an opportunity to travel. In 1805 he was taken to Boston by Deacon Ely and later in the year to Canada. While in Boston, Deacon Ely, who was a member of the Legislature, boarded with an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman, where he took Eleazer to board while in Boston. Of this period Dr. Hanson relates an occurrence as told him by Eleazer. "As Ely was a great admirer of the music in the Roman Church, they all went there. A few days after, the Irishman introduced Williams to Chevreuse, then only a priest, and rector of the church, as an Indian youth, who was receiving an education, mentioning his supposed descent from Williams, the captive; whereupon Chevreuse inquired whether there were many descendants of European captives still among the Indians, and children of French Canadians adopted into Indian families. He replied there were. Chevreuse then asked if he had ever heard of a French boy, who had been brought from France, having been adopted by the Indians. The reply was "no." "Now it was curious," said Williams," that he was making these inquiries of the very person of whom he was in search."

The following year he went to study with Dr. Welch of Mansfield, Connecticut, where many descendants of Rev. John Williams resided. The next May found him at study in Hartford where

he met President Dwight of Yale college, who records that he, "has a very good countenance, pleasing manner, good understanding, with scarcely a trace of Indian character." In November he visited Dartmouth college, and took up his studies in the Academy connected with it, where he sustained a reputation for scholarship and Christian character. He remained here for sometime which led Parkman to say, he was "educated at Dartmouth." Now at twenty-two, he was said to appear to be about twenty, and "a very pompous person, wore a tinsel badge or star on his left breast and styled himself Count de Lorraine," while he recorded of his fellow students at Hanover: "The young genltemen appear to be scholars, but I perceive that there is something wanting in them to make them complete gentlemen. Modesty is the ornament of a person". Why he claimed to be Count de Lorraine is not explained but I would suppose it had reference to the Lorraine ancestry of Marie Antoinette. He certainly had heard and seen many things to arouse his curiosity and direct his mind toward French history for an explanation of himself. He became a student of Rev. Enoch Hale at West Hampton with whom he remained except at intervals when traveling until August, 1812, when the war with England commenced; but during much of this time he traveled. One of his journeys was at the request of the American board of

Missions, to his old home at Caughnawaga to ascertain the encouragement he might have to introduce a protestant mission among those Mohawks. It was during these years also that he met Bishop Hobart of New York, who was attracted by him and gave him much attention and Eleaser was strongly urged to join the Episcopal communion at this time. The Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D., Bishop of New York, and Rev. Dr. Mountain of Montreal, were especially urgent that Eleazer should become a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, promising flattering things to complete his education and preparation for missionary work. Eleazer's education had been paid for by contribution from the Massachusetts Missionary Society, Hampshire Missionary Society and others, and the Massachusetts Legislature had voted him three hundred and fifty dollars as early as 1804.

At this time Deacon Ely was dead, and the Congregational people who we suppose had been supporting him during his study, were embarrased for funds to keep him. He went again to Caughnawaga on a similar mission. He was met this time by the Jesuits who proposed he should accept authority from their bishop as a teacher to the Indian tribes. The offer is said to have been so attractive that he was actually commissioned by the Jesuits as a teacher, and to have received from them a church library with prayer

book and missal. That he had the books may be true, but General Ellis must be in error as to his entering the Catholic priesthood.

Some criticisms having been made, Mr. Storrs replies to them in 1811: "I have heard it objected to Eleazer that he appeared fickle, but who would rationally expect that an Indian would at once become steady? I have heard it said that he was assuming; this no one will think strange who considers how much he has been flattered and caressed by many of the first characters in New England."

In March 1812, after having had no success as a protestant missionary among the Caughnawaga savages, he received a message from the Iroquois chiefs, requesting his attendance at a Council, they manifested their esteem by declaring him a chief of that nation. About the same time that the government sought his services in the war, the St. Regis Indians requested his advice on their course during the war.

Eleazer had now, after thirteen years of study, so far perfected himself in the English language as to begin the work of authorship, and in the first month of 1813, when he was twenty-eight years of age, had prepared and published at Burlington, Vermont, "A tract on man's primitive rectitude, his fall and his recovery through Jesus Christ."

Over in New York at Plattsburg in the same

year, he published, "A spelling book in the language of the seven Iroquois nations." It is proper to observe that for an Indian, the publication of two works after a recorded study of thirteen years is quite unusual.

XV.

SCOUTING BETWEEN THE LINES.

AT the request of the National government and the Northern Indian department of New York, he entered the service, in the war with England, as a confidential agent or scout. "Much will depend upon your zeal and activity as an Indian chief in that section of the Country, which is the principal theatre of the war," wrote the secretary of war. Eleazer Williams writes July 27, 1812: "I am sent for to prevent the Indians from taking up the hatchet against the Americans. I tremble! my situation is very critical, indeed. I hope God will direct me what to do." His long acquaintance with the tribes on the Canada border made him useful especially as he could speak both languages. His patrons in Massachusetts were disappointed when they learned he had joined the army. He was invited to join General Brown, under good pay, to gather information through the border Indians, for the American General. He did in several instances render valuable assistance with important information. He was also actively engaged as a soldier in the ranks. "He received the commendation of his officers for zeal, bravery and fidelity."

Plattsburg is located on the north bank of Saranac river in northern New York, at its en-

trance into Cumberland Bay on Lake Champlain. In August 1814, 5,000 men were withdrawn from there, leaving General Macomb in command at Plattsburg, with only 1,500, one of whom was Eleazer Williams. The British in Canada being strongly reinforced by veterans, who had served under Wellington, advanced in September, under Sir George Prevost at the head of 14,000 men. On the sixth the enemy arrived at Plattsburg. The Americans crossed the river and during four days withstood all attempts of the enemy to force a passage. On the 11th, after a naval battle of two hours, the British fleet was silenced and most of the vessels captured. The land battle continued all day, but the loss of their fleet caused the enemy to beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind a large quantity of military stores, and their sick and wounded. It was at this battle, upwards of five thousand British deserted. Eleazer Williams was wounded in the left side by a splinter. His father's nursing and Indian remedies restored him to health and strength after several weeks. A good many years after the event, he was refused a pension for his wound, or services, by Congress. In exhibiting this wound to Dr. S. W. Williams in later years to obtain his opinion for a pension, the doctor observed his unexposed skin was more the color of an Indian than a white man. About fifteen years after this General Louis Cass then Governor of Michigan,

writing to Hon. John H. Eaton, then secretary of war at Washington, made this glowing tribute to Eleazer Williams, that in the event of a vacancy in the Green Bay Indian Agency, "I beg leave to recommend the Rev. Eleazer Williams as a proper person to fill the vacancy. This gentleman is an Episcopal clergyman of very respectable standing, and partly descended from the Iroquois Indians. He rendered essential services to the United States during the late war, in which, he was actively engaged and badly wounded, the effects of which will probably continue during life. I understand that he enjoyed the confidence of our highest and most distinguished officers and bravely led a heavy column at the battle of Plattsburg. He is a gentleman of education and talents, and from his position and associations can render important services to the Government and the Indians".

XVI.

THE ELOQUENT MISSIONARY TO THE ONEIDA.

THE war, which had swept across his own home for two years, coming to a close, he followed in the wake of peace and again lived with his old Indian mother and father, at their new home in St. Regis. He could not remain long here. In November he visited Oneida Castle and some Indians he had previously met. Believing these bands susceptible to Christian teaching and civilization, he determined to go among them. During the war he met Lieut. Governor Zachariah Taylor at Albany, and his rector Rev. Dr. Clowes, and the Rev. Butler of Troy, both of whom interested him in the Episcopal church. At this place he renewed his acquaintance with Bishop Hobart. Gen. Taylor had recommended the Oneida Indians to ask Eleazer Williams to go to them. He now approached Bishop Hobart on the subject. He went to New York and was confirmed by Bishop Hobart, May 21, 1815, at St. John's Episcopal Church, and prepared "a book of prayer in Iroquois, which was published at Albany in 1816, and was called to the Oneida as a religious teacher, lay reader and catechist, March 23, 1816, taking with him a letter from Bishop Hobart. Here he remained for six years. His labors at Oneida

Castle were very successful. This Indian town was about twenty miles west of Utica, beautifully located. Eleazer Williams lived in the old homestead of Skenandoah, the old head chief of the Oneidas, who died on the 11th of the same month, located at the famous old butternut orchard.

He had very little furniture, but quite a library, some very rare, choice books; a good number in French, and a set of Catholic missal, one volume fourteen inches wide and two feet high and very heavy, printed in different colors, the mass book complete in latin. He was very fond of books, though General Albert G. Ellis who appeared there as his companion in the fall of 1819, says that his reading was mostly confined to narrative and history.

He was of jovial temper, enjoyed life, and a good appetite. The book of prayer revised by him was an improvement of Brants which had been arranged twenty-five years before, and which used twenty English letters in writing the Mohawk, while Williams only used eleven letters—a, e, h, i, k, n, o, r, s, t, w. This simplified the orthography so much that an Indian child could be taught to read in a few lessons. He had the morning service printed, and introduced in his church services; and no English congregation ever responded in their prayers more fully than did the Oneidas in theirs. By composing and

having published a small, "spelling and rudimental book," he greatly facilitated the teaching of the young people to read Oneida or Mohawk. It was the knowledge of the Mohawk language and the captivating, forcible, elegant use he made of it that gave him such hold on the Oneidas and all Indians who heard him. There were fifteen hundred Indians living in huts, wigwams and otherwise about the town and country whose recovery from their pagan ways he had set for his task and few were better qualified. These were the descendants of the same tribes who had murdered missionaries and tortured the Jesuit father Jogues, by pulling the nails from his fingers, and holding his hand over a slow fire until it was destroyed. Their warriors had swept the Eries and Neuters entirely out of existence, and driving the tribes before them had conquered the lands to the Mississippi river. The Jesuit dreaded them as a scourge, and Parkman has recorded that two hundred years of missionary work had not raised up a priest among the Iroquois. When they rose against the Colonists during the Revolution, the Oneida remained neutral and thus they were saved from the vengeance that swept over their brother tribes, when forty of their villages were put to the torch. The Oneida was one of the powerful tribes of the confederacy of the six nations of Mingoes, as styled by the English or Iroquois of the French.

Such were the descendants of untutored, war like savages among whose huts Eleazer Williams appeared. These famed missionaries Occum and Kirkland had been there before him.

"Mr. Williams," says General Ellis, "in the Mohawk, was a born Orator. Perfect master of the language, he held his audience, whether in these levees, or in the church, perfectly enchained. Till Williams came among them, they had heard the gospel only through the clouded vehicle of an interpreter and their missionary, Jenkins, a man of low order of intellect, obscured by bad habits, who presented only a dim view of the great subjects, and gave but a faint picture of the glorious gospel of good news to fallen men. Williams addressed them in the mother tongue, and with enthusiasm. They were soon captivated, and poor Jenkins only had empty benches."

"Williams, besides being tolerably versed in the Christian system and in theology, was thorough master of the Indian language, his mother tongue, besides being a natural orator and most graceful and powerful speaker, the sine qua non of persuasion and success with Indians."

"He found at Oneida a nominal christian party, and the name only of a church under the patronage of the Presbyterians, with Mr. Jenkins as missionary. Jenkins was weak, inefficient, without influence; and his cure partook of the

like character; the numbers were small, and the congregation on the decline. Williams saw at a glance his vantage ground. He told the Oneidas, it was a mistake in that order of Christians to intrude themselves among Oneidas, and called to their recollection the fact, that two venerable missionaries of the London Missionary Society of the Church of England had many years ago planted the gospel among them."

"That old Dr. Barclay and Dr. Ogilvie of that church, had been specially commissioned by the Great Head of the church, to baptize the Oneidas, and that he, Williams, had been sent by the same divine authority to remind them of the claims of that church, and to bring them back to their allegiance. Instant success attended these addresses. Many of the older Indians of both sexes remembered Dr. Barclay and Dr. Ogilvie, and confirmed the statements and claims of the young Catechist; the whole Christian party very soon forgot Jenkins, and hung on the teachings of Williams." But his views went further; four-fifths of the whole tribe were Pagans, and held Christianity in utter abhorrence; and the conversion of this part of the tribe now engaged his attention. Assuming a tone of authority, and demanding of them to listen to a message to them from the Great Spirit, he assembled them in the open air, and challenged them either to obey or refute the Gospel. In ten months the Pagan

party made a formal renunciation of paganism and recognized Christianity as taught by the Protestant Episcopal Church as the true faith, and announced their determination, as a tribe, to receive it and encourage its promulgation among the people. The following winter, the chief of this party, taking Williams and their interpreter, repaired to Albany, and their treated with the Governor of the State for a cession of a part of their reservation, for the express purpose of building a Protestant Episcopal Church, and providing a small fund for the support of a minister. The church was built that year; a neat edifice, about thirty-six by fifty feet, with a small tower, tastefully painted, and otherwise fitted up in an appropriate manner for a place of worship. Williams entered it as minister, though not as yet ordained; and the worthy Bishop was called to consecreate it, and confirm about fifty communicants."

The eclat of this sudden success of the Gospel at Oneida, under the efforts of Mr. Williams, sped far and wide, and brought him suddenly in great notice, and to a dizzy height.

It will be remembered that Eleazer Williams appeared at Oneida on March 23, 1816, to take up his work in this very unpromising field. In just ten months in the winter of January 25, 1817, the heathen and pagan tribes were converted, and appeared before the Governor of New York, at

Albany, and signed the renunciation of paganism, their heathen beliefs and practices, "have abandoned our idols and our sacrifices," "objuration of paganism and its rites", signed by eleven "chiefs and principal men of that part of the Oneida nation of Indians," known as Pagan Party; and they treated with him for the cession of a portion of their lands for the building of a church, and providing for a minister and his support. The church was built and Eleazer Williams mounted the pulpit in his robes as minister, though not yet ordained. The next year (September 3, 1818) Bishop Hobart made the journey to Oneida Castle and confirmed a class, Ellis says of fifty, Wight and Hanson say eighty-nine, and Draper says five hundred.

The labor of the missionary is among the noblest callings of man, demanding self sacrifice incalculable, and beyond the understanding of any one outside the work itself. A volunteer missionary is worthy of all praise. Many of them labor among these heathen people and no impression is made for generations. But here Eleazer Williams accomplished among these Oneida braves in one summer, the Christianization of a whole tribe; and it was sincere, it was successful. Those same savages are citizens and voters in New York and Wisconsin today. All the world has been dragged for some little item of abuse to

REV. ELEAZER WILLIAMS, 1850

From a painting now in possession of George Williams in St. Louis, given to him by his mother Mrs. John L. Williams of Oshkosh—It was painted in Boston for Amos Lawrence about 1850 and given to John L. Williams about 1857.

heap on Rev. Eleazer Williams, but this one act of his, accomplished alone and unaided which shall endure for ever to the benefit, even to the last generation of those people, and the good of humanity, is a monument worthy of the best of men.

He made visits to the surrounding tribes of the Iroquois nation, and preached to them with great power and persuasive eloquence, assisted by Jasper Parish and Horatio Jones, they persuaded the Senecas whose chief was Red Jacket to establish schools and other improvements among them, a large majority of whom had hitherto resisted any advance among them toward civilization. Most of this great work had been accomplished within two years.

It was in the summer of 1818, while on a visit to Montreal, that father Richards had told Rev. Williams of a conversation with the Abbe de Colonne at Three Rivers, intimating there was mystery in his history, saying, "you are, I suspect, of higher grade by blood, than the son of an Iroquois Chief." On returning to Caughnawaga, he found of the eleven children, whose birth was recorded in the mission church register, his was absent, which helped to raise in his mind, serious doubts of his parentage.

While at Oneida Castle, Thomas Williams twice came over the wooded hills and through the valleys from St. Regis, to visit him. Gener-

al Ellis who saw the chief on these visits says that many noticed their resemblance to each other. Eleazer Williams must have been a living composit picture, as it is variously asserted that he strongly resembled the Catholic Bourbons, the puritan Williams, and the last of the Mohawks. Rev. Williams had a wide reputation as one versed in the story and history of the Indian and frontier experience. But his information was quite limited as he had not traveled far, seen much or interviewed more than a few members of a limited number of tribes. His mail was loaded with inquiries on these subjects. Letters came to him from New York, Boston, Hartford and other places, asking for information of missionary labors which he could answer; but those were more difficult for him to answer to, which made inquiry of the travels of La Salle, Hennepin, Marquette, early conflicts of the Indian with New England and kindred topics. Rev. Samuel Jarvis, D. D., Colonel Elihu Hoyt, Franklin B. Hough, and Mrs. Lydia Huntly, Sigourney, sought his information of Indian tradition and history. In trying to satisfy this demand for aboriginal information he gave them some stories which might have taxed their credulity. He repeated a tradition of "the Bell of St. Regis", which Mrs. Sigourney wove into a beautiful poem and Henry W. Longfellow found worthy of his notice. The story as learned by Eleazer Will-

iams, and repeated to these inquiring people, was that at the burning of Deerfield, the savages tore the bell from the steeple of the little church where Rev. John Williams preached those devout sermons. Carrying it away through the forests and over the rivers, the clanging of the hammer filled them with superstitious dread, and they buried it beside a wild mountain stream from whence years afterward they carried it in solemn proccssion to St. Regis and mounted it into the little steeple in their mission church where it still rings the angelus. Some one more correct to history than charmed with romance has discovered that the old church of Deerfield had no bell, but we will ever be charmed by the sweet poem:

"Then down from the burning church they tore
The Bell of tuneful sound,
And on with their captive train they bore
That wonderful thing to their native shore,
The rude Canadian bound."

XVII.

THE DREAM OF AN INDIAN EMPIRE IN THE FAR WEST.

MANY generations agone the Apostle Eliot, had preached to the savages in Massachusetts and later Sampson Occom had been raised up a minister from the native wigwam, to stir with his savage eloquence tempered by Christianity into a song of peace, the longing hearts of broken tribes who had gone out on their last war party. The Pequot and warriors of King Philip now lined up and received the communion. The forest savage became a mission Indian and the remnants of those children of the wilderness who had greeted our forefathers in New England, gathered into a colony of brotherly love from which they took the name of Brothers and their town Brothertown. Occom having gone among the Oneida where he had great influence, long before Williams took up his work there, had just before the Revolutionary war obtained from his New York flock a deed of ten miles square of their lands in the Mohawk valley as a home for his Brothertown flock. Some of whom removed there at once, but all of them soon after the close of the war. Samuel Kirkland, laboring among the Oneida, joined with Occom to establish a missionary school which was the founding of Hamilton College.

The Muh he ka no ok or Husic Indians of Massachusetts had been the constant friends of the colonists and aided in the defense of the frontier from attack by Canada. The first white man to lay down in their wigwams and teach them a higher life was the elder John Sargeant. He removed them to Stockbridge where Jonathan Edwards preached to them. Soon as the Revolution was at an end, these civilized tribes wishing to go farther from civilization and whiskey, were also invited by the Oneidas to occupy a portion of their lands beside those given to the Brothertowns, and thus it was that Oneidas, the Stock bridges and Brothertowns were all located about the forest clad hills skirting the beautiful valley of the Mohawk river.

Emigration was in the air. White men were moving westward. The Mohawk and Cayugus tribes of the Iroquois who had remained loyal to the King in the war had removed into hunting grounds given them in Canada. The population of whites constantly increased about the Indian lands. The New England Indians were ready for another migration. Some of the Munsees or Delawares, had settled with the Miamis at White River, in Indiana, and by July 3, 1809, extended a formal invitation for the Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians to join them. As early as 1808, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States had carefully guarded a grant to the

Stockbridge tribe on White River. Henry Aupaumut their principal chief who had served in the colonial army against Burgoyne is named in the instrument as "Captain." Captain Hendrick Aupaumut was in the White River country from 1810 and later. While there he joined the national forces against Tecumseh and became an officer in the war of 1812. Losing his usefulness because of drunkenness, he was succeeded as chief in his tribe by his son Solomon Hendrick, who was a powerful advocate for emigration. By 1817, two families had reached White River. The emigration began next year led by Deacon John Matoxen a Mohegan, educated by the Moravains in Pennsylvania, of whom Rev. Calvin Colton has said—"Than whom a man of more exalted worth cannot be found upon earth." They march away over lands, after first organizing a church, and resting on the Sabbath day, sang the songs David Brainard had translated in Mohegan for their fathers. Weary and footsore this pilgrim band of psalm singing ex-savages arrived upon the banks of the White River, to find that the government had purchased their lands and they had no home in all that broad unpeopled forest.

Back there on the banks of the Mohawk, Solomon Hendrick, the young chief, "a man of more than ordinary energy and talent among the Indians," says Albert G. Ellis, "regarding the languishing condition of his people as a reproach to

the former name and glory of the old Mo ke kun mucks, used all his eloquence to cause the young men to rise and make an effort to recover their name and character. That their condition was due to their small space of ground, and being surrounded and preyed upon by the whites, from whose pernicious contact they were losing their physical energy by drunkenness. Their only hope lay in moving westward, at such distance from the whites as to escape the grog shop and whiskey." Then resident missionary, Rev. John Sargeant, the younger, seconded the views of the eloquent young chief. Soon the whole tribe become anthisastic for removal. The American Board of Missions became interested and gave their influence and aid, through whose inspiration Rev. Dr. Jedediah Morse, the father of the inventor of telegraphy, became deeply interested. He counselled the Indians that some one should go at once to the western tribes, to select the proper place and obtain the cession of land. Dr. Morse himself was selected. The War Department was requested to favor with money and influence the scheme, and appointed Dr. Morse as commissioner to make a general tour of the northwestern tribes to form a better understanding between them and the government. He was during the summer of 1820 in the West, spending three weeks at Green Bay, where he preached the first protestant sermon in Wisconsin. On his re-

turn he advised the Indians to move to the Green Bay region. "You will never again be disturbed. The white man will never go there. He will never desire these lands. They are too far off."

During this time John C. Calhoun, the eloquent statesman of South Carolina, was secretary of war and favored the project of removing the New York Indians to the Wisconsin region to form an Indian Territory of the north to reduce the number of possible free states. The state could not compel removal, though public sentiment was favorable. The Ogden Land Company owned the reversionary right in the New York Indian lands and were financially interested in their voluntary emigration. The Christian people desired their removal from the influence of those who sold them whiskey. Among the earliest advocates of westward emigration was Eleazer Williams, who had just made his famed conquest of heathendom in the wilderness settlement of the Oneida. Some have supposed he originated this splendid means of preserving this race of red men. He gave it all the favor his eloquence and energy could command. "Whether Mr. Williams borrowed the idea from Dr. Morse", says Mr. Ellis, "the Mo he kun nucks or the Ogden Land Company or whether it was as he stoutly maintained, original in his own mind, certain it is, that some time in 1818, he began to broach cautiously among his Indian people a proposition of removing all the In-

dians of that State, as well as many of those of Canada, and the Senecas at Sandusky, to the neighborhood of Green Bay, and there unite them in one grand confederacy of cantons, but all under one federal head; the government to be a mixture civil, military and ecclesiastic, the latter to be pre-eminent. Grand imposing and fascinating in the extreme were the plans and designs of the new government, which he conceived and embodied, to lay before the Indian Chiefs. With some of the younger men, the thing took deeply; but with the other and more sober minded chiefs, it had no charm, and his late popularity so high, now descended more quickly than it had risen. Seeming to withdraw his proposition, he however adroitly plied his ingenuity with the younger men of note and talent in the tribe, and very soon succeeded in drawing into his plans some four or five of the young hereditary chiefs. Having secured this point among the Oneidas, he visited the other tribes of the Six Nations, and by holding out dazzling promises of future glory and aggrandizement, he enticed a few young men of each tribe to enter into his scheme. He next addressed the War Department, in imitation of the Stockbridge soliciting its countenance and assistance to enable a delegation of twenty from the several tribes of the Six Nations to visit the western tribes for the purpose of obtaining a cession of the country for a new home. The re-

sponse of the department was favorable, having doubtless been influenced by other parties moving for the same objects.

"Thus, it is to be observed, that whether singular or not, there was a combination of influences, dissimilar in motive but perfectly consonant in purpose, all operating at the same moment in urging a removal of the New York Indians to Green Bay. Each one of the parties claimed the eclat of originating the scheme; we incline to the belief, however, that they all, the Land Company, the Mo-he-kun-nucks and Mr. Williams, might, and probably did conceive at pretty near the same period of time, the idea of a new home for these Indians in the west," says Mr. Ellis. In the winter of 1819 and '20 the application of the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Senecas, Onondagas, St. Regis and Stockbridge delegates (the latter acting independent and separate) was made to the War Department, for permission to visit the Indians in the neighborhood of Green Bay. The response of the Department was made by granting them a copy of an order to the several Superintendents of Indian affairs, and Commandants of military posts, to issue to the delegates, not exceeding twelve certain amounts of rations, blankets, powder, lead, &c., and to facilitate their movements on their journey. The Superintendent of Indian affairs at Detroit was moreover ordered to make a requisition, on the naval officer

stationed at that place for a U. S. vessel, should one be at that post fit for service to be put at the disposal of the delegates to take them across Lake Huron and Michigan to Green Bay. Thus equipped, in July 1820, the delegation repaired to Detroit, and paid their respects to Gen. Cass. As Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Gov. Cass received the party courteously; but it was soon apparent that as Governor of Michigan, the project of New York's quartering her Indian tribes on his territory, would receive no special encouragements, beyond the line of his duty, in obedience to the orders of his superiors. By him the delegates were furnished with blankets, powder, lead, rations, etc., but were informed that no government vessels were fit for the service. They were further informed, (and the news was astounding enough), that their proposed journey to Green Bay, if for the purpose of treating with the Menomonees, would be quite unnecessary, as that tribe had a few days before ceded to the United States, Col. John Bowyer, Indian Agent at Green Bay, acting as commissioner, forty miles square of their land in the immediate vicinity of Fort Howard, the eye of their intended purchase, the key to the country they sought—this purchase by the United States frustrated all their plans, defeated their dearest hopes. Chagrined, but not discouraged, the delegates retraced their steps to New York." Dr. Morse was

provoked on learning of the treaty, saying it was, "an attempt of wicked speculators to defraud them of valuable lands." He explained the situation to President Monroe, who rejected the treaty, without even submitting it to the senate.

The following spring, a new order was issued by the War Department to Indian agents and commandants of Military forts in favor of the delegates. There were fourteen delegates, three from the Stockbridges, one of whom was the eloquent Solomon Hendrick, four from the Oneida, one Onandago, two from the Tuscaroras, the emigrant tribe who had joined the Iroquois from South Carolina, the descendants of those who had tomahawked John Lawson, three from the bold Senecas who admitted Red Jacket their chief, and the eloquent missionary Eleazer Williams, who represented the St. Regis branch of the Mohawks. The Munsees had one delegate. In the party was a young Oneida chief, "a man of the best morals, and unshaken fidelity as well as of high standing in the tribe, Cornelius Bear, who had made up his mind to look with marked favor on the project of emigration," says Mr. Ellis. It was Bear who induced Mr. Ellis to become a member of the party and thereby lead by an Oneida Indian he came to honor Wisconsin by a residence of over fifty years.

Rev. Eleazer Williams, who led the party, carried a long letter from Bishop John Hobart, of

New York, written to prepare the Oneida for removal, and urging them: "My children, let Mr. Williams go and aid him all you can in the objects of the journey." Also a letter from Governor De Witt Clinton of New York State: "Mr. Eleazer Williams, etc., being on an exploring tour to the west, on business of importance, I do hereby recommend them to the protection, etc., of all persons." (May 17, 1821). The removal was also favored by Mr. Monroe, President of the United States, John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, Rev. Dr. Morse and many other eminent divines and statesmen.

In the bright month of June the mission party crowded the stage coach, which wound over the hills and through the flower swept valleys of picturesque New York, fanned by breezes from Ontario and hearing for the first time the roar of Niagara, the delegates landed in the straggling frontier village of Buffalo, then containing a hundred wooden homes and no harbor. The new steamboat, "Walk in the Water," lay at Black Rock, two miles up the Niagara river, where these travelers took passage, to be propelled by her "powerful low pressure engines" to Detroit. But she could not stem the rapids to the lake and was towed out by nine yoke of oxen going along the beach at the end of six hundred feet of rope. This wonderful steamer was very long and slender, and the next fall proved unseaworthy by

breaking into pieces in a storm on Lake Erie. We wonder how much the world would have lost in little Kings, if the last of the Bourbons or Mohawks had found an early grave in the bottom of the lake.

In three days they arrived at Detroit, "built on a single street," a mile long, and Governor Cass dwelling in a log house a mile out of town. He received the Williams delegates courteously, but informed them the French inhabitants of Green Bay were hostile to their intentions. Governor Cass added Hon. C. C. Trowbridge to the party as special agent for the government and very soon speeded them on their way by a passage on the "Walk in the Water," which carried five companies of troops to the up country posts. In a few days they steamed into the far off white washed French hamlet of Green Bay, on the first steam boat to ride upon the charming Fox river.

Eleazer Williams discovered that Mr. Bowyer the Indian agent was dead and the Menomonee and Winnebago savages not having been apprised of their coming must be hunted up and brought into council. By August 18, 1821 the date of the treaty, they had a grant for the New York Indians of a strip of land four miles wide, crossing the Fox river at Little Chute, running each way across Wisconsin. But on the return of the delegation in the fall the tribes expressed opposition to emigration and consequently those who op-

posed it became bitter against Eleazer Williams, who however, believing he was doing them a great good by seeking a home removed from the vices that surrounded them persisted in his endeavors to obtain their consent to removal.

The following year he led a larger delegation to Green Bay under the inspiration of the War Department, to which Governor Cass added the Rev. John Sargeant, the famous Congregational missionary of the Stockbridges. Having paid five hundred dollars the year before on the four mile strip they carried with them fifteen hundred dollars worth of goods to complete the purchase. The delegation arrived in the cool of September and took possession of the empty house formerly occupied by Agent Colonel Bowyer, near the fort. The native tribes were assembled, who came and camped on the surrounding plain along the river bank to the number of four thousand, an imposing spectacle, a wild jabbering throng of Wisconsin savages, of the Menomonee and Winnebago natives. Solomon Hendrick made the opening talk. The goods in complete payment for the former session were sorted out and heaped into two equal piles, consisting of blankets, calicos, blue cloth, guns, powder, lead, shot, barrels of pork and flour, and a quantity of tobacco. "Not a drop of liquor was seen." The next day the Williams party sought an increase of the grant of land, but were refused. "The Winnebagoes were

preparing to leave," says Mr. Ellis, "for their fall hunt; but before starting they would treat their grandfathers to a dance. The whole tribe assembled in front of the house in a large circle, the dancers, and drummer, the master of ceremonies, in the center; first they gave the pipe dance, an amusing affair, a single one dancing at a time, the trick of which seemed to be to keep time with the drum, and especially to suspend action instantaneously with the cessation of the instrument, the dancer to remain in the exact attitude in which the cessation of the drum caught him; frequently the attitude was ridiculous in the extreme; and the maintaining it for a moment, till the drum commenced again, formed an exciting tableau. Next followed the begging dance, preceded by a speech of the drummer, setting forth the extreme want of some of their very old, poor people, and asking charity in their behalf. The whole concluded with the war dance, a sight to test the nerves of the stoutest heart. The Winnebagoes at that time, fifty-four years ago, were in all their perfectfon of savage wildness; two thousand of them, men and women, young and old, were massed in a circle, standing fifty deep; the whites, army officers, in the inner ring, and the warrior dancers, drummer, and singers in the center. Twenty of their most stalwart young warriors took their places with not a thread of clothing save the breech cloth; but all painted

in most gorgeous colors, and especially the faces with circles of black, white, red, green and blue around the eyes, giving the countenances expressions indescribably fierce and hideous, all armed with tomahawks, knives and spears. At first the dance was slow, to measured time of the drum and song; for there were a hundred singers, with the voice of the drummer, both male and female, the latter prevailing above the former. Soon they began to wax warm, the countenances assumed unearthly expressions of fierceness; their tread shook the solid earth, and their yells at the end of each cadence, rent the very heavens. None could endure the scene unmoved--unappalled. This tribe at that period, with their stalwart men, Amazonian women, and independent mein, athletic figures, and defiant bearing, can hardly be recognized as the same race, in the degraded Oneidas, who are now seen in our streets, whose abject mien, attenuated, shrunken forms, half starved, naked, destitute, miserable mendicants, half civilized though they be, furnish a painful commentary on our Indian civilization."

"When the dances were concluded, a shaking of hands, with a grand "bosho," all round, the Winnebagoes prepared to leave the ground; and in an hour, there was not a sign of one to be seen. The Menomonees lingered; they felt more kindly disposed towards the two grand-fathers; negotiations were soon renewed, resulting finally in a

further treaty, granting the New York Indians a right in common with them, to all their country without reserve; the which treaty though no doubt made in good faith, became subsequently the source of almost endless trouble, terminating at last in confining the New York Indians to two small reserves; one for the Stockbridges, Munsees and Brothertowns, on the east shore of Lake Winnebago, of some eight by twelve miles; and the other twelve miles square on Duck Creek, for the Oneidas; and from this last, the whites are just now moving heaven and earth to dislodge the Indians." Most of the Stockbridge, Brothertowns, Munsees and several hundred Oneidas settled on these lands, but the majority of the Oneidas and most of the other Iroquois tribes never favored the movement. Dr. Morse expected to locate a school, by funds held in trust by Harvard and by Dartmouth, but did not succeed. "To the people who followed Eleazer Williams to what is now Wisconsin, belong the credit of building the first Protestant church in all this region," probably at Little Kakalin, where Eleazer Williams built himself a log cabin home in the forest on the high red banks of the Fox river, upon a tract of five thousand acres of rich land. In the one great hope of those who favored the isolation of the Indian for his own good were greatly disappointed in the moral results, for Deacon John Metoxen in a speech before the council in 1830

GOV. LEWIS CASS COUNCIL WITH 5000 WISCONSIN INDIANS

[illegible] are temporary barracks, Gov. Cass in the boat in foreground.

remarked: "You see brothers the white man is here, he has brought the strong water to sell to our people." The hopes of the good John Sargeant had not been realized, who had written when the people were moving: "Means will now be used to exclude spirituous liquor and white heathen from Green Bay."

Eleazer Williams should have full measure of praise in his laudable endeavor to better the condition of the Oneida, and that it was not wholly successful, was no fault of his. "Surely the historian, the patriot, and the philanthropist may well rejoice over the coming to Wisconsin of the New York Indians. Sometime, it may be, the story will be told in romance or in song," says Rev. John Nelson Davidson, A. M.

There was a contest for years over the rights in this grant, and at the treaty of Little Butte des Morts Lake, held at the foot of the great prehistoric mound, named "Hill of the Dead" on the western bank of the charming little lake in Fox river and opposite the present city of Menasha, during the Winnebago trouble in 1827, where over 5,000 Indians held a council with Governor Lewis Cass, the Menomonee ceded to the Government all these lands. But the contest for the rights of the New York Indians continued until some years later. The unpopularity of the emigration among the Indians in New York and the open objection to it in Wisconsin, reflected on Rev. Eleazer Wil-

liams, and made him unpopular, though he had a host of strong, influential friends. In all about eleven hundred Oneidas, and four hundred Stockbridges and Brothertowns came to Wisconsin, a very large number considering the strong party opposing.

The Oneida were finally located on a tract of forest land lying about five miles west of Depere and ten miles south-west of Green Bay, of 65,400 acres in extent, watered by Duck Creek and its tributaries. Of this seven thousand acres have been cleared and brought under cultivation. Their station on the railway is Oneida, where is located the mission buildings, hospital and library, and the government buildings and schools. The Oneida have their own native trained nurses and doctor and Deacon; also saw mill, blacksmith shop and creamery.

They have long since abandoned blankets and feathers and the tepee; live in log houses, and many of them in modern frame or brick homes, adorned with pictures, and they have books; while well kept lawns, gardens and shade trees are seen about their homes. They are self supporting, subsist by labor of their own hands, and the males have recently been granted the right of ballot in Wisconsin. During the civil war they sent 135 Union volunteer soldiers to the front. The population now numbers 2,000 souls, while often 1,000 of these are in the grand old

THE ONEIDA OF THE PRESENT TIME

From a photo by Mr. C. A. Lawton during their annual fair at their reservation in Wisconsin

Hobart stone church at once. The picture shown is representative as it was taken with a camera with a large number of others at the annual Oneida fair and the people did not pose or dress for the purpose.

After Rev. Williams resigned as their Missionary in 1830, the Rev. Richard F. Cadle served them until 1836, when he was succeeded by the good Rev. Solomon Davis who labored among them for eleven years. Rev. F. R. Haff, his successor came in 1847 and remained until 1852. He is still a revered and beloved working rector in the Episcopal church, now located at Oshkosh. Then came Rev. Edward A. Goodnough whose splendid work of thirty-six years as their preacher and good angel only ended with his death. It was during this period that the change was made of reading the church service from the Mohawk Prayer Book to the English Prayer Book in the year 1870, about a half century after Rev. Williams by his eloquence had persuaded them from their pagan rites. It was during this mission also that the great grand stone Hobart church was erected in 1886, from which Rev. Goodnough was buried. The Rev. Solomon S. Burleson then took up the work and remained to die in his labors and was buried on the Reservation. Then came Rev. F. W. Merrill the present missionary who is carrying on the splendid work the great Protestant Episcopal Church has pursued so many years,

begun by the noble missionary Rev. Eleazer Williams under the inspiration and patronage of the Rt. Rev. Bishop John Henry Hobart of New York. The Rev. Cornelius Hill a former chief was the first Oneida Indian elevated to be Deacon and Interpreter.

XVIII.

MARRIED TO "THE BELLE OF THE FOX RIVER VALLEY."

WHILE living in New England Mr. Williams had been disappointed in his courtship with some white maiden of an austere puritan home.

When he came to Green Bay, he sought in marriage one of the beautiful daughters of the Grignon family, which would have united the fugitive from the Temple to the descendants of Charles de Langlade, who had no peer in his defense of France in Canada. Over a century ago there came to Green Bay, almost the first smith, then a young man, Joseph Jourdian, a French Canadian. He was an expert at the forge, an artist over the anvil; could fashion a razor or a sword. Life would have been hardly worth the effort on the distant frontier without the smithy, for there were no made up nails, farm utensils or other necessaries. The pipe tomahawks which he forged out of the tip of a gun barrel are celebrated and bring fancy prices. The handsome smith married Margaret, the creole daughter of Micheal Gravel, whose wife was a Menomonee princess. One son of Joseph Jourdain was well known to the writer. He was tall, large, handsome and well liked by all who knew him. Joseph

Jourdain moved to Menasha in 1835, where he lived until his death in 1866, and was buried in Allouez cemetery, Green Bay. He was beloved by all his neighbors, as a kind-hearted, generous man. Such was the parentage of beautiful Mary Magdalene Jourdain, who at fourteen years of age, and a school girl, was informed one morning, March 3, 1823, by her sister; "that she need not go to school that day, as she was to be married to Priest Williams in the evening." There is a tradition that the handsome creole, said by Mr. Draper to have been the "belle of the Fox River valley," was then betrothed to another, whom some have said was a military gentleman. Of the courtship we are not informed; but all accounts agree that as arranged by Mr. Williams, with the mother of Matilda, it was, "a marriage without courtship." In the evening Mr. Albert G. Ellis drove Mr. Williams to the Jourdain residence, located near the site of the upper bridge on the east side of the river, where he found Mr. Ebenezer Childs, the wag of the settlement, neither of whom knew what was to happen. Judge James Porlier, the cultured gentleman trader and Probate Judge, was sent for over the river where he resided in the home later called the Tank House. He drew up the contract in the French language, and performed the marriage service, as there was no minister in the settlement.

MRS. MARY HOBART WILLIAMS

From an old print in possession of Josephine Phillips on the homestead.

Mr. Williams commissioned Mr. Ellis to repair to New York to solicit funds to establish a mission school for the Indians, but he did not meet with success. Nor would the school have met with favor among the Oneidas, they were not quite up to that. The school afterward established by that good man, Rev. Cadle was run for a year with only one scholar.

The immense tract of 4,800 acres held by Mr. Williams was laid out by Mr. Ellis in 1826. It was at Little Kaukalin, now known as Little Rapids, six miles above De Pere, and about fourteen miles by river above Green Bay. He resided in the log cabin on this place as long as he remained in the west, and his wife resided there until her death, and died there. The extent of the tract was much reduced, but the homestead is still occupied by the descendant of "Nan" who lived with the family many years.

The most prominent man in Green Bay when Rev. Eleazer Williams went there, was Pierre A. Grignon, a grandson of Captain Charles de Langlade, the famous frontier scout, ranger and leader of the western savages in some of the most celebrated battles in colonial history. Pierre was head of the family, the eldest of five brothers, one of whom was Augustin. The family owned nearly all the land about the village. Rev. Eleazer Williams soon made the acquaintance of Pierre, was well received by him, and invited to

the abundant hospitalities of his home. He had the manners of a courtier, was intelligent, liberal and generous, of a tall commanding figure, and open countenance, which obtained the respect and good will of strangers. He became attached to Rev. Williams, and through his Indian hunters, kept his table well supplied with game, venison, fish and fowl. In the winter of 1823, he was very ill and sent for Rev. Williams, who on arrival at his home found him prostrated with lung fever, and a bad cough. The surgeon of the garrison had prescribed for him without relief. Rev. Williams read prayers, and offered the comforts of religion, which he repeated for several days, when Mr. Grignon was found to be very weak and failing rapidly, then he offered the consolation of the Catholic church for the dying, reading in French and Latin from the Roman missal. Mr. Grignon sensible of the kindness of Rev. Williams and wishing to do something for him, requested Rev. Williams to express a wish, when he reminded him of his old saw mill, and requested to use it to make the lumber for his house. This was readily agreed to, and the use of the mill given him for one or two years. He died March 3, 1823, and Rev. Eleazer Williams officiated at the funeral.

Eleazer took his wife to New York in 1825, where her confirmation by Bishop Hobart in Trinity Church excited much interest, at the same

time she was given the name Mary Hobart. The following year Eleazer Williams was ordained as deacon by Bishop Hobart at Oneida in New York State. On this occasion there was present a great many clergymen, among whom were Rev. Dr. Anthon of St. Marks, and Rev. Treadway of Malone. The performance of the marriage ceremony being a civil service at that time in Michigan territory, the civil division wherein was located Green Bay, Rev. Eleazer Williams was authorized to perform the service. He officiated as clergyman at the Bay, at different times for many years, though not at any stated and regular dates. One day there landed at the sleepy post one Colonel John McNeil, who woke up the whole garrison, and had them painting and brushing and polishing up the old barracks. After establishing a school, he erected a building styled the assembly room for all manner of social gatherings; "a place to make people happy," he said. Finding the Rev. Eleazer Williams without a place for meetings, he was invited to occupy these rooms for religious services. Seats were provided, notices given, "and the hall filled to its capacity" by the soldiers and officers in uniform, and citizens. "Thus a full congregation heard the word of truth from the missionary, and in this way the gospel was proclaimed on Colonel McNeil's invitation, at his Assembly room for the winter," says Mr. Ellis.

Rev. Williams had an annual salary for a number of years of two hundred and fifty dollars and some years of one hundred and fifty dollars; whether it was paid or not, we do not know; but he was most of his life harassed by poverty, both at Oneida, Green Bay and St. Regis. At one time Mr. Whitney, the rich merchant at Green Bay had sold some of Rev. William's cattle for debt; though he gave him a good character to Bishop Kemper in 1834, who said in his diary, Whitney "has at least kind feelings, toward Williams." The missionary seldom lives in affluence.

Rev. Williams often traveled to Washington and New York state, to obtain from the Government the money justly due himself and his reputed father for his losses in the war. He also visited in Buffalo. Being in the east at Oneida in 1831, without funds or support, or money with which to travel home, he was given this letter by Bishop Onderdonk:

HUDSON, June 13, 1831.

"The bearer, the Rev. Eleazer Williams, having by various expenditures, while in the spiritual service of his brethen, the aborigines of our country, and in consequence of a long and severe indisposition, became seriously embarrassed in his circumstances, is hereby respectfully and affectionately commended to the Christian beneficence of the members of our communion. I also introduce him to my clerical brethren generally,

as a clergyman of respectable standing and attainments, and good, moral and religious character." "BENJ. T. ONDERDONK,

"Bishop of the diocese of New York."

Returning to St. Regis in 1835, he established a school and was appointed schoolmaster by Lord Aylmer, Governor General of Canada; but on being informed by Mr. James Hughes the Indian agent, that he must instruct the Indian children, to listen to the Catholic priest in matters of religion, he resigned rather than infringe on "The liberty of conscience."

By uncertain assistance he was enabled to continue the school until the following summer. He then returned to his home in Wisconsin.

With his son John Lawe Williams, a young man of sixteen, on June 22, 1841, he set out for New York state. June 29th they were at Oneida; from whence they journeyed to Hogansburg, and on the way to New York City, Rev. Williams was taken sick at Cohoes. They attended the celebration in August 1841, of the quarter century of the conversion of six hundred pagan Oneida Indians to the Christian faith. This wonderful event had been celebrated with great pomp and ceremony every three years. As his eloquence and persuasive power had drawn them from their pagan ways, he was one of the chief men at these triennial gatherings. On this occasion, before the vast concourse of Indians and whites, he delivered

two sermons on—"The salvation of sinners," which have been published.

October 1st, he was at Hogansburg, a small village three miles from St. Regis, where he was waiting the meeting of Commissioners to hear the evidence and pass upon some claim to rights of the St. Regis Indians to certain government funds. He was in correspondence with Hon. William B. Ogden of New York, about some matters of importance to himself, when in his reply, Mr. Ogden had informed Williams of the intended journey of the Prince de Joinville to Green Bay. Rev. Williams wishing to see the Prince, cut short his stay at Hogansburg, and with his son, began his immediate return home. We are informed of this by his own letter sent back to the inn keeper soon after, in which he said—"It was my intention to remain in Hogansburg, till after the meeting of the commissioners, but I was hindered in consequence of the intimation of the Prince de Joinville of visiting Green Bay, and I was just in time to meet him on the route."

XIX

ALL THROUGH THE YEARS WHEREVER HE WENT THE GHOST OF THE LOST KING HOVERED ABOUT HIM.

WHEN the first idea of his identity with King Louis XVII of France, came to Eleazer Williams is lost in obscurity. He did not know himself, as he has placed it at different periods. Way back in those early days of his triumph over the heathen customs of the Oneida, about a year after Mr. Albert G. Ellis arrived to be his companion, in 1820, "he dropped a few remarks," says Ellis, "that but for his Dauphin claim, thirty years after, I should have forgotten. He was vain of his personal appearance. One day after shaving and making his toilet, he was admiring himself before the glass, when he challenged me to admire his fine looks, especially his keen eye, rosy cheeks and bright countenance; and truth to say, he was not bad looking at the age of thirty or thirty-five. 'See,' said he, 'is this the face of a savage? How much Indian blood is there? We will see in time, whether the Indian or white man prevails in this face."

Numerous instances have been given in former pages of Frenchmen visiting him at the home of his Indian father, and of the conversations he had overheard at home and other places, all calculated to arouse his suspicion of something in his

history which remained a mystery. But he seemed to have solved it by 1838 or before, for at that time as mentioned in another place, he entered the newspaper office of George H. Haskins, editor of "the Buffalo Express," in Buffalo, New York, and "confided to him under seal of most profound secrecy, that he, Eleazer, was the lost Dauphin of France, mentioned his early idiocy, his fall in Lake George, and miraculous restoration of memory."

Then came the French officers tramping into Caughnawaga from Montreal, met him at the wigwam of the ancient squaw, he owned as mother, "and told him that he looked like the Bourbons, that he was the same age the Dauphin would have been, and that perhaps he was the Dauphin himself." And so all through the years, wherever he went, the ghost of the Lost King hovered about him.

Now came the visit of the Prince de Joinville in the cool of autumn, October 1841.

Napolean who had ridden on the last waves of the Revolution into power made a wreck of Europe and established a court outshining in splendor and etiquette, all the ancient courts of Europe, saw his star set when the Russian and German armies entered Paris, ten years later. Emperor Alexander then permitted the French to choose their own ruler, and the Senate decreed France to be an hereditary monarchy, and called the

eldest surviving brother of Louis XVI to the throne. The entry of Louis XVIII into the Tuileries met with universal approval; but in exile he, had "nothing remembered, and nothing forgotten." From the very first it was intended to restore the monarchy with all its former absolutism, which was unpopular. With the return of the royal party came Madam Royal, sister of the Lost King, now the Duchese d' Angouleme, who was so effected on entering the palace again after twenty-two years, that she fainted. What remained of the Temple was demolished in 1811; but a weeping willow in the garden, planted in 1814 by the Duchese of Angouleme, marks the spot to-day where the tower stood.

A funeral service took place at the ancient Cathedral of Notre Dame in memory of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and Princess Elizabeth, an imposing public ceremony of deep solemnity, attended by the members of the royal family, all the monarchs, generals and ministers of state in Paris. Some months later, the remains of the royal martyrs were exhumed and ceremoniously interred at St. Denis, that mausoleum of all the Kings of France. Why was not the Lost King Louis XVII included in this imposing funeral service? Also in this removal to St. Denis; and why was his name not placed on the monument erected to these royal victims of the Revolution? In a few months Napoleon had landed from Elba, the

Bourbons bundled out of Paris and "Napoleon entered the Tuileries; and such was the enthusiasm of his welcome, that he was literally borne by the crowd up the staircase of the palace, with cries of 'vive le Emperor,' yet in a hundred days he met his Waterloo. Wellington and Blucher made their triumphal entry into Paris. Louis XVIII returned to the Tuileries, was unpopular, and on his death after a reign of ten years, the Duke d'Artois, his brother, became King Charles X. He was too much a Bourbon to be popular. In 1830, after a stormy reign of six years, an insurrection in Paris at which eight thousand people were killed, compelled him to flee across the channel.

The infamous Duke of Orleans, originator of the Revolution, cousin of the King, and who as member of the Assembly voted for "death," in the trial of the King, had by his noble wife, the only daughter of the grand old nobleman, the Duke of Penthievre, a family of whom the eldest son, Louis Philippe, Duke de Chartres, fought under Demourier in the Revolutionary army, and escaped into Switzerland, where he taught school; afterwards traveled in America and lived in Brooklyn. There is a story that he was a changeling, the son of low birth. He married Princess Marie Amelie, daughter of a sister of Marie Antoinette, who as a child had wept for the death of the Dauphin in the Temple, and who was to have married him if he lived.

He returned to France in the train of the royalists when Napoleon abdicated in 1814, as Duke of Orleans, recovered his property and lived with his family at the beautiful chateau of Neuilly, near Paris.

The provisional government which rose out of the insurrection which drove King Charles out of France was composed of the veteran revolutionists Lafayette, Lafitte, the rich banker, Thiers, the literary historian and Talleyrand the diplomat. They determined to bring Louis Philippe to the throne, but the envoy sent to inform, could not find him. At midnight he entered Paris on foot in plain clothes, having clambered over the barricades. First made Lieutenant General of the Kingdom, he was elected by the bourgeoisie or trades men and merchants, as King. "He was short and stout. His head was shaped like a pear and surmounted by an elaborate brown wig," to cover his gray hair. He was not majestic. He was not popular, nor an ideal Frenchman, but of the small groser type. He was anxious to marry off his children to prosperous and rich thrones. There were many occasions to cause him to study the means to make his throne more secure. In fact he was driven into exile after reigning eighteen years as the citizen King. He had not favored Lafayette, after he became King and Talleyrand who when signing his constitution had remarked that it was the thirteenth he had

signed, now an old man died in a few years. The masses began to clamor again against the classes "as guilty of diabolical selfishness and systematic robbery of the poor." The gay Duchess de Berri, with several friends landed near Marseilles in 1832, with the ambitious design of placing her son, the Duke de Bordeaux, grandson of Charles X. on the throne. After many adventures she was caught and imprisoned in the citadel of Blaye. Louis Napoleon impelled by fancies regarding his "destiny," resolved to make an attempt to recover the Empire, appeared at Strosburg in 1836, and endeavored to seduce the soldiers to rally to his standard, but having failed he was deported. Again he made the attempt, was seized and imprisoned in the fortress of Ham.

Louis Philippe was shot at thirteen times; but escaped assassination. He is said to have ridden in a steel lined carriage with his back to the horses. Though there was comparative peace abroad, "He had," says William Chambers, "what might be called a continual battle for existence, which rendered it imperative on him to adopt those stringent and repressive measures, which supplied to his indefatigable adversaries renewed grounds of reproach and vituperation."

Such being the history of his reign, one can readily believe that he would be justified in proposing terms to all those who laid claim to rights in the crown, which he must feel he held, but by

accident. The story of Eleazer Williams which was known long before 1841, may have come to his notice. He would not despise it. Talleyrand who expired in 1838, had left secret memoirs. Barras, whose name has been so long connected with the disappearance of the Little King, had died the year before Louis Philippe became King, and Barras had left secret memoirs of his time, which had been seized by the government, and never published until 1895. The archives were accessible to the King, and doubtless revealed the unknown history of Louis XVII. There was every reason why King Louis Philippe should seek an arrangement with Eleazer Williams, who was making claim to the throne, even if his story was a myth, for he thereby removed any trouble which it might bring to his unstable position.

XX

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE CROSSES AMERICA TO INTERVIEW ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

THE son of King Louis Philippe would be the proper person to conduct the negotiation as it was strictly a family affair, and being in command of a ship, the Prince could sail to New York or Boston with his "Belle Paule," with her five hundred sailors and his staff, without exciting any suspicion. This he did do. The Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe was now twenty-three years of age, "slender, tall, dark, a very naval appearing man."

In the autumn of 1841, when Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer was a girl of nineteen, she came out to Boston to remain the winter with the family of George Ticknor, and go into society with their daughter a debutante. Some weeks before Christmas it was announced that the Prince de Joinville, who, after bringing back the body of Napoleon, the year before from St. Helena to Paris, had brought his frigate the Belle Paule to America, was coming to Boston. A great reception and ball was to be given for him and his officers in the historic Faneuil Hall, and the young girls in the smart set were elated at the prospect. The day fixed upon drew near. The officers of

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE

Son of King Louis Philippe, sent to see Eleazer Williams at Green Bay.

the Belle Paule assembled in Boston, but there was no Prince, nor any news of him. Where could he be? The officers were questioned, said they "believed he was in western New York, near the frontier of Canada." There was mystery in his movements, which were kept secret from the public and his officers. The day before the ball and still no Prince. How could they have the ball without him? Expectation rose high among the young ladies. On the morning of the ball, however, they heard the Prince had arrived.

It was a most beautiful reception, with tricolor decorations, which still lingers in the memory of the happy participants. But none discovered until the appearance of Putnam's with the "Bourbon among us" story, the whereabouts of the Prince while they waited in Boston for his return. He was off across America to interview Eleazer Williams.

After the celebration of his early triumph in missionary labor at Oneida, Rev. Williams, journeyed to St. Regis, to see the aged Indian chief and squaw whom he had supposed were his parents. Here he tarried until in October, then began his return to his wife and children on the bank of the Fox river above Green Bay in Wisconsin. He crossed New York state by stage, took a Chicago boat at Buffalo, which landed him at Mackinac. Before leaving St. Regis he had learned of the arrival of the Prince de Joinville

in America. Of this he says: "One of the first questions that he asked on his arrival in New York was, whether there was such a person known as Eleazer Williams, among the Indians in the northern part of the state; and after some inquiries, in different quarters, he was told that there was such a person, who was at that time a Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal church, at Green Bay, Wisconsin, and he was advised to apply for further information to some prominent members of the church in the city. He accordingly applied to Mr. Thomas Ludlow Ogden, who at the Prince's request, wrote to me, stating that the Prince was then in the country, and before his return to France, would be happy to have an interview with me. I replied to Mr. Ogden, that I should be exceedingly happy to see the Prince at any time. I was much surprised with his communication; but supposed however, that as I had resided a long time in the west, and had been chaplin to Gen. Taylor, he might desire some local information which I could give him as readily as most men." The Prince leaving most of his companions at Albany had taken stage across the whole state of New York to Buffalo; where he took steamer to Green Bay; on a voyage across Lake Erie, passed Detroit through the St. Croix river and lake; then over Lake Huron to the strait of Mackinac, landing at the old fort of Mackinac on the Island, thence over the head of Lake

Michigan to Green Bay, over the waters of which he arrived at the village, and put up at the Astor House. Of this journey the Prince has furnished the plausable explanation in his Memoirs: "I was anxious to go, via. the Great Lakes to Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, and there starting from Mackinac, the old Indian Michillimacinac, to follow up the track of our officers, soldiers and missionaries who pushed on till they discovered the Mississippi." He denies afterwards that he made the journey to see Eleazer Williams. But the reason he gives for the journey is singular, in view of the historical fact that the French "officers, soldiers and missionaries" voyaged on the Ottawa river in Canada, to the upper Lake Huron and thence to the strait of Mackinac, not over New York state, or Lake Erie or Huron. Also that the Michillimackinac of those "soldiers and missionaries," was on the mainland in Michigan on Lake Michigan, not on the Island where he landed, but eight miles distant. Also that the Astor House at Green Bay where he lodged and the home of Captain John McCarty where he slept, were across the river from the old French Fort, and the McCarty lodge was fourteen miles away from the old French fort, or six miles from DePere, the only historical scenes. Hence the Prince journeyed a good many hundred miles to see the sites which he did not seek to see when he arrived. If his purpose is to be credited, it is

very strange that after an historical pilgrimage of thousands of miles, he had not set his patent leather boot on a single spot of earth made sacred by that noble army of discoverers, missionaries or soldiers of France, who blazed the pathway to the west. That the Prince did seek to meet Eleazer Williams, is verified by Captain Shook of the Columbus, on which he voyaged to the Island of Mackinac of whom he requested information of Eleazer Williams.

Mr. George T. Raymond, editor of "Northern Light" of Hallowell, Maine, wrote Putnams—"I joined the Joinville party in New York, traveled with it to Green Bay, and during several conversations with the Prince, heard him express a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams, and have an interview with him." Mr. James O. Brayman, one of the editors of the "Buffalo Courier" wrote to Rev. Dr. John Hanson: "In the fall of 1841, I took steamboat at Cleveland for Detroit. The Prince de Joinville and party were on board, having come up from Buffalo. There were also several gentlemen of French descent from Detroit, aboard. In the evening, when sitting in the cabin, the prince conversed freely —part of the time in French, part in English. While conversing with the late Col. Beaubien, he made the inquiries concerning Mr. Williams, and spoke of his intention of visiting him at Green Bay. Col. B., who had, I believe, been an Indian

trader, knew Mr. W. well, personally or by reputation, and replied to the Prince as to his whereabouts and occupation. The Prince inquired as to his personal bearing, and asked various general questions concerning him, and had the appearance of considerable earnestness in his inquiries. The conversation continued some minutes, and concluded by the Prince remarking: 'I shall see him before I return.' This matter has slept in my memory, and having been called up by the late discussions, is not very distinct as to particulars; the general features, however, are as fresh in my mind as an occurrence of yesterday. I have a relative who was some years a teacher in the Indian Mission school at Green Bay. I have heard her relate the circumstances of the visit of the Prince de Joinville to Mr. Williams as something involving much of mystery, and that it, for a while, produced a marked and observable change in Mr. W.'s conduct. He appeared abstracted at times, and excited as by some great emotion. She remarked that the Prince treated him with more than ordinary deference and consideration, for which she could not account at the time."

Hon. Theodore Conkey of Appleton, also came as a young man of twenty-two from Buffalo to the Bay with the Prince and heard him ask for Rev. Williams. (See appendix IV.)

Rev. Eleazer Williams had kept a diary of

everything which happened to him since the year 1808, from which, with the interview taken down by Rev. Dr. John Hanson, the material of the narrative of the meeting with the Prince is obtained. Rev. Williams, with his son, John Lawe Williams on their journey toward home, by the steamer from Buffalo bound for Chicago, had arrived at Mackinac Island at two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, October 16, where they remained to await the arrival of the steamer from Buffalo to Green Bay. His son was indisposed for which reason they were pleased to land. Rev. Williams visited Rev. Coit, pastor of the Congregational church, who had been missionary for a long time among the Chippewa Indians. It was arranged to have divine service the next day which was Sunday at the Presbyterian meeting house, and that Rev. Williams should officiate in the morning.

At the service Sunday morning, "all the gentlemen of the garrison, the soldiers and the citizens of the place were in attendance." "Two soldiers called and asked for prayer books. I was only able to give them one."

Vessels which had recently arrived announced the speedy arrival of the Prince de Joinville. The regular steamer for Green Bay came into port on Monday (October 18) at twelve o'clock. "His royal Highness, Prince de Joinville and his suit were among the passengers." Public ex-

pectation was on tiptoe and crowds were at the wharf. The steamer at length came in sight, salutes were fired and answered, the colors run up, and she came into port in fine style. Immediately she touched, the Prince and his retinue came on shore and went out some little distance from the town, perhaps half a mile, to visit some natural curiosities in the neighborhood—the Sugarloaf Rock and the Arch Rock. The steamer awaited their return. During their absence I was standing on the wharf among the crowd, when Capt. John Shook, (who confirmed the statement) came up to me and asked whether I was going on to Green Bay, adding that the Prince de Joinville had made inquiries of him two or three times since leaving Buffalo, concerning a Rev. Mr. Williams, the missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, and that he had told the Prince he knew such a person, referring to me, whom he supposed was the man he meant. I replied to the captain he must mean another person, as I do not know the Prince. Soon after the Prince and his suite arrived and went on board. I did the same, and the steamer put to sea. It was, I think, about 2 o'clock when we left Mackinac. When we were fairly on the water, the captain came to me and said, 'The Prince, Mr. Williams, requests me to say to you that he desires to have an interview with you, and will be happy either to have you come to him, or allow me to introduce him to

you.' 'Present my compliments to the Prince,' I said, and say that I put myself entirely at his disposal, and will be proud to accede to whatever may be his wishes in the matter.' The Captain again retired, and soon returned bringing the Prince de Joinville with him. I was sitting at the time, on a barrel. The Prince not only started with evident and involuntary surprise and amazement when he saw me, but there was a great agitation in his face and manner—a slight paleness and quivering of the lip—which I could not help remarking at the time, but which struck me more forcibly afterwards in connection with the whole train of circumstances, and by contrast with his usual self-possessed manner. He grasped both of his hands with mine, earnestly and respectfully, accompanied with earnest and cheering gratulations of his having met me, and drew me immediately into conversation. The attention which he paid me seemed to astonish, not only myself and the passengers, but also the Prince's retinue."

"'Amazing sight!" he said. 'It is what I have wished to see for this long time. I trust I shall not be intruding too much on your patience were I to ask some questions of your past and present life among the Indians.' His eyes were intently fixed on me, eyeing my person from head to foot."

"At dinner time there was a separate table laid for the Prince and his companions, and he invited

me to sit with them and offered me the seat of honor by his side. But I was a little abashed by the attentions of the Prince, and there was an American officer who had attached himself to the party and behaved in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner, which seemed to annoy them, and indeed one of the Prince's companions had expressed to me his disgust at his behavior. So I thought I would keep out of the circle, and begged the Prince to excuse me, and permit me to dine at the ordinary table with the passengers, which accordingly I did. After dinner the conversation turned between us on the first French settlements in America, the valor and enterprise of the early adventurers, and the loss of Canada to France, at which the Prince expressed deep regret.

In the course of his remarks, though in what connection I cannot say, he told me that he left his suite at Albany, took a private conveyance and went to the head of Lake George. He was very copious and fluent in speech, and I was surprised at the good English which he spoke—a little broken indeed, like mine, but still very intelligible. We continued talking late into the night, reclining in the cabin, on the cushions in the stern of the boat. When we retired to rest, the Prince lay on the locker and I in the first berth next to it. The next day the steamer did not arrive at Green Bay until about 3 o'clock, and during most of the time we were in conversation.

Looking back thoughtfully upon what was said, I can now perceive that the Prince was gradually preparing my mind for what was to come at last, although then the different subjects seemed to arise naturally enough.

This afternoon the Prince did wish to take my son with him to France for an education. In connection with this he was informed that we had an infant who had not yet received baptism. He readily consented to stand as a godfather, and would give the name of his mother to the child. But alas! in my first landing, I received the melancholy intelligence that the lovely babe was in her grave, buried on the preceding Sunday; service performed by the Rev. Mr. Porter of the Congregationalist Church. When the news was communicated to the Prince he appeared to sympathize with me, and remarked, taking me by the hand, "Descendant of a suffering race, may you be supported in this affliction." At three o'clock, Tuesday, October 19th, the boat reached Green Bay, and came proudly up to the Astor warehouse and dock, near the present upper bridge. The Prince said that I would oblige him by accompanying him to his hotel, and taking up my quarters at the Astor House. I begged to be excused, as I wished to go to the house of my father-in-law. He replied that he had some matters of great importance to speak to me about, and as he could not stay long at Green Bay, but

would take his departure the next day, or the day after, he wished I would comply with his request. As there was some excitement consequent on the Prince's arrival, and a great number of persons were at the Astor House waiting to see him, I thought I would take advantage of the confusion to go to my father-in-law's (Joseph Jourdain) and promised to return in the evening, when he would be more private."

Green Bay at this date was a village of about one thousand inhabitants living in various conditioned houses strung along the river front for three miles, and known as Menomineeville, Shantytown, Astor, and Navarino, all promoted under different interests and in sharp contest for the final location of a future metropolis. On the west side of the river there were only a half dozen houses, beside the almost abandoned barracks of old Fort Howard, just partially brought to life by Major Shaler, who with some officers had only a short time before, scattered the bats and swept away the cobwebs, preparatory to assuming residence and command. Astor the central one of these rival villages, promoted by the company of which John Jacob Astor was the principal proprietor, had a large warehouse and boat landing, and near by on the corner of the present Adams and Mason street stood the Astor Hotel, all nearly new having been completed only three years before. This celebrated house, was a three

story frame building, "furnished elegantly for those days," "considered the finest hotel this side of Detroit."

News of the expected visit of the Prince had by some means preceeded him, and the villagers put on their dress coats and white aprons, and crowded to the river front to catch sight of the son of a king. The old settler still relates with great glee, how a number of the important people suddenly discovered they must take their supper that evening at the Astor House, and of their disappointment when they did not have the Prince for table guest, as he had ordered his dinner in his rooms. "Quite an excitement was raised in our quiet town by the visit of the Prince de Joinville and suite," says Mrs. Mary Irwin Mitchell. "From that time began the question of Rev. Eleazer Williams being the lost Dauphin."

"On my return I found the Prince alone with the exception of one attendant, whom he dismissed," continues the narrative of Rev. Williams. "The gentlemen of his party were in an adjoining room laughing and carousing, and I could distinctly hear them during my interview with the Prince. He opened the conversation by saying that he had a communication to make to me of a very serious nature as concerned himself, and of the last importance to me, that it was one in which no others were interested, and therefore before proceeding further, he wished to obtain

some pledge of secrecy, some promise, that I would not reveal to anyone what he was going to say. I demurred to any such conditions being imposed previous to my being made acquainted with the nature of the subject, as there might be something in it after all, prejudicial and injurious to others, and it was at length after some altercation, agreed that I should pledge my honor, not to reveal what the Prince was going to say, provided there was nothing in it prejudicial to anyone, and I signed a promise to this effect on a sheet of paper. It was vague and general, for I would not tie myself down to absolute secrecy, but left the matter conditional. When this was done, the Prince spoke to this effect:

"You have been accustomed, sir, to consider yourself a native of this country; but you are not. You are of foreign descent; you were born in Europe, sir, and however incredible it may at first seem to you, I have to tell you that you are the son of a king. There ought to be much consolation to you to know this fact. You have suffered a great deal, and have been brought very low, but you have not suffered more, or been more degraded than my father, who was long in exile and poverty in this country; but there is this difference between him and you, that he was all along aware of his high birth, whereas you have been spared the knowledge of your origin."

When the Prince had said this I was much over-

come, and thrown into a state of mind which you can easily imagine. In fact I hardly knew what to do or say, and my feelings were so much excited that I was like one in a dream, and much was said between us of which I can give but an indistinct account. However, I remember that I told him that his communication was so startling and unexpected that he must forgive me for being incredulous, and that really I was "between two."

"What do you mean," he said, "by being 'between two?'"

I replied that on the one hand, it scarcely seemed to me that he could believe what he said, and on the other I feared he might be under some mistake as to the person. He assured me, however, that he spoke the simple truth, and that in regard to the identity of the person, he had ample means in his possession to satisfy me that there was no mistake in that respect. I then requested him to proceed with the disclosure already partly made, and to inform me in full of of the secret of my birth. He replied that in doing so, it was necessary that a certain process should be gone through in order to guard the interest of all parties concerned. I inquired what kind of process he meant. Upon this the Prince rose and went to his trunk, which was in the room, and took from it a parchment which he laid on the table, and set before me that I might read and give him my determination in regard to

it. There was also on the table pen, ink and wax, and he placed there governmental seals of France, the one, if I mistake not, used under the old monarchy. It was of precious metal, but whether of gold or silver, or a compound of both, I cannot say. I think, on reflection, the latter; but I may be mistaken, for my mind was so bewildered, and agitated, and engrossed with one absorbing question, that things which at another time would have made a strong impression on me were scarcely noticed, although I must confess that when I knew the whole, the sight of the seal put before me by a member of the family of Orleans, stirred my indignation. The document which the Prince placed before me was very handsomely written, in double parallel columns of French and English. I continued intently considering it for some time. During this time the Prince left me undisturbed, remaining for the most part in the room, but he went out three or four times. The purport of the document, which I read repeatedly word by word, comparing the French with the English, was this: It was a solemn abdication of the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, by Charles Louis, the son of Louis XVI, who was styled Louis XVII, King of France and Navarre, with all accompanying names and titles of honor according to the custom of the old French monarchy, together with a minute specification in legal phraseology

of the conditions and considerations, and provisos, upon which the abdication was made. These conditions were in brief, that a princely establishment should be secured to me either in this country or in France, at my option, and that Louis Philippe would pledge himself on his part to secure the restoration or an equivalent for it, of all the private property of the royal family rightfully belonging to me, which had been confiscated in France during the Revolution, or in any way got into other hands. Now you ask me why I did not retain, at all hazards, this document, or, at any rate, take a copy of it; but it is very easy for you, sitting quietly there, to prescribe the course which prudence and self-interest would dictate. A day or two afterwards all these points, and the different lights in which the thing might be viewed, came to my mind, but at the moment I thought of nothing except the question of acceptance or rejection. And then remember the sudden manner in which the whole affair came upon me, and the natural timidity and bashfulness of one who had always considered himself of such obscure rank when called without preparation to discuss such topics with a man of high position like the Prince. Besides which, my word of honor had been so recently and solemnly pledged, and a sense of personal dignity excited by the disclosures of the Prince, that I never so much as thought of taking any advan-

tage of the circumstances, but simply and solely whether or not I should sign my name, and set my seal to a deliberate surrender of my rights and those of my family. It was a deeply painful and harrowing time, and I cannot tell you, and you cannot imagine, how I felt when trying to decide this question. At length I made my decision, and rose, and told the Prince that I had considered the matter fully in all its aspects, and was prepared to give him my definite answer upon the subject; and then went on to say, that whatever might be the personal consequences to myself, I felt that I could not be the instrument of bartering away with my own hand the rights pertaining to me by my birth, and sacrificing the interests of my family, and that I could only give to him the answer which de Provence gave to the ambassador of Napoleon at Warsaw, "Though I am in poverty, sorrow and exile, I will not sacrifice my honor."

The Prince upon this assumed a loud tone, and accused me of ingratitude in trampling on the overtures of the King, his father, who he said was actuated in making the proposition more by feelings of kindness and piety towards me than by any other consideration, since his claim to the French throne rested on an entirely different basis to mine, viz., not that of hereditary descent, but of popular election. When he spoke in this strain I spoke loud also, and said that as he, by his dis-

closure, had put me in the position of a superior, I must assume that position, and frankly say that my indignation was stirred by the memory that one of the family of Orleans had imbrued his hands in my father's blood, and that another now wished to obtain from me an abdication of the throne. When I spoke of superiority, the Prince immediately assumed a respectful silence for several minutes. It had now grown very late, and we parted, with a request from him that I would reconsider the proposal of his father, and not be too hasty in my decision. I returned to my father-in-law's, and the next day saw the Prince again, and on his renewal of the subject gave him a similar answer. Before he went away he said, 'Though we part, I hope we part friends.'

In the evening after his arrival at Green Bay, the citizens gave him an elaborate reception and dinner, which was attended by the polite society for which this frontier metropolis was famous. Among the guests were Mrs. Morgan L. Martin and Eleazer Williams. The Prince remarked that he was surprised to hear the French language spoken so correctly in this far off out-post of civilization.

That night the Prince remained at the Astor house in Green Bay and until twelve o'clock noon of Wednesday, October 20th. "The adieus," says Rev. Williams, "between the Prince and myself were affectionate, he promised to write

me on his arrival at New York. The gentlemen officers, presented me with their cards, urged me to call on them in France. May the best blessings of Heaven rest on the whole party." Through a cold rainstorm which lasted the whole afternoon, the Prince and escort on horseback proceeded by a narrow trail which wound through the woods along the river margin, southward fourteen miles to the temporary wilderness log cabin shack of Captain John McCarty on the east bank of the river, where the Prince and suite spent the night.

Rev. Williams has not related the incident of the Prince de Joinville visit to his home. This visit we suppose was made during the journey to Captain John McCarty's house, or the next day. Mrs. Sharpe, now an old lady, recalls it quite vividly. She says the Prince came over the ferry to her house at DePere alone; that her father Captain Stewart drove the Prince in a lumber wagon, six miles south to the home of Eleazer Williams, and brought the Prince back again; and while he ate his late dinner with them he was constantly talking of Williams, and of his sad poverty. She is possibly in error in supposing that her father drove the Prince back to the Astor House; it was we suppose to Captain McCarty's, he was taken. Her narrative is given in full in Appendix II. For some of the journeys Dan Whitney, Jr., was given a watch as related by Mrs. Dunham, Appendix III.

Captain John McCarty was a gentleman of Alexandria, Virginia, who was temporarily living in Wisconsin, purchasing and overlooking large tracts of land. His shack was on the east bank of the river opposite the homestead of Eleazer Williams, fourteen miles up river from Green Bay. Mrs. Frederick Pleasants, a daughter of John McCarty, has resided for many years at Menasha, Wisconsin, and informs the author that the correspondence of her father was by her mother's request, buried in her grave; and that a number of years ago their old homestead on the banks of the Potomac was destroyed by fire with all its priceless treasures of family pictures, books, letters and papers reaching back for several hundred years.

The family were connected with the Lord Fairfax, George Washington, and the Robert E. Lee families of Virginia. Mrs. Pleasants when a girl heard Eleazer preach, and has furnished a letter giving her impressions which will be found in the --appendix.

Proceeding on his journey along the trail which meandered the east bank of the Fox river as far as Kaukauna, then known as Kakalin Rapids, they struck out through the wilderness over the hills on an uncertain highway known as the military road cut out by young Jefferson Davis, when on duty in Wisconsin, and were finally compelled by the cold rain to put up at a negro Catos'

shanty in the Stockbridge woods on the east shore of Lake Winnebago. There was no other house near and this was their only chance for a covering. The Priest Bondual who had seen the Prince at Green Bay said that the Prince was much pleased and highly gratified with his interview with Rev. Williams.

After the interview was published in Putnam's, the "secretary for the commands of the Prince de Joinville" sent a long denial, admitting he met a passenger, "whose name has entirely escaped his memory," and that he felt bound to reply to the paper. Captain John Shook then living at Huron, wrote, "so far as the matters relating to me, Rev. Williams has stated truthfully. I recollect the apparent surprise of the Prince on the occasion and wondered why he should pay to the humble and unpretending Indian missionary such pointed and polite attention. I have long known Rev. Williams and seen much of him in our voyages on the lakes, and always found him an amiable upright man, to be relied on in any statement he might make."

But here is a statement which shows the impression of the officers who were with the Prince.

Mr. George Sumner, brother of Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts met in the year 1846, at Brest, one of the officers who accompanied the Prince de Joinville to Green Bay, and, in the cabin of his vessel, looking cautiously round be-

fore he spoke, he said to Mr. Sumner, that there was something very singular in the American trip of the Prince who went out of his way to meet an old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bourbon aspect, and who was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI."

XXI

"PAINT ME AS I AM, WITH ALL MY WARTS AND SCARS AND IMPERFECTIONS," SAID CROMWELL TO THE PAINTER.

THE life of Eleazer Williams is hereafter mostly an account of preaching at different places about the country. He delivered the historical sermon at Deerfield on the anniversary of the death of Rev. John Williams, the pastor of long ago. He became by other arrangements of the societies almost disassociated with the Indians. In 1846 the society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians, and others in North America, appropriated money for his support for two years. About 1850 he retired to St. Regis at the home of his ancient Indian mother, where he commenced a school, and had a missionary appointment from the Diocesan society of New York, and the Boston Unitarian Society, and again from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He traveled over all the east, preaching everywhere. As related above, Mrs. Pleasants heard him at Alexandria. Hon. Randolph B. Latimer before his marriage, wrote his impressions at the time, to his bride to be:

"About the time that the question: 'Is there a Bourbon among us?' was being discussed in this country, it was announced that the Rev. Eleazer Williams would preach on Sunday evening, at Mr. Killin's Church, on West Lexington Street, Baltimore. I was interested in the subject, and read a great deal about it, and determined to go and see the supposed Louis XVII, and hear him preach. In the vestibule of the church I met Mr. Killin, whom I knew personally, and he was accompanied by a tall, portly, fine-looking man in the plain costume of an Episcopal clergyman. Instantly I recognized him as the supposed Bourbon, and made him a bow, which he returned most graciously. As he remained in the vestibule I could not take my eyes off him, and could see in his face, figure and manner nothing of the half-breed Indian, which some claimed he was; but a very decided resemblance to the portraits of Louis XVI, and other members of the Bourbon family; in fact, I could not help thinking, that had he been clad in royal robes he would have 'looked every inch a King.' His sermon was a plain, practical one, his language simple, and his pronunciation rather more French than English, such as might be expected from a man who had passed his life doing missionary work among the Indians and half breeds along our Canadian border, where French was used quite as much as English. His apparent age corresponded with

what would have been that of the unfortunate prince, and I came away satisfied that he was the real Bourbon. His claim to the throne of France might have been substantiated, but he had no desire to raise it, and preferred the simple useful life in which he lived and died." Of this peculiar nature Rev. Dr. Hanson says: "Not only the physical but the mental characteristics of Mr. Williams, curiously correspond with what the Dauphin would probably be if alive, in such a position after such a complicated career. He possesses a great amount of native talent; an easy grace and dignity of manner when in polite society, which seems innate; a winning sweetness of disposition, and much simplicity; apparently warm religious feelings; but his judgment in matters of self-interest is not of the strongest; fluent and eloquent in diction, his ideas are not always well assorted; a mystery to himself as well as to others, subject to perpetual questionings, he is sometimes abrupt; accustomed to Indian life, there is semibarbarism mingled with courtly grace and roving habits with warm affections;—in a word, he seems like one jumbled out of place by destiny, a partial wreck, shattered, but not broken. And the peculiarity of his character must be taken into account, in forming an estimate of his conduct, the singularity of which will create in many minds a prejudice against his veracity, since they will be unable to

understand how a poor man could reject offers so splendid, or a man of the world neglect the opportunity of establishing his regal birth. which the communication of De Joinville afforded, In this situation, they would have acted differently.'' Dr. Hanson says, Mr. Williams, while consenting to his paper in Putnams', did not suggest it.

Dr. Hanson visited St. Regis in 1852 of which visit he relates—

''He is a missionary at St. Regis and Hogansburg, both miserable lonely places; receiving no payment from the Indians among whom he labors, and but a small stipend from the Missionary committee. The rigors of the climate are excessive; the thermometer being frequently 30 degrees below zero, and one can scarcely conceive a situation for an intelligent mind more lonely, more unbefriended, more destitute. He lives on the Indian reservation, a wild tract of woodland partially cleared, here and there at the edges. Dead evergreen swamps, decayed vegetation, rude fences, half prostrate, surround the rickety shed, admitting the cold at a thousand crevices in which reside poor Williams and the old Indian woman, his reputed mother, whom he heroically treats as if she were his parent, though believing himself to be the son of the peerless Marie Antionette. I found him well spoken of without exception, by all whom I conversed with in the

vicinity, a good neighbor, an active missionary, a brave, cheerful old man, having a kind word for all, and breasting fate with nothing outward to encourage him. He has no church building. He is trying to build a school-house on the Indian reservation, but it stands roofless in the piercing cold, the picture of desolation."

"The impression among all who know him, whether white persons or Indians, is, that he is not an Indian; and I conceive no fact in the world to be more certain than this. A respectable neighbor gave me a certificate, from which the following is an extract: "I was brought up at Hogansburg, and have served in the army, as a private in Florida, under General Worth. I have known Indians of various tribes, especially the Seminoles and the Iroquois. I have known Indians as long as I have known white men. I am personally acquainted with the Rev. Eleazer Williams, and have known him since my childhood. I do not believe him to be an Indian. He is entirely unlike the rest of the family. I knew his supposed brothers. They bore no resemblance to Eleazer. He looks like a German or a Frenchman. They were evidently Indians. I know an Indian as well as a cow or a horse." An intelligent Indian, who spoke English, said, 'He speaks very good Indian; but he is not like any Indian I ever saw. When I first met him I took him for

an American. He is as much like a Frenchman as anything.'"

His former landlady at Hogansburg said, "I don't know whether he is an Indian or not. He does not look like one. If I had not head that he was one, I should not suppose that he was any more than you. He is not like any of his family. All the other children are dead."

"All the undoubted children of Thomas Williams were strongly marked Indians, notwithstanding the white blood in their veins. They bore not the slightest resemblance to Eleazer Williams."

"He is an intelligent, noble looking old man, with no trace, however slight, of the Indian about him, except what may be fairly accounted for by his long residence among Indians. Being far more familiar with their language than with English which latter he speaks correctly and even eloquently as far as style is concerned, but pronounces imperfectly; his manner of talking reminds you of an Indian, and he has the habit of shrugging his shoulders and gesticulating like one; but he has the port and presence of an European gentleman of high rank; a nameless something which I never saw but in persons accustomed to command; a countenance bronzed by exposure below the eyebrows; a fair, high ample, intellectual but receding forehead; a slightly aquiline but rather small nose; a long

Austrian lip, the expression of which is of exceeding sweetness when in repose; full fleshy cheeks but hot high cheek bones; dark, bright, merry eyes of hazel hue; graceful, well formed neck; strong muscular limbs, indicating health and great activity; small hands and feet, and dark hair, sprinkled with grey, as fine in texture as silk. I should never have taken him for an Indian. Some persons who saw him several years ago tell me that their impression is that he looked partially like one, but admit that their opinion may have been influenced by their having been previously told that he was of Indian extraction. I will here insert a description of him by another hand, furnished me by Mr. Williams.

" 'His complexion is rather dark like that of one who had become bronzed by living much in the open air, and he passes for a half-breed. But his features are decidedly European, rather heavily moulded, and strongly characterized by the full, protuberant Austrian lips. This the experienced observer is well aware is never found in the aboriginal, and very rarely among the Americans. His head is well formed, and sits proudly on his shoulders. His eyes are dark but not black. His hair may be called black, is rich and glossy and interspersed with gray. His eyebrows are full, and of the same color; upon the left is a scar. His beard is heavy and nose aquiline. The nostril is large and finely cut. His temperament is gen-

ial, with a dash of vivacity in his manners, he is fond of good living, and inclines to embonpoint, which is the characteristic of his (the Bourbon) family.'"

Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawes, Episcopal clergyman and eminent historian sent the Bourbon papers to Putnams, and with it a letter in which he said that "Rev. Dr. Hanson was a clergyman of worth and ability." "That his character and standing are such as to justify entire confidence." "As to Mr. Williams himself, I know him very well. He is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church whose labors have been, almost entirely, those of a missionary among the Indians. He is in good standing as a clergyman, and is deemed a man of truth among his acquaintances and those with whom he has longest lived. As his character for veracity becomes an all-important question, in considering the very remarkable facts contained in the narrative, Mr. Hanson took great pains in his inquiries on that point; and to that end made a visit to the spot where Mr. Williams had spent many years of his life, and was best known; the result was abundant and satisfactory testimonials, now in Mr. Hanson's possession, that Mr. Williams has always been deemed a worthy and truthful man. I can add to this merely my statement that in all my intercourse with him, I have never found reason to doubt the correctness of his neighbors and acquaintances on

their testimony to his character as stated above."

"From personal knowledge, I am able to say that there is a remarkable simplicity both of manner and character about Mr. Williams. He possesses an ordinary share of intellectual power; with but little quickness, however, of combination in grouping facts that bear on a common central point, and without much readiness in deducing conclusions from them; and is incapable of framing a mass of circumstantial testimony, made up of a combination of many isolated facts. To do this, requires genius, and a high inventive faculty. Indeed, nothing has struck me more forcibly in my frequent conversations with him on the facts embodied in Mr. Hanson's narrative than his seemingly entire non-perception of the bearing of many of the facts as testimony, and their coincidence with other events known to him, until these were pointed out to him. And sometimes he could not at first be made even then, to comprehend readily the indicated relations. When, however he did comprehend the relations, his countenance would light up with a smile, and he would say, 'I see it now, but I never saw it before.'"

"I have found him uniformly amiable, and gentle in manner, and to all appearances a truly pious man."

"In short, a knowledge of the man has seemed to me to be an important part of the story he

tells; his temperament, disposition, mental operations, etc., all go to establishing one of the facts explanatory of some particulars in the narrative."

"Whether the historical problem presented by Mr. Hanson be here solved, is a matter which I will not undertake to decide. The only points of which I would speak with certainty are two: first, Mr. Williams is not an Indian; and secondly, he is not able to invent a complicated mass of circumstantial evidence to sustain a fabricated story."

But over against these noble endorsements, Hon. John Y. Smith who knew him for ten years in Green Bay and often sat with him at the same table says: "He was a fat, lazy, good for nothing Indian; but cunning, crafty, fruitful in expedients to raise the wind. I doubt whether there was a man at Green Bay whose word commanded less confidence than that of Eleazer Williams." And General Albert G. Ellis writing of his character says: "Eleazer Williams was the most perfect adept at fraud, deceit and intrigue that the world has ever produced." But Judge Morgan L. Martin also knew him at Green Bay, and seems better to have understood him: "I never was any admirer of Williams or his methods, but I am inclined to think that General Ellis and others are too severe on him. A man reared amid savage surroundings," says Judge Martin, "as he was, should be judged by a different standard than we set up for

one who has spent his life entirely among white people. No one can from childhood fraternize with Indians without absorbing their characteristics to some extent, and becoming vain, deceitful and boastful. He was a remarkable man in many respects, but was deeply imbued with false notions of life, and his career was a failure. He was neither better nor worse than his life-long companions and was what might have been expected from one who had been sent into the world with certain racial vices and whose training and associations were not calculated to better him."

"I verily believe he ate four pounds of that ham before he left the table," says Ellis. "Eleazer was built very much like a hogshead, largest in the middle and tapering a little both ways, and if you could have seen him eat, you would have thought him about as hollow. But not to exaggerate, in his capacity for eating he was a match for the hungriest Indian I ever saw," says Hon. John Y. Smith. How his appetite recalls the humiliation often experienced by the delicate Marie Antoinette upon the gormandising exhibition of her husband Louis XVI.

"Williams would have passed for a pure Indian, with just a suspicion of the African in his complexion and features," says John Y. Smith. "His skin was dark and of peculiar Indian texture. His hair, eyebrows and eyelashes were of the most inky raven blackness, and such as no

blonde ever wore," says Mr. Ellis. "I have known him for almost thirty years. His color, features, and the conformation of his face, testify to his (Indian) origin," says Governor Lewis Cass. It will be remembered that the Dauphin had light hair.

But it is not infrequent that blonde in childhood becomes brunette in after years. Captain McCarty, the host of the Prince de Joinville at Little Kaukauna, had then raven black hair, but in childhood was light blonde. "Indian-ologists assure me that his ears were a sure mark of his Indian origin," says Dr. John G. Shea. "About his ears whether evidence of his Indian blood or not, they were much turned forward, protruded from his head. His toes turned in, Indian like," says Mr. Ellis.

Two doctors, John W. Francis and Richard S. Kissam, of New York, made an examination of Rev. Williams, and reported him: "a robust European, of French blood," "and there is no traces of the aboriginal or Indian in him."

Another eminent New York doctor, B. Gerondelo, reported him, of "obviously European complexion."

Dr. H. N. Walker, of Hogansburg, in the vicinity of the St Regis reservation, reports that Eleazer Williams "has no ethnological connection with the St. Regis Indians, nor with any other Indians I have ever known." When four eminent medical

men pronounce him a white man it must require more positive testimony than yet produced to secure belief that he was of Indian parentage.

Corresponding marks of identification were a scar over the left eyebrow inflicted by Simon; tumors on both elbows, both wrists, both knees, inoculation marks on his arm, one of which was in the form of a crescent.

On the arm of Eleazer, "there were two distinct marks of inoculation on the upper part of the left arm, one of which is semi-circular or crescent shaped on the outer margin," wrote Dr. John W. Frances in 1853.

"The Dauphin had on his arm inoculation marks of which one was the shape of a crescent," says Madam de Rambaud in a letter to Duchess d' Angouleme. Dr. Charles W. Collins, secretary of the Franklin County Historical Society of Malone, N. Y., the Capital town of Franklin County, in which Hogansburg is located, writes, the authur under date of August 3, 1904:

"Concerning this matter of vaccination, I have investigated the local history. In 1814 Dr. Albon Man, of Constable, N. Y., but then assisting the U. S. army surgeons at French Mills (Ft. Covington) inoculated several persons at the latter place with vaccine virus. This was the first instance of that practice in this county. The next physician to practice vaccination was Dr. Roswell Bates of Ft. Covington, January 9, 1820,

Dr. Bates announces that he has inoculated patients with "kine pock" several times, and believing it is to be a "reliable remedy," he is prepared to treat all applicants. Dec. 12, 1820, Dr. Paul Thorndike and Dr. H. S. Waterhouse, both of Malone, announced that they too were prepared to inoculate with "kine pock." There were no physicians then or at any previous time, at either St. Regis or Caughnawaga. You will see that Williams could not have been vaccinated here."

That Eleazer was gentlemanly, but absolutely moral, there has never been any question. The one great test of Indian origin has never been applied to him; which is appetite for strong drink. No Indian can resist it. All are overwhelmed by it. It was the curse of the mission Indian. "The Indian is good for nothing when he can get strong water," says Chief John Metoxen. Eleazer Williams did not drink, nor crave liquor. Neither did he smoke, which was a constant Indian pastime.

He wrote the following letter, September 21, 1848, which is among the very few he ever wrote referring to this subject. It is addressed to Pierre Bernard Grignon of Green Bay, and was recently destroyed by the burning of the David Grignon place.

"DEAR BERNARD"—

The intelligence I am now to give you is in

accordance with the hints I gave you in our last interview, which now prove too true. Am I the child of the most unfortunate parents? A descendant from one of the most unhappy potentates of Europe? The secret commissioners from Fr— have in a great measure confirmed it. Oh, the unhappy and cruel fate of parents! Can you wonder, my friend, I am in distress, yea agony. The news has seized me with such a poignant grief and sorrow as it would require with the tongue of an angel, and the pen of a ready writer to describe my feelings. When all this affair will end, God only knows. Tremendous scenes may be before me or it will end in peaceful and calm weather * * * * ."

XXII

THE FORTUNES OF A MISSIONARY.

ABOUT 1849 or 50, Eleazer Williams took up missionary work at Hogansburg the white town of the St. Regis Indians in Northern New York. Here he remained until his death in 1858, often visiting Washington to urge claims of Mary Ann Williams, and Thomas Williams his reputed parents, which were incorporated in bills before Congress. He also urged his own claims of long standing which he had prosecuted before Congress for over thirty years. These claims were all just and supported with ample testimony, but never paid by Congress, except some slight part of them. After the close of the war he was paid ten thousand dollars for his services as a scout; but all of this money he expended for the benefit of the Oneida Indians and their schools. In 1857, Rev. Williams returned to Wisconsin for a few days, where he had not been for over seven years before. In a letter to his son John Lawe Williams, dated Hogansburg, July 9, 1857, he announced his visit: "My dear son—I now prepare, if God willing, to visit you and your mother. I shall set out in seven or eight days from this. It will take me perhaps two weeks if not more before I can reach

WILLIAMS' HOME

On banks of the Fox river at Little Rapids, Wis. The elm tree on the right spring from his riding whip and the locust in center from seed brought by Rev. Williams from Mt. Vernon—Photo by Chas. W. Stribley.

you, as I must stop at several places on the way. Inform mother of it. While there I will be confined pretty much in the office, as I wish to overhaul all my papers to find certain ones which may assist in sustaining our claims upon the Government. You must try to go down with me to Green Bay, and stay while I am there. Can you get a one horse wagon, which will be more agreeable to me to go down with. My stay must be short. My great object is to find some papers, which are very important to accompany my own claim now pending in the Senate. As for Mary Ann Williams' claim, that is abundantly sustained, and I have strong hope, it will pass in the next session of Congress. On my arrival at Milwaukee, I will write you and let you know the day I will reach you. Have all in readiness for the journey that we may be in motion the next day after my arrival. This business has already been very expensive to me, but hopes of getting a little sum, has prompted me to continue in my application. My health is much better than it has been, and I hope by the blessing of heaven to reach you safe. Remember me kindly to your family. In haste,

"Your affectionate father,

ELEAZER WILLIAMS."

Rev. William's arrived in Oshkosh by boat from Fond du Lac, the last days of July, and took boat up Fox and Wolf rivers to Winneconne

where he remained one night only with his son John who was living on a farm that joined the edge of the village. He had been married in 1851; but his wife and George, their five year old son, now saw "father" Williams, as they affectionately speak of him, for the first, last and only time, on this short visit. As all America was at this time full of the story of Rev. Williams royal rights, wherever he went, he was seen by alleyes. Mrs. Washburn traveling on the boat to Fond du Lac was called out of the cabin by her husband, Judge Geo. W. Washburn of Oshkosh to see the Lost Prince, and Mrs. Theodore Conkey saw him on the same journey. Rev. Williams made a hurried visit to his old home, Little Kaukauna, to visit his wife and examine his papers. The latter were in a little mission house or chapel, the first protestant church in Wisconsin, now used for his office. He soon found the documents for which he was in search, and returned to Hogansburg. His wife and western friends saw him on this visit for the last time. He never returned and died about one year afterward.

Upon his return he wrote the following letter to his son—

"HOGANSBURG, Aug. 25th., 1857.

"DEAR SON:—

I reached this place on Tuesday in the following week after leaving you. I stayed over night

at Racine and saw Mr. Emerson, who informed me in the purchase he made of the Kakalin tract from Mr. Lawrence that there was no written provision made for your mother's holding the place where she is now, only verbally—that is, during the pleasure of the owner. Now this is a hard case. I will, however, make one more effort to get this into a different shape. I am preparing now, my papers to repair to Boston and place them before some of the eminent lawyers there for their opinion. Mr. Lawrence has certainly committed himself in one of his letters to me, which does show, that he did not consider himself to be the owner of the whole estate. The result of my journey you may expect to hear. I was highly gratified in my visit to your place to find you to be in a prosperous state as to worldly matters.

I find your place or farm above is considered to be valuable. It may be to your advantage after all to dispose of it. Still it is a kind, venerable place. There is no place I have been taken up with so much, as Martin's place. If I were to select a place of private residence in Wisconsin, it would be there. I wish you would examine the land and the little island opposite to it. Should I obtain from the government a little sum, I should be very apt to purchase of the above place.

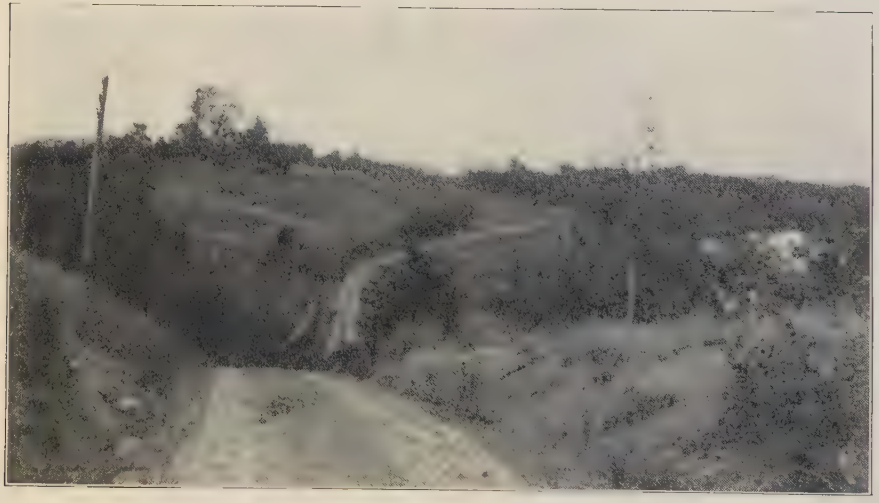
Your present position and connected as you are

with that liquor store, it is far from pleasing to your wife, as well as myself. I hope you will disconnect yourself from it as soon as may be convenient. It is not for your reputation as a reputable young gentleman, to be in that position. I am also preparing for my Washington compaign in next session of Congress."

"Yours truly,

E. WILLIAMS."

The references in the above letter to his lost estate, closed the final struggle to retain his princely landed property, worth now a million dollars. This estate lay on the west bank of the Fox River, six miles south of DePere, at a country location since known as Little Kaukauna, from the name of the rapids in the river, and now the steam railway station; and interurban street car station; and post office of Little Rapids. The lands were in his day mostly a wilderness thickly grown with oak, maple, elm and pine, all suitable for saw logs, which have been cut away at great profit, leaving the farm lands now occupied by numerous extensive and rich farms; improved by highways, fences and grand farm buildings, and pleasant country homes. This noble woodland estate, was originally three hundred and fifty chains north and south along the river, and two hundred and fifty chains westerly inland, containing 8750 acres, about two miles of the finest lands the sun ever shone upon; high and self drained.



THE GLEN BELOW WILLIAMS' HOME

His house on left hill—The river at the right—Photo by Dr. H. B. Kendall.

This beautiful forest had been the hunting ground of the Jourdain family, expressly reserved to them by their Menomonee Indian connection in the cession to the New York Indians; and to avoid future doubt the lands were made over to "Magdeline Williams," two years after her marriage to Rev. Eleazer Williams, on August 22, 1825, by a formal deed signed by six of "The chiefs, warriors and head men of the Menomonee nation of Indians." The property covered on the river front a valuable hydraulic power. By the treaty of 1838 made with the government by the Menomonee, the grant was confirmed to Eleazer Williams, and the Patent duly issued from the President of the United States.

On the bank of the river on this estate, Rev. Mr. Williams, built a log house and outbuildings. His office was the old log cabin originally erected as the first protestant church in Wisconsin, and stood near the dwelling. The New York Indians at first located upon this charming property and the location of his home was to have been the seat of the western Indian empire, so long the dream of statesmen and philanthropists. From the high bank of the river at his home, the prospect is the grandest on the beautiful river, which at this place is nearly a mile wide, with Black Bird Island in the mid channel. The old log cabin chapel of early days rotted down and disappeared long ago. The old log cabin home has

been rebuilt. Only sixty five acres still remain with the old house, the last relic of a princely domain.

The woodland of those days was of little profit to Rev. Eleazer Williams, and his missionary income was uncertain and very small. He struggled against financial ruin all his life. The store bill with the trader was constantly growing larger with small prospect of being paid. Perhaps he was like many another who have given their life to the good they could do among the humble, not a good manager. His bills at Mr. Whitney's ran up to twelve hundred dollars, and on June 10, 1840, Mr. Daniel Whitney recovered a judgment against Williams for $1285.03. Rev. Mr. Williams was in Boston and mentioned his troubles. He was advised to see Mr. Amos Lawrence, who agreed to buy the judgment and in settlement to take half the lands, which had been surveyed at 4800 acres, and leave Mr. Williams with the other half clear. It had always been understood that half the land was the property of Mrs. Williams. This agreement was not carried out, we suppose because Rev. Mr. Williams was a better preacher than lawyer, and on April 25, 1842 the entire estate was sold by the judgment and all passed out of the hands of both Rev. Mr. Williams and his good wife. Mrs. Williams purchased the sixty five acres about the house and held it all her life, as her homestead

and willed it to Josephine Penney Phillips, the daughter of her old and faithful Indian servant, "Nan."

That Rev. Mr. Williams is right in his contention, that Amos Lawrence did not keep faith with him in the purchase of the judgment and sale of the whole 4800 acres of rich lands for a $1200.00 judgment, is evidenced in the one fact that Lawrence obtained the land for twenty-five cents an acre, which was worth then at government price six thousand dollars, and by actual value, one hundred thousand dollars, and now worth nearly a million dollars, and on which there is a water power worth fifty thousand dollars. Amos Lawrence was ashamed of his own act, and continued a negotiation to make Rev. Mr. Williams happy in being plucked even to the very day of his death, fifteen years afterward. As late as 1857, Col. H. E. Eastman acting as agent for Lawrence, approached John Lawe Williams to purchase the claim of Eleazer Williams in the lands sold away from him by this judgment. Of this Eleazer writes:

"It was doubtful with me when you informed me, that crafty man (Eastman) would attempt to purchase a property which he has heretofore considered was conveyed by us to Mr. Lawrence." The next year Rev. Mr. Williams agreed with Col. Miller of Oshkosh to give him half of his half of the land if he would recover it, and Miller

proposed to Lawrence to refer the subject to arbitration, but nothing ever came of it. This splendid estate was lost to Williams, because he placed too much confidence in the honesty of others. I have read over a great many unpublished letters of Eleazer Williams, and much that has been published of him, and must confess that I have yet to find a single act of dishonesty on his part, though some of his enemies have bitterly denounced him. Because of his poverty we have shown he lost a great fortune in land, on a judgment obtained for a store bill. He was obliged to remain in the east the last ten years of his life, while urging Congress to pay his just claims, because he had no money to pay traveling expenses, and only got home once during that time. "I have made several attempts to go to you, when I would, I failed for want of means for such a journey," he writes home in January, 1857.

The New York world in 1867 gave credence to a tale from Canada, that Rev. Eleazer Williams had collected for the Caughnawaga tribe, an annuity from 1812 to 1820; but had not paid it over to the Indians. This charge was made forty seven years after the occurrence, and from rumor; but is discredited very effectually by the fact that the St. Regis Indians acknowledged their indebtedness to Williams, not that he owes them. Under date of January 21, 1858, Rev. Mr. Williams writes his son John: "There are some things

which I wish to inform you; that is, that the St. Regis Indians are indebted to me two thousand dollars, and for which I have a regular document, signed by sixteen of them. This paper is deposited by me in the county clerk's office at Malone for safe keeping, and I have a certificate of such deposit. I cannot commence suit as there is no special law. To remedy this something may be done by the present legislature." He died August 28, 1858, in great poverty, having dwelt mostly alone in a neat cottage erected by friends after the publications which excited general interest. "His household presented an aspect of cheerless desolation, without a ray of comfort or genial spark of home life." "His neatly finished rooms, had neither carpet, curtains or furniture save a scanty supply of broken chairs and tables; boxes filled with books lay stored in corners." All "left upon the visitors an oppressive feeling of homeless solitude, that it was impossible to efface from the memory." "The occupant, his family a thousand miles away, his hopes and ambitions turned to decay and ashes, crept scarce honored into a lonely grave," over which by the bounty of his son John, a monument was erected. On the monument there is cut a masonic emblem of the square and compass. In September 2, 1824, the Menomonee Lodge was instituted in Fort Howard, and ceased to exist in 1830, and its records cannot now be found; but a month

after the establishment of this lodge, Rev. Eleazer Williams made application for membership as shown by the documents now in the Historical Society at Madison. There is no doubt he was admitted. Aurora Lodge No. 383 of Masons took charge of the funeral at Hogansburg, N. Y.

After the story of Rev. Mr. Williams had been widely read, a purse was made up in England to build him a frame church and school at Hogansburg scarcely completed when he died. This structure is now used as a hay barn. While he resided in the east, his son John frequently visited him, and while he was sick he went to see him; but was not there when he died. He went there with his wife as soon as he heard of his death, and left money with a merchant for the stone, who kindly had it erected. Mrs. John L. Williams informs the writer that the house was empty, someone had carried off all his effects. Ten years after his death, in1867, Rev. Mr. Robertson then at Malone, asked for letters of administration, which were issued to him, and he took possession of what papers and effects he could discover. His inventory is on file in Franklin County Court House, Malone, New York. He was subsequently Bishop of Missouri and his widow writes me she has no pictures of Williams. No administration was ever had on his estate in Wisconsin.

There is at Appleton a small blank book in possession of Miss Anna L. Tenney with "Eleazer Williams" stamped all over the cover, which contains the Hymn: "Great God! with wonder and with praise," translated into the Indian tongue by Rev. Mr. Williams, page 281. There are nine verses, the first one begins with—"Ni ish tsi ni sia ta no ran," etc. It is possible, none can read his numerous Indian translations and works, now almost a dead language; but some where, if not now, some day, the descendants of those who were benefited by his labors will sing to him, "Great God! with wonder and with praise."

A few years ago when James Hammond Trumbull died, no one remained in all the world who could read the Bible which Rev. John Eliot translated into the Indian tongue. Yet his work will live forever. Only last summer an Oneida Indian was ordained a deacon, and he was a descendant of those to whom Rev. Mr. Williams preached. When John Wesley died it was said he left a silver spoon, a teapot, and the Methodist church. Those whose mission is in the nobler walks of life, have little time or inclination to amass wealth. Their riches are in their good works. As a missionary, Rev. Eleazer Williams met with the most wonderful success that ever followed the labor of any man among savages.

While there is much of attractive interest and a flash of romance in the gossip which seeks to

discover the lost King, in the person of Rev. Eleazer Williams, yet it is only gossip or the evidence which a court would dignify by the name of hearsay evidence and thus inadmisable; and the case would be dismissed without going to the jury. However, there is a court of public opinion, whose rules of evidence are more elastic. This court will ever discover in each particular of this half century old, twice told tale, themes of animated discussion which though tinged with a mixture of romance and fact will keep it alive in perennial freshness, a never ending story as strong as holy writ, full of mystery and expectation of still undiscovered facts. At the beginning of our study of the subject, we held a different view and the examination of the evidence has led us to believe Eleazer Williams to be Louis XVII, though our only purpose has been to present in a connected history, the entire story of Louis XVII the uncrowned King of France, whose sad story will out live the ages. If there was positive proof on the identity of any of the stories of the end of the dear child whom Marie Antoinette so fondly loved, there would be no mystery. We believe an impartial unbiased person must find from the testimony that the Little King was taken alive from the Temple, and to America into northern New York, into the family of the Mohawk Indian whom the whites called Thomas Williams, named by his French conductors

Lazare, and afterwards became the missionary, whose fiery eloquence swept a whole tribe of heathens into the arms of the church. He was not a creole, but was a Prince.

XXIII

FAMILY AND DESCENDANTS.

THE wife of Eleazer Williams, was named by her parents, Mary Magdalene, she was born in 1809, at Green Bay of French father; and mother, half French and half Menomonee. After their marriage when she was fourteen years of age they repaired to their new house at their forest estate at Little Kaukauna, where she resided the rest of her life except a few years when they leased the home. Here were born to them three children. Two girls died in infancy, one in the fall of 1841. Their son John Lawe Williams, named for the rich trader of Green Bay, was born at their forest home, January 1, 1825. At her confirmation in the famous Trinity Church on Broadway in New York City by Bishop Hobart he gave her the name of Mary Hobart Williams, which she bore ever after. She lived twenty eight years after the death of her husband, and died in her home, July 22, 1886, and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery (protestant) at Green Bay. As described by visitors, "her house was as neat as wax." In her old age much of her time was spent sitting on a broad sofa near the ancient fireplace. She could speak French very well, and was versed in English which she easily read and wrote. Her quaint diary was written in a well, rounded perfect English scrip. It was a record of the country side for generations, making note of every birth,

death, marriage, or other events; also the name and date of every boat which passed her window. It even gave Indian names to every cow and animal on the premises, and noted the offspring with a name ready at hand, giving the day of the month and year of its birth. Some of these were kept in old account books, until filled. One of them is a store pass book utilized for the purpose. She is described as a "neighborly, kindly handsome old lady."

One week before her death she made her will, which was witnessed, by Dr. F. L. Lewis and Mr. Van Buren Brownley, wherein she is described as Mary Hobart Williams, "widow of the late Rev. Eleazer Williams, popularly known as the alleged Dauphin, son of Louis XVI, King of France." It gives to Hon. Morgan L. Martin all her books, manuscripts, and the oil portrait of her husband, in trust to sell and pay the proceeds to her grandson George Williams; the balance of her property she bequeathed to Josephine Penney who was born in her house, with the condition that she care for her mother Nan, during her life. Written on the will was a memoranda: "I wish to be buried in Woodlawn Cemetery. That my finger ring be given to Mrs. Fay, daughter of Mrs. Dequedre; to be buried with my silk dress, and have on the ear rings in the tin box in the bureau." By this will Josephine Penney came into possession of the old Williams homestead,

consisting now of sixty-five acres of land and appraised as valued at $975.00. The personal property consisting of farm implements, stock, and household furniture was appraised at $252.20. The books were not listed in the records of Probate, but the memoranda on file show that a few of the books were sold for $12.25; the balance, mostly sermons sold through West book Co., of Milwaukee for $5.00; and that the oil painting of Rev. Mr. Williams by Catlin was taken by the the Wisconsin Historical Society for $50.00. The debts amounting to $65.65, being expenses of last sickness and burial, were paid from the sale of effects.

A narrative of Mother Williams is not complete without mention of the faithful Indian servant, whom all visitors saw at their home. Her name was Mary Jane Garrety, nic named by John Williams, "Nan." She was a Menomonee, except the slight strain of white blood from her grandmother who was a captive white child married to a Menomonee Indian. Nan was born September, 1821, and died twelve years after her mistress, March 29, 1898, and was buried three miles from the old Homestead, at Schneiderville, where her daughter Josephine has erected a monument for her. At a very early age she came to mother Williams and remained there all her life, a faithful servant on whom mother Williams depended for most of the work.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAMS, 1904

The last of the Bourbons, and only rightful claimant to the French throne—
From a recent photograph—Grandson of Eleazer Williams.

In 1853, Nan married Andrew Penney an indigent Frenchman, who deserted her before her child was born. Five years before this John Lawe Williams had moved onto his farm at Winneconne, and Rev. Eleazer Williams was constantly engaged at Washington and the east, leaving Mother Williams at home with Nan as her only companion. When Nan's child Josphine, was born, she also formed part of the household at home after school hours to help on the farm. After Mother William's death, Josephine became owner of the old Williams homestead as stated by the devise of Mrs. Williams, and still owns the property. The whole Williams household, even to Nan, believed that Rev. Mr. Williams was the legitimate King of France. His son John, his son's widow, and their son George, firmly believed the story.

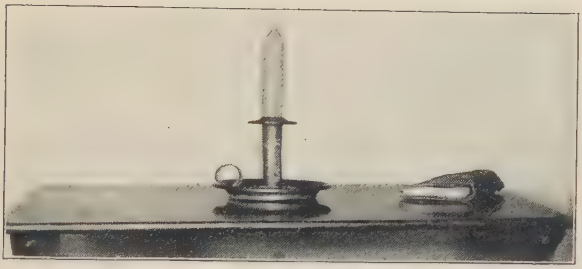
DESCENDANTS.

John Lawe Williams, only son of Eleazer Williams, was born in Green Bay, January 1, 1825; where he was educated and remained until August 7, 1849, when he purchased a farm in Winneconne and moved onto it. When sixteen years of age he traveled east with his father as related in another place, and met the Prince de Joinville at the same time with his father when returning home. When he was twenty-six years of age, he married, December 26, 1851, at Fond du Lac, Miss Jane Pattison Enery who was born December 26,

1836. Her father and mother were born in Ireland, where Paul Enery her father was educated for the priesthood, but disliking this, emigrated to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and taught school, and married. There were seven children born to them, of whom Mrs. S. R. Clark, Mrs. Matt Hasbrouck, and widow of John Lawe Williams are now living in Oshkosh. Mrs. Judge George Gary was a daughter. Mr. C. W. Stribley has in his possession the diary kept by John L. Williams in 1841, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 7.

John Lawe Williams sold his farm and resided in Oshkosh, which was his home until his death. He was fatally injured while in the woods at Tigerton, and died the next day, September 22, 1883. Rev. F. R. Haff, Episcopal rector conducted the service at the home on Mount Vernon street in Oshkosh, and Colonel Gabe Bouck at the grave in the Masonic Cemetery, acted as Grand Master of the Masonic order which had charge of the funeral.

Their three children were, George, Louis and Eugene; the last two were born in Oshkosh and are not now living. George Williams, their oldest child was born at Winneconne, November 8, 1852. He now resides in St. Louis, has been married since 1884, but no children have been born to them, so that this Bourbon line will end with George Williams the only true King of France now living; the last of the Bourbons.



William's Brass Candle and Memoranda

Book page 273, Miss Anna L. Tenney collection, Appleton, from her own kodak.

XXIV

GOLD, SILVER, BRASS AND CHINA.

ELEAZER WILLIAMS was the recipient o many rich gifts of gold, silver, and brass, as well as books. I cannot trace the present possessor of the gold cross and star of the order of St. Louis, which is illustrated on the sash in the picture page 154, and which he says: "I received from the Indian family of which I supposed myself a member," in writing to Dr. Stephen W. Williams, September 23, 1853. Some one sent him an oil painting of Louis XVI on wood, which as navigation had closed he left at Mr. Brown's hotel in Sheboygan, about fifty-five years ago and never called for it. It is still in possession of Mrs. L. H. Jones, their daughter, who reports it as too dark by age for photographing. Some one gave him a picture of Louis XVIII, which was said to resemble Rev. Mr. Williams.

Some one in France sent to Eleazer Williams a case containing a number of pieces of gold jewelry, supposed to have been worn by Marie Antoinette, and with them were two engravings executed in France, cabinet size, one of Louis XVI, and one of Marie Antoinette, both with square black stucco frames. The jewelry was retained by mother Williams, who gave the royal

portraits to her son, John L. Williams, and his widow, still has them in her parlor at Oshkosh. I do not know the present ownership of the jewelry. In 1832, George Catlin painted in oil the portrait of Rev. Eleazer Williams. For fifty-five years this painting adorned the walls of the log cabin home of Rev. Mr. Williams on the bank of the Fox River. For nearly thirty years Mother Williams kept those portraites of King Louis XVI, and Marie Antoinette, hanging upon either side of the oil painting of her husband. In 1887 the Historical Society of Madison, came into possession of the oil painting by purchase for the sum of fifty dollars, from Morgan L. Martin, administrator of the estate of Mary Hobart Williams.

Hearing the story of Eleazer Williams, a gentle lad of Northampton, Mass., presented him with a beautiful brocade silk dress, with a train twelve feet long. The note accompanying the gift was as follows: "Presented to Rev. Eleazer Williams, with respectful regards of Mrs. Edward Clark of Northampton. Being in England some years since, I had an opportunity there to purchase this dress, once worn by Queen Marie Antoinette, of France. It had been bought at the court by a gentleman attached at that time to our embassy. I was informed that the dresses once worn by the queen, were afterward distributed among the ladies of the Court, who would sometimes dispose

WILLIAMS' CHINA

In Hon. Alex J. Reid collection, Appleton—Pink lustre.

of them in this manner at auction. Round Hill, Northampton, Mass., Jan. 3, 1851." Rev. Mr. Williams kept this old faded silk gown by him during the remainder of his life, and ten years after his death it was listed in the Rev. Robertson inventory of William's effects at ten dollars, and finally cut into small pieces and sold as souvenirs, for the benefit of the estate. Mary E. Seaver of Malone recalls the dress as, "brocade white satin and small designs colored like Dresden decorations." Mrs. E. W. Knowlton of Malone has a fragment in her possession. The pair of octagon silver candlesticks, given to John L. Williams by his mother, were intended by him for the Historical Society of Madison and he consulted Judge Washburn as to the method of making the gift, but in the meantime they were left by him in the Masonic Lodge at Oshkosh, where they were destroyed in the "Great fire," April 28, 1875, which consumed the lodge, and all its contents except some of the records, and swept over the best part of the city. A brass candlestick was obtained at the old homestead by Miss Anna L. Tenney, who still retains it at her home in Appleton (page 281). A royal set of brass andirons, exquisitely shaped and perhaps unequalled in beauty by any other ever in the west, were purchased of the administration of mother Williams estate, by Mrs. C. F. Dutton of Wausaukee. A china teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher pink

lustre are in the collection of Hon. A. J. Reid of Appleton (page 283). The four beveled edge, solid wood bottom, spindle back, turned leg chairs, purchased by Eleazer Williams from Lieutenant John W. Cotton of Fort Howard, in 1825, are still at the old homestead, except one, which many years ago came into possession of Judge Morgan L. Martin, who had the top of the side spindles and the legs tipped with brass, the seat upholstered, and the body stained mahogany. It is still at his old homestead. The arm chair with the leathern cushion used by Rev. Mr. Williams in his chapel office is still at the old homestead, having survived the office. The old hair deer skin trunk, iron bound, which carried the important papers, books, sermons and wardrobe of the uncrowned king, up and down the land for many years, finally rejected and dumped among the rubbish in the barn at the old home, was resurrected from destruction by Mr. John C. Mitchell of Kaukauna. It has the initials E. W., in large bold capitals on the cover, made of brass covered sadler nails. The sword carried by Williams through the war of 1812, as a general of scouts, is in possession of the widow of John L. Williams at Oshkosh; and the brass eagle from the flagstaff of his command is owned by Dr. H. B. Kendall at Menasha. Mrs. Chester W. Smith of Kilbourn, Wis., mentions a jewelled snuff box of Rev. Mr. Williams which I cannot locate, and a gold snuff box the gift of

WILLIAMS' CHINA

In Mrs. Dunhams' collection Depere, Wis. Photo by Mr. C. A. Lawton—The small cup was Rev. Williams' shaving mug.

the Prince de Joinville is mentioned by Mr. Parson, (see appendix V). Mrs. John L. Williams writes me: "I thought the uniform was in the Historical Library rooms at Madison. The last time I saw it, it was in a very bad condition, smoke stained and moth eaten, so was the flag. Both looked as if they had seen hard service." But none of these can be found. "I do not discover in our museum any relics of Eleazer Williams, save the oil painting; the neck band which he wore during the period of his ministry; a copper kettle; and a great many manuscripts written by him; his diary, and numerous sermons copied by him into the Oneida language," writes Dr. Reuben G. Thwaites, Secretary of the Historical Society. The large field glass carried by him through the war, and his spurs are still at the old homestead, owned by Mary Phillips, daughter of Josephine. A dozen silver spoons given by Mother Williams as a post mortem gift to Dr. H. B. Kendall of Menasha, he still retains; and a sterling silver spoon once owned by Williams is at the library in Menasha.

Mrs. Susan Hough, of Green Bay, has an immense china platter, old blue colonial, given to her by Mother Williams. But Mrs. Francis Lawton Dunham, of DePere has the largest and finest collection of Williams china, silver, pewter and wooden designs, anywhere to be seen. She has twenty-two pieces of china, four sheffield plates

and a quantity of wooden pieces, besides the eighty books mentioned in another place. The china consists of one large soup tureen, old blue Ridgway; soup plate, E. and E. W. Pekin, Pearl china incised; light blue plate, pearl china, (Page 285); four blue plates and octagon pitcher to match; large soup plate, large plate, sugar bowl, teapot and three cups and saucers all to match, with blue corner grapes, chelsea ware N. S. O., (Page 286); a beautiful pink lustre cup and saucer; two toy cups and saucers. Also a low delft cup, yellow white lining, which Nan said was Rev. Mr. William's shaving mug (Page 285). Of the sheffield plate, there are two decanter stands, which Nan says were used by Williams to pass the bread at the communion; a dinner castor with six bottles; a low plate warmer with lead feet, has an iron weight to heat. There is also a queer steel knife with wood handle. There are carved moulds for maple sugar, one the shape of a beaver, one of bear's paw and one round. These were said to be great treasures among the natives and descended from generation to generation, and possibly belonged to Mother Williams. There is also a long wooden ladel to stir the maple sugar, and a small mocock of birch bark to contain the sugar.

Dr. H. B. Tanner of Kaukauna, has several letters written by Eleazer Williams. There is a pink luster cup and saucer in possession of Mrs.

WILLIAMS CHINA

In Mrs. Dunham's collection, Depere, Wis. Photo by Mr. C. A. Lawton.

Barton L. Parker of Green Bay; and an exquisitely carved bellows with which Eleazer Williams quickened the log fire of the old fire place now owned by Mrs. Eugene Smith of DePere. Mrs. Edwin Moore, has a pitcher of blue and cream stone ware decorated with figures in relief. Numerous other effects of Rev. Mr. Williams are still cherished among the homes of the Fox River Valley too numerous to detail.

XXV

RARE LIBRARY OF ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

Rev. Eleazer Williams possessed a rich library of rare and valuable books. He had the largest library anywhere in the west in his day, with possibly the exception of the rare Percival collection. From the information I gather of the Williams library it must have contained more than two thousand volumes. When Rev. Mr. Robertson made his inventory now on file in Malone, New York, he found in Hogansburg over twelve hundred books. But a great many remained at his home in Little Kaukauna. He frequently bartered his books at Green Bay for a little money. In this manner Judge Martin came to possess some of the rarest books in his collection. The books are widely scattered. The historical Library at Madison reports no books from this library. The book firm of H. H. West & Company, Milwaukee, purchased a quantity in 1888, but cannot trace them now. At the time of his death, in his homestead at Hogansburg, there were unopened boxes of books piled in the room; but a few weeks after the event when his son John Lawe Williams with his wife, visited Hogansburg to look after his affairs, the house was empty. He dearly loved his books. It will be noticed in the partial list

given below their deep religious character out ranks all other subjects.

In possession of Mrs. John Lawe Williams, Oshkosh: *Christ our Life*, Angus; The *Hugenots*, 2 Vol. 1843; Jonstone's *Chemistry*; View of the *United States*, published 1820; *North America*, Imlay, 1797; *A Tour of New York* to *Detroit*, 1819; Manual of *Family Prayers*, Bishop Blomfields, 1831; Horace *Paulinal*, William Paley, 1805; *Hebrew Prophet*, 1837; *French Revolution*, M. A. Thiers, 2 Vol, 1843. Some of the above books have the name "E. Williams" in lead pencil. Williard's *United States*, N. Y., 1842; Memoirs of *Napoleon*, M. de Bourrienne, 1835; Life of *Lafayette*, S. Andrus and son, 1847; *Burgoyne's Campaign*, Charles Neilson, Albany, 1844; Life of *Jefferson*, William Linn, Ithaca, 1843; Life of *Kirkland*, Lathrop, Boston, 1848; Whately on *St. Paul*, N. Y. 1831; The Young *Christian*, Jacob Abbott, Boston; Life of *Rev. James Hervey*, Hamilton, 1848; *Oxford Theology*, Venburg Livingston, N. Y. 1841; The *Parish Library*, N. Y. 10 Vols. 1832; *Home Education*, Isaac Taylor, N. Y., 1838; *Yamayden*, a tale of the wars of King Phillip, N. Y. 1820; The Backwoods of *Canada*, Charles Knight, 1832; *Elegant Extracts*, 1816; Haskins *Astronomy*, 1841, with writing on fly-leaf—"Rev. E. Williams, with regards of the author, Buffalo, June 21, 1841; *Lacon* or Many Things in few words, Rev. C. C. Colton, N. Y. 1821; a total of 38 Volumes.

In possession of Judge E. G. Ellis of Green Bay: "I bought of Judge Martin, *Blair's Lectures* and *Murray's Reader*."

In possession of George Utz, cashier National Bank, Menasha, who purchased them of Judge Martin for fifty cents—*Price's Sermons*, London, 1787; Hist. of *Christianity*, Priestly, Boston, 1797; a bound volume made up of pamphlets of *funeral sermons*.

Owned by Miss Deborah B. Martin, Green Bay: *Hennepin*, 1698. This is an original published in French in Amsterdam. Written on inside—"M. L. Martin, 1831." *Journal Historeque*. by Joutel, Paris, 1713. This is an original in French; written inside in French; "Owned by the Academy at Quebec 1778."

History of *New France*, De Charlevoix, Paris, 1745, 8 volumes. This is an original published in French.

The book of *Common Prayer*, etc., Mark Baskett 1766. It is 16 inches long, 10 inches wide and one and a half inches thick. On the fly leaf there is written infine, large letters, "Presented by Rector, Wardens and vestry of King's Chapel in Boston to Reverend Mr. Williams, Pastor of the Oneidas, November, 1816."

Owned by Mr. M. D. Kimball, Milwaukee: *Senecas Morals* by Roger L. Estrange Knt. 15th. ed. London, 1746. Written inside—"M. D. Kimball, Green Bay, August 14, 1892," who received it

from his sister, who inscribed on fore cover, "I secured this volume from 'Old Nan' for many years servant in the home of Eleazer Williams. She still lives at the old mission house at Little Kaukauna and firmly believes him to have been the Lost Dauphin," sgd. "Sara Sale."

Owned by Miss Anna L. Tenney, Appleton—Sword's *Pocket Almanac*, 1824, New York; American *Spelling book*, Noah Webster, Hartford, 1821, written on the fly leaf: "John Williams, Green Bay;" Flint's *Dictionary*, Hartford, 1806; Paley's *Christianity*, New York, 1814, written on the cover, "E. Williams;" *Christian Monitor*, No. 18, 1811. On the fly leaf is written—"A. G. Ellis; *New Testament*, New York, 1830, Cover has printed label —"Female Bible and Prayer book society, St. John's Church, Canandaiqua;" *Classical letters;* London, 1817; *Christian Monitor*; History of *Jesuits*, *History of Mass.*, Boston 1831; *Sermons by Blair*, 3d vol. Phil. 1794, written on fly leaf, "from Mrs. Sarah Patten, Hartford, Conn. 1826;" The *Psalter of David*, with canticle painted for chanting. Miss Tenney has given away the last four books. In possession of Miss Agnes L. Dwight, Appleton: Croly on *St. John*, Philadelphia, 1827.

In possession of William W. Wight, Milwaukee: Episcopal *Prayer Book*, in French language, New York 1803; *Practical Discourses*, by Rev. Daniel Williams, Vol. I., London 1738, on fly leaf: "From Eleazer Williams library, Presented to

Mr. William W. Wight by Francis L. Dunham, DePere, Wisconsin, Dec. 3rd, 1903;'' *Tracts*, being a bound volume of polemical sermons; *Essays to do Good*, Cotton Mather, New York, 1815, also at head of preface this: ''Presented to Miss Catharine Nichols, as a testimony of the approbation of her affectionate L. Huntley, Hartford, June 10, 1816,'' in the writing of the poetess; The Child's *Catechism*, by Nahum Mower, Montreal, 1809; *Hymns for Infant Minds*, Boston 1812; Nathaniel Ames *Almanac*, 1749, has ''William Williams'' on fly leaf. All the above have same Mrs. Dunham presentation as above.

Owned by P. V. Lawson, Menasha, Wisconsin: *Extracts from Scriptures*, Boston, 1815; *Rhetorick*, Blair, Concord, 1830; *Walks of Usefulness*, Campbell, N. Y. 1812; *Baptist Manual*, Phil., 1835; *Sacred History*, Turner, N. Y. 1835; *Christian Monitor;* Greek and English *Lexicon*, Bass, London, 1829; System of *Theology*, Livingston, N. Y. 1832; *Happiness of the Blessed*, Mant, Phil., 1833; *Constitution* of the Presbyterian Church, Phil., 1839; *Exposition*, Butler, about 1820; End of *Religious Controversey*, Milner, Baltimore, 1818.

Owned by O. E. Clark, Appleton: *Juvenile Repository*, July, 1811; *Call to the Unconverted*, Baxter, 1825, on fly leaf; ''Mary Battle to Mary Williams, Dec. 9, 1841; *Geography*, by Jedidiah Morse, Boston, 1806; *Astronomical Almanac*, 1784, Hartford; do., for 1760, by Nathaniel Ames, Boston. Owned by

Mrs. Francis Lawton Dunham, DePere: *Novum Testamentum Graecium*, Dakins, London, 1808; *Bible*, 1808; *New Testament*, 1812; *Jesus* Obinadisiwiu, Ojanda, A King, Paris 1837; Gospel *St. Mathew*, in Mohawk language, presented to Rev. E. Williams by Joseph W. Powless, Dec. 6, 1842, missionary to Onandagos; *Lenni Lenape*, Indian Grammar, 1816, given to "Rev. Williams by the American Philosophical Society;" *Historie Abregsi; Zelotes*, by Cotton Mather, 1717, written on fly leaf "William Williams;" *Religious Affections*, by Jonathan Edwards, Boston, 1824; *Duty of Christian*, 1794; *Psalms*, by Isaac Watts, Woodstock, Vt. 1824, written "presented by Mr. Edward Cook, Hartford, Conn."; *The Dairyman's Daughter*," 1812; Address to *Young Christians; Evangelical Tracts*, 24 of them in all; *the four Evangelists* by Newcome, 1809; *Call to Unconverted*, Albany, 1811, presented, "from Mrs. Sarah Potter, Hartford, Conn., 1826;" Weeks *preparation for the unconverted*, by Bishop John Henry Hobart, D. D., "to Mary Hobart Williams from J. H. Hobart;" *Christian Religion; Whole duty of man; Jeusuit Juggling*, Baxter, N. Y. 1835; Tryal of a Saving Interest in *Christ*, Boston, 1701, "property of Tho. Croswell, 1725," et al; Essays *to do Good*, 1808, Cotton Mather; *Christian Monitor*, 1807; *Popery*, 1836, Orations of *Cicero*, London 1758, written "David Dickenson book, 1776;" *Cookery*, London 1816; *Voyage of Anson*, round the world, Dublin, 1819; *Juliana Oakley* by Mrs. Sherwood,

The Spy; Works of *Henry Fielding*, Vol. 14-1819; Childs *Catechism*, French 1819; *A Token for Children*, 1795. And many other books on similar subjects to the total number of eighty, some bound in leather, some in cloth and a number in paper.

Mr. Charles W. Stribley of Kaukauna, has books: *Living Manners*, Phil., 1822; *New Testament*, 1822; *Harmony in Greek*, 1828; *Clergyman's Companion* Vol. I., 1828; English *Grammar*, Ingersoll, N. Y. 1822; *Christian Monitor*, contains written "David Dickenson 1807; Welche's *Arithmetic*, 1834, with autograph: "John L. Williams, 1840;" Christian *Theology* 1826; *Arithmetic*, McDonald, Norwich, 1795.

Emily V. Keever of Freeport, Ill., has a music book in which Rev. Mr. Williams wrote simple tunes and monosyllable words for his Indian converts.

About the year 1853, Eleazer Williams traveled through New England in search of Indian stories of experiences of the pioneers for a book he proposed to write. While at Charlestown, N. H., he saw a book containing accounts of white people captive among the Indians. As he could not buy it, Mr. Robertson gave him his copy.

Dr. King of Green Bay possessed a great number of Williams books. They were great friends. Mrs. Kate King Ramsey of Appleton, has one of these. *Exposition of the Epistle of Hebrews*, 1731, Edinburg. He often sold Dr. King his books and would then borrow them back in armfuls.

Mr. Clinton Stevens of Malone, N. Y., has a book from the Williams library; and Mrs. H. A. Taylor of Malone has one of his *Manuscript Sermons.* Mr. John W. Knapp of Beaver, Penn., has a leather bound *Volume of Sermons* in French dating back to 1693 with occasional special notes, and on the fly leaf in pencil "Louis Roi 1707."

Mrs. Martha Grange of Fort Covington, N. Y., has "*Life of the Dauphin,*" given by Rev. Williams to her at one of her visits to him during his last illness at Hogansburg. He frequently preached in their town house to the few Episcopalians at Fort Covington and while there made his home with Richard Grange. "*Life of the Dauphin*" is an English translation from the French by Percival, rector at Bucks, England, 1838, London. It accepts as a fact the death of the Dauphin in the Temple. There are numerous led pencil corrections to the text.

APPENDIX I.

HEARD ELEAZER WILLIAMS PREACH.

MENASHA, WISC., July 18, 1904.

P. V. LAWSON, ESQ.,

MY DEAR SIR:—

In response to your request that I would write you an account of the occasion on which I was fortunate enough to see Eleazer Williams, I send you the following brief sketch, which is true as far as my memory serves me after the lapse of many years. In the early 50's of the last century (I do not remember the exact year) when I was a young girl, I lived in the old town of Alexandria, Virginia, and with many others was much interested in an article published at the time in "*Putnams Magazine*," called "*Have we a Bourbon among us?*" It impressed me as a most remarkable and interesting story of the strange vicissitudes in the life of a Bourbon prince, and to my mind bore the stamp of truth. My father had visited Wisconsin quite often, and had taken up government land in several parts of this State, and often stopped near Green Bay which was the place where the land office was located. He was familiar with the region where Eleazer Williams lived and had dined with the Prince de Joinville during his trip in the north-

west, though of course he had no suspicion of the Princes object in coming to America. I often discoursed the magazine article I have referred to with him, and when we heard that Mr. Williams was to be in Washington and Alexandria, we were a good deal excited at the prospect of seeing him. When he arrived he was invited to preach in St. Paul's church. It was an evening service, and the church was crowded with an audience, drawn either by interest and no doubt curoisity to see the man who was the hero of such a romantic and thrilling story. He was introduced by the rector simply as the Rev. Mr. Eleazer Williams of Wisconsin. The audience were of course divided in their ideas about him, some scoffed at the story of his royal descent and expected to see him an Indian, while others like myself believed him to be a Bourbon. When he rose in the pulpit in full view of the congregation every doubt as to the Indian blood was removed. In his appearance he had not as far as we could see, a single Indian characteristic. He looked at that time between fifty and sixty years old. He was gray, and I think partially bald, with fine eyes, and as I now remember, his face rather aquiline features, and some people who were familiar with the old Bourbon portrait saw in him a strong resemblance to them. I do not remember much about his accent in speaking, but he gave us a plain and rather dull sermon, in

which if I remember rightly, he made no reference to his personal history. After the services were over he returned to Washington. In the many changes in my life the story passed from my mind, and I never heard it again until I came to Menasha some twenty years ago. Then my husband met a man well known here, whose name was Thomas Jourdain, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Williams, and heard the story from him. I have always believed in its truth, and it is not stranger than other true stories connected with royalty. Perhaps at some future day this search may be recalled as other historic mysteries have been.

Yours very truly,
SALLY MCCARTY PLEASANTS.

II

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE RIDES A LUMBER WAGON TO WILLIAMS HOME.

The following narrative was kindly procured for this work by Francis Lawton Dunham (Mrs. J. S. Dunham) of DePere, Wisconsin, who "had a long and interesting conversation with Mrs. Sharpe, taking notes as she related the various events, and reading them over to her afterward. She was interested and willing to have her recollection published." Complete narative of Mrs. Harriet Stewart Sharpe as given to Mrs. Francis Lawton Dunham, of DePere, Dec. 5, 1904:

"My father Robert D. Stewart came to De Pere in 1836, and built the first house on the west side of the Fox River which was built by a white man. The original house was near the river, but was destroyed and my brother Joseph built his house on the same land, but nearer the road. It was about one mile from the present bridge in DePere, and six miles from Fort Howard or Green Bay. I remember perfectly the visit of the Prince de Joinville at our house, but cannot remember exactly what year it was, (Oct. 1841). I always said that "We had had the honor of entertaining the Prince de Joinville." He was a young man of fine and courtly manner, so elegantly dressed and so extremely polite. I do not remember how he got to our house, but think some one must have brought him up from Green Bay. He came from the Astor house on the east side of the river, for there was a road on that side for teams, and only a trail on the west side. It is very likely that Dan Whitney may have brought him up to the ferry, as you say that his niece told you when you were a young girl (1859) that "he had a beautiful watch given him by the Prince de Joinville for taking him up to see Eleazer Williams." But no one came across the river but the Prince and no one went up to see Eleazer Williams but my father and the Prince. They probably came up as far as the ferry and called for us to come over and get him, for my father

kept the ferry at that time. The river was not wide then, before the dam was built, and a good hard shove would send a canoe clear across the river, or the passenger could paddle himself across. We often did this if my father and brothers were in the woods. We had a large scow ferry to carry teams across. The Prince, came to our house for the purpose of getting my father to take him up to see Eleazer Williams. We always called him "Priest Williams;" and they rode up to his house in our heavy wagon at once. It was a rough log house, comparatively new then, about six miles to the south of our place; where he lived with his wife, Mary Jourdain, and son John who was a little fellow then. They stayed there for several hours, for I remember that our dinner was very late between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, owing to their having stayed up there so long. At the dinner table the Prince seemed to feel very badly, he was very much depressed and showed it very much, and could not talk of anything else but Priest Williams. He asked so many questions about him, and seemed so anxious to know everything my father could tell him. It seemed to affect him so much to know that Priest Williams, was living in such straightened circumstances, in such a rough log house, with literally no comforts of life at all. Their house was so poorly furnished, no chairs even, only stools with three legs, that

they had made themselves. No carpets, no rugs and only bunk beds. I cannot remember what he said, only I know he talked a great deal about it. They were all the time talking about Priest Williams and the Prince seemed to feel so much, his lack of everything which makes life at all desirable. After dinner was over my father took him in the rough wagon, the only one we had, to Green Bay, and I always thought it must have seemed strange to him to ride in such a wagon, he was so finely dressed and so elegant looking. Crossing the ferry in the scow they went down to Green Bay on the east side of the river, and my father left him at the Astor House, and came home alone. He seemed to be so thankful to my father for having taken him up to see Priest Williams.

I always thought the Prince de Joinville thought or knew that Eleazer Williams was the Dauphin, from the way he talked at our house, and his feeling so depressed over him. It does not seem as though he could of felt that way over a total stranger.

Eleazer Williams always rode a small black Indian pony, and always carried saddle bags at the back of his saddle. He invariably stopped at our house in passing, to get a drink of water, for we had a fine spring in the cellar. He would rein in his horse and call out, "I want some of your white ale," and we children would run down

cellar, and bring him some cool fresh water from the spring. We always liked him. I thought he was a nice man, and he always seemed to be a good man. He was a missionary and we always supposed he brought out the Oneida Indians to the Reservation here.

He did not dress very well for he was very poor; but I remember one day he stopped at our house, and was so richly dressed in handsome clothes, and he told us that "the Prince de Joinville had sent him a box of very nice things." He seemed so pleased, and looked so finely. We thought the Prince must have sent him the clothes he had on, but he did not say so; nor did we like to ask the question. My father always said he thought it was strange for the Prince to be so deeply interested in Priest Williams, because he himself, or we, had never thought of his being of so much importance.

I do not know how long the Prince stayed at Green Bay. He said to us before he left our house that he thought he would come back to Green Bay next summer, and would come up and see us again, at that time. Just think, the only persons now living in DePere, that have ever seen Eleazer Williams are Mr. Perry Call, my husband and myself, and the only time Mr. Sharpe ever saw him, he—Eleazer Williams, was put in his room to sleep at the old "DePere House." He was sour and seemed to feel cross and grumbled

a great deal, about the poor room and beds. No chairs in the room, and he could not find any basin to wash in."

"Truthfully recorded by Francis Lawton Dunham." DePere, Wis., Dec. 5, 1904.

III

DAN WHITNEY RECEIVES A WATCH FROM THE PRINCE.

"DePere, Wis., Dec. 5, 1904.

"Dear Mr. Lawson:—

"When I was about fourteen years old, I lived at Mrs. Daniel M. Whitney's house in Green Bay, while attending school there, and a member of her family told me that at that time, 'Dan Whitney (Jr.) had that beautiful watch, which the Prince de Joinville gave him, for taking him up to Eleazer Williams, when he was here in 1841.'" Sgd. Francis Lawton Dunham.

IV

HON. THEODORE CONKEY HEARD THE PRINCE ENQUIRE FOR WILLIAMS.

Appleton, Dec. 22, 1904.

Mr. Lawson:

Sir—I am in receipt of your letter asking for something I may tell you of the now famous Eleazer Williams. You may think it a meagre bit, but such as it is I give it gladly.

PRINCE OR CREOLE

In the summer of 1841 my husband (Theodore Conkey) a young man of twenty-two years boarded the lake steamer at Buffalo bound for the far away west. He found on board a rollicking party of French gentlemen out, it might seem "on a lark," a pleasure trip to the great unknown wilderness. They were the Prince de Joinville and party. Many questions were asked by the Prince about the strange wild country, the seemingly interminable forest and the wonderful great water way; and did the captain or any gentleman aboard know of one Eleazer Williams; an educated man, in fact a priest who they understood was an authority on Indian affairs being himself a native of some eastern tribe. When the steamer drew alongside the wooden pier at Mackinac, there grip in hand, stood the reverend gentleman, himself, in waiting. He came leisurely aboard, was presented by the Captain to the Prince de Joinville, and received seemingly as a friend, which continued all the way to Green Bay, where the party accompanied by Mr. Williams stopped at the Astor House.

After the Reverend Mr. Hanson's book appeared, my husband told me about that trip, which perhaps made me more willing to accept the plausibility of the story. It seemed to fit. After that I saw Mr. Williams occasionally in passing. Once on the Aquilla I think crossing Winnebago, he came aboard. My friend, as well

as myself, was impressed very favorably with his personality, and yet we thought he really did wonderfully resemble the pictures we had seen of the French Bourbons. We were charmed with his suave courteous and dignified bearing and willing to concede that if not a King he looked it. Allow me to assure you that a host of your friends with myself await your book with pleasant anticipations. CYNTHIA F. CONKEY.

V

THE PRINCES GIFT OF A GOLD SNUFF BOX.

The following extract is from a long, old letter in possession of Mrs. Fred B. Warren of Green Bay, and is all that refers to Rev. Williams, and implies some former conversation or correspondence on the subject. The letter is dated "Ceresco [now Ripon] Fond du Lac County, W. T. Dec. 20, 1845," and addressed to, "S. D. Williams, Le Roy, Ohio."

"I have seen Eleazer Williams, he lives on Fox River, 10 miles above Green Bay, seems in good circumstances for an Indian. He has had an invitation to visit the King of France. He is some related to him on his mother's side. He has received a royal present, a gold snuff box. Prince de Joinville visited him when on a tour through this country a few years ago. The Prince pronounced this country the finest in the world." Sgd. "L. M. PARSONS."

VI.

GIFT FROM FRANCR, PAINTING OF LOUIS XVI.

"SHEBOYGAN, WIS., July 14, 1904.

"Mr. LAWSON:—

"In answer to your letter, I will say a photograph of Louis XVI cannot be taken. It has been tried but the picture is too dark. It is painted on wood, and the wood has darkened with age. This picture was sent to Mr. Williams after the visit of the Prince De Joinville. It arrived in Sheboygan after the boats had stopped running, and as Mr. Williams was about to go east he came to my fathers (Brown) hotel, and opened the picture there. I was a child at the time, but remember his delight on opening it. When he went east he requested us not to give up the picture except by written order from him, which never came, and he never returned from the east."

Respectfully,

MRS. L. H. JONES.

VII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF ELEAZER WILLIAMS.

In 1902, the Inter Ocean, Chicago, in a paper on the "Lost Dauphin," published an interview with Hon. D. R. Cameron, which portion of the paper is given below:

"Again has the mysterious case of Eleazer Williams come to the front. D. R. Cameron, of Cameron, Amberg & Co., has announced that he was well acquainted with the queer old missionary. Mr. Cameron believes that Williams was the lost Dauphin of France.

"The Chicago merchant was one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Williams.

"I remember distinctly the day the Rev. Eleazer Williams was buried," said Mr. Cameron in telling the story a few days ago. "It was a bright, sunny day in August. Aurora lodge, No. 383, of the Masons, which took charge of the funeral, had not been organized very long at the time. A few days previous to Williams' death, with several fellow members of the lodge, I visited him at his chateau and he requested that he be buried with Masonic rites.

"Every one in the village knew of the romance woven about his name, but few believed that he was a French Prince. He was generally liked and had many friends. The Indians were more congenial for him than were his white neighbors, and it was among them that he did most of his missionary work.

"He had many peculiarities which might have traces of a childhood training amid other surroundings. He never confided to me that he believed himself of royal birth, and, indeed, seldom talked on the subject with anyone. His

most treasured possession was a woman's dress of costly material and elegant workmanship. I admired it greatly, and every time I would visit him he would take it out and show it to me. It was such a gown as might have been worn by one of the great dames in the time of the Bourbon monarchy.

"In 1851, with an old Indian woman as housekeeper, he took up his residence at Hogansburg. This house, where he lived and died, and the modest marble slab in the cemetery is all that remains to remind strangers of Lazarre. With a steep Gothic roof and diamond shaped window panes, it was built according to his design to resemble an old French chateau. Friends interested in his story paid for the erection of the house.

"On Sundays he held services in this house, to which those of the villagers who wished to worship with the Indians were welcomed. Occasionally he went to Fort Covington to visit the family of Richard Grange, whose widow is now living in Fort Covington, N. Y. She was a great friend of Lazarre's, and in a letter written to Mr. Cameron last week she said:

'Though it is years since I saw and talked with Eleazer Williams I remember him distinctly, "she says in her letter. "His story always appealed to the vein of romance in my nature, and I firmly believe that he was 'the lost Prince.' I still believe it, in spite of the fact that once when I asked him if he was of royal birth he replied: 'I do not know.'

When he came to Fort Covington to visit us he often wore a long, dark blue military coat. When he died he left a small library; and a white silk court dress, which he declared had belonged to his mother. During his life he always had Indian servants about him and Indian friends calling at his home. In his last illness I paid him a visit in company with the physician who attended him. The doctor said that his patient did not show a trace of Indian blood in the color of his skin, and I could see myself that his hair was not the straight, black hair of the Indian."

A son of the above Martha Grange writes the author.

"FORT COVINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1905.
MR. P. V. LAWSON, Menasha, Wis.

"In my early childhood I frequently saw Eleazer Williams as he made my fathers house his home when visiting this village. He was heavily built about 5 ft 3 or 4 inches in height, fair skin, *no appearance whatever of Indian blood.* A man of mild manners always well dressed."

Sgd. "R. A. GRANGE."

IX

Mary E. Seaver of Malone, N. Y., writes the author that her husband who was the agent who paid the St. Regis Indians their annuities for many years, and her father, both knew Eleazer Williams well and did not believe he was an Indian.

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